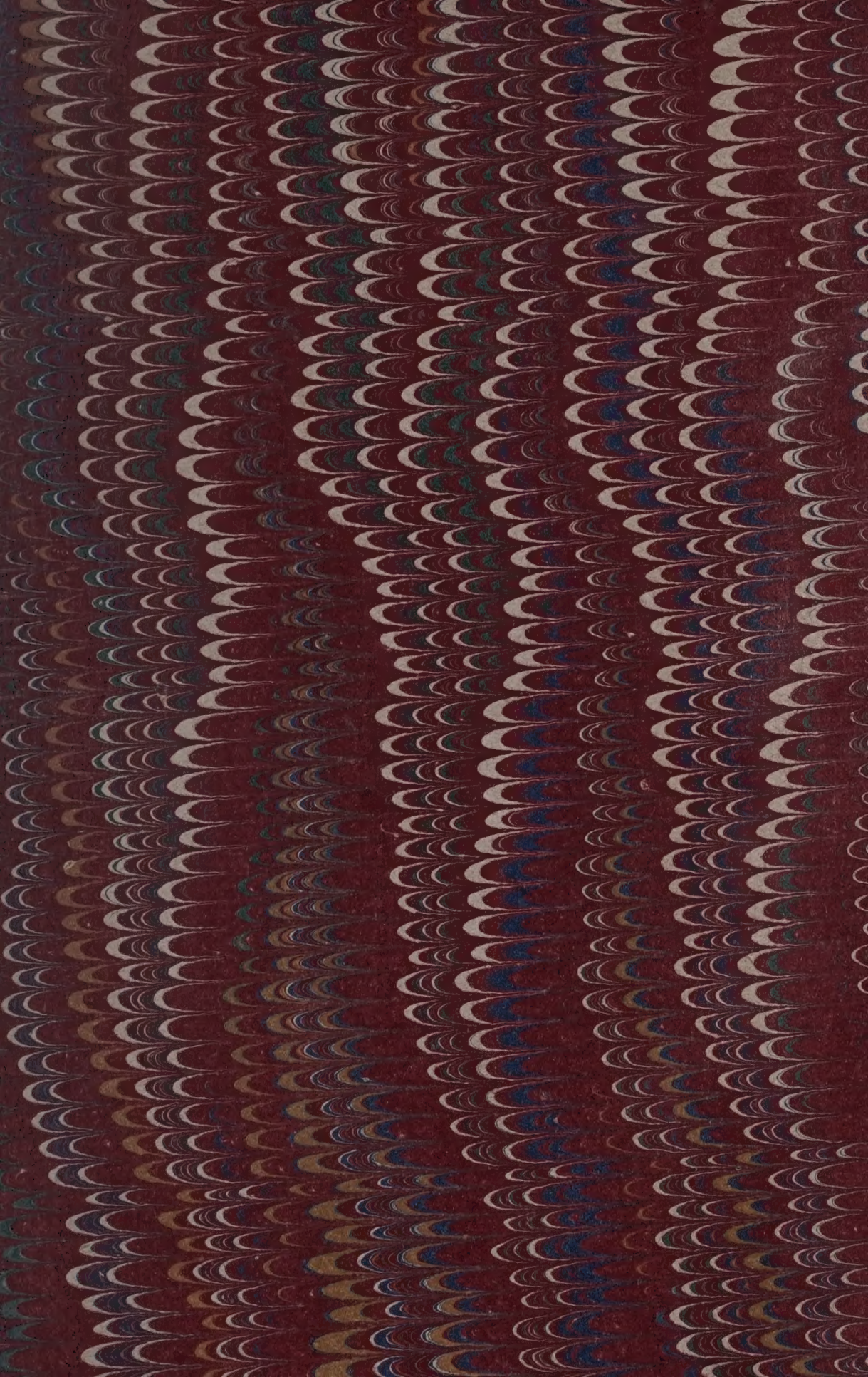


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FREE THOUGHTS

VOL. I.

LONDON

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NEW-STREET SQUARE

F R E E T H O U G H T S

ON MANY SUBJECTS:

A SELECTION FROM
ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED TO 'FRASER'S MAGAZINE.'

Robert Southey

BY

A MANCHESTER MAN.

'Our Thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.'

HAMLET.

LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

[1866]

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INTRODUCTION.



THE following Essays and Sketches appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, for the most part when the late Mr. John W. Parker, Junior, was its Editor, to whose memory the writer begs to offer a passing tribute of sincere respect. They were written mainly in 'overhours,' as a mental recreation in the midst of more severe and distracting duties. This is not adduced either as an excuse for their defects or a plea for the forbearance of readers, still less as conferring on them an *à priori* title to commendation: the remark attributed to the great Athenian orator and leader, Pericles, on the care required for perfecting seamanship, may not be inapplicable to the production of a Magazine Article: Τὸ δὲ ναυτικὸν τέχνης ἐστίν, ὥσπερ καὶ ἄλλο τι, καὶ οὐκ ἐνδέχεται, ὅταν τύχη, ἐκ παρέργου μελετᾶσθαι, ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον μηδὲν ἐκείνῳ πᾶρεργον ἄλλο γίγνεσθαι.

(Thucydides, i. 142.) ‘Skill in naval matters, like that in other occupations, partakes of the nature of an art, and the acquisition of it does not admit of being taken up as a by-work, as chance may allow, but it is rather fitting that nothing else should be made a by-work to it.’

Though the first Essay appeared so long ago as 1848, the series has been reprinted with but few alterations. Statistical Tables have been omitted, which after a time are usually estimated at the value of a preceding year’s Almanack; and occasionally, but very rarely, a more permanent setting has been given to allusions that were of passing and ephemeral interest.

On revising these Articles, the writer is constrained to acknowledge that the ‘thoughts’ contained in some of them are ‘free’ and freely expressed; but whether they be just in principle and correct in aim, others must decide.

R. L.

MANCHESTER :

May 1, 1866.

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I.

A MANUFACTURING DISTRICT:

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.



THERE is a homely saying, that ‘one half of the world knows not how the other half lives.’ Homely however as the adage is, it embodies an important truth, and suggests grave thoughts. Walk through the squares, or along the streets, at the west end of the metropolis; mark the external magnificence of the buildings, and picture to yourself the costly luxuries within; enter the parks, and behold the gorgeous equipages rolling on like a stream which is too large for its channel; see the lazy postures and satiety-stamped faces of those who occupy the costly carriages. Then walk meditatively to the far east; and after you have arrived at the well-digested conclusion, that our nation is ‘a mighty nation, an understanding people,’ take a survey of the surrounding neighbourhood. See those filthy streets and squalid dwellings, congenial habitations for the sons and daughters of misery. Look at those dirty,

ragged children, who are enjoying themselves in their native gutters, and seem to be promising candidates for the Old Bailey. Mark that poverty-stricken mother who is standing at yonder door with the pale-faced child in her arms: from her vacant expression of countenance, she hears not the monotonous clack of the shuttle from within. Why should she? It is to her only the time-clock which ticks through the live-long day. Listen to the sounds which proceed from the wretched-looking house with the broken windows; they are the everyday noises of a father swearing in his drink, and children crying for their supper. Look on this picture, and on that. Verily, 'one half of the world knows not how the other half lives!' But ought it to be so?

In the large manufacturing towns of England the differences between classes are hardly less perceptible; the proverb is scarcely less true. There is one order of men however who have the privilege of being acquainted with the habits of both the rich and the poor. The clergy of the Established Church are a connecting link between the extremes of society. They are not above the poor, nor below the rich. They stand with one foot on the sanded floor of the cottage, and with the other on the Turkey carpet of the mansion. This is hardly a figure of speech. It frequently happens that, in less than an hour, the clergyman mixes with the extremes of wretchedness and of riches. He leaves the bedside of the sick—perhaps the father of a family whose earnings were the main support of the house;

he leaves the close, fœtid atmosphere of the sick-room, and the miserable habitation of indigent fellow-creatures, and, in the course of sixty short minutes, he is breathing the perfumed odours of the drawing-room, or sitting down to one of those distracting banquets—*cœnæ dubiæ*—where the appetite and judgment can hardly agree.

It may be, kind reader, that you belong to the class of mortals who are clothed in fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, and whose acquaintance with the poor is very limited. Now, we are of the intermediate order just mentioned. Be good enough then to accept our arm; you have probably nothing to do; and, for an hour or so, take a bird's eye view of a manufacturing population. And do not run away because the town is in Lancashire.

The district, you see, is not very inviting; the streets are narrow, and a heavy smoke hangs over the place to-day. The doors of the houses are, for the most part, wide open; some, you observe, have an appearance of cleanliness within, others are dirty in the extreme. Up those courts and alleys that run out of the main street we will not venture. The atmosphere may not suit your well-bred nostrils, and your delicate taste may revolt at the idea of a family of eight having only one bedroom. But where do all these children spring from that are sprawling about the streets? We presume they had a like origin with yourself, though they are now left more to the liberal training of unrestrained nature. They grow and gain strength, nobody knows

how; they push themselves upward through the dirt, like so many asparagus plants. Look at those girls of seven or eight years old carrying about their infant brothers or sisters, who are almost as large as themselves. Ask them what they are doing. 'Nossing choild' (nursing the child) is the answer.

'Holla! my little girl, what are you about?' Down she has fallen, child and all. No matter, she picks up the bits and away she runs.

'Mother's at street end.'

What are these young children wanting who are coming up so demurely? They are going to make their 'cortsies' to 'the minister,' after having done which they will run away and laugh, as if they had performed some wonderful feat.* Now, what on earth can those women be after at the street corner? They are engaged in very earnest conversation: something important must have occurred to draw them from home before twelve o'clock in the day. Ordinarily a small matter, or no matter at all, will bring them out for a discussion at any given hour; but now an important event engages them. Peggy Jenkinson has had twins, 'a lad and a lass, fine childer, uncommon, and as like their father as beans is beans.' Peggy has done the state

* This is descriptive rather of one of the smaller Lancashire owns. In such a population as that of Manchester, the clerical individuality is merged in the large mass of workers and dealers. In many of our manufacturing districts, the lowly and reverent submission to 'governors, spiritual pastors, and masters,' which the Catechism enjoins, is for the most part ignored.

some service: it is the second time that she has presented her wondering, and perhaps alarmed, lord and master, who is a respectable spinner, with duplicate pledges of connubial bliss. That lusty woman there in the check bed-gown and linsey-woolsey petticoat, who seems to be leading the conversation with so much vivacity, is now as profound and oracular on confinements in general as though she were a priestess of the Lucinian mysteries. Then, after you have noticed the three or four hand-loom weavers, who are loitering about with their hands in their pockets; and the man with the donkey-cart, who is crying mussels and cockles and red herrings for sale; and the ragged trader with the wheelbarrow, who exchanges salt for antiquated linen, or carries on the respectable barter (as it is termed) of 'weight for weight,'—you have seen a fair specimen of the outdoor life of a manufacturing district.

A manufacturing population is of a nomad character. A family changes its residence as easily as you change your coat. The young people go out from their old habitation in a morning, and return to dinner at a new one, as if nothing had happened. There is no carrying of sacred fire or clinging to household gods. But perhaps you would wish to see the indoor life of an operative's dwelling. Not that opposite: the people are dippers; and, if you enter, that jaundiced woman with the can of dirty water in her hand may dash it in your face, out of zeal for her peculiar doctrines. A Roman Catholic family lives at No. 21; our

reception might be courteous, or it might be the reverse: we will not venture. Come in here; we are acquainted with the household. You find everything tidy: the floor has been lately scoured and sanded; the drawers are well polished; and the clock, with its painted dial-plate and clean mahogany case, bespeaks a considerable degree of regularity and providence.

‘We’re rayther rough, sir, this morning; but will you not sit down?’ is the greeting of the mistress. A dinner of lobscouse is in preparation—a savoury dish, consisting of a little meat, many potatoes, and sundry onions, all mashed up and stewed together, after the fashion of Meg Merrilies. Of the family, the father, who is an overlooker, earns about 15s. a-week; two daughters, as steam-loom weavers, each 10s.; and a boy, a ‘short-timer,’ about 3s. The two little girls, who are creeping into the corner there, attend the day-school, and the youngest is in the cradle. The family of eight live with great comfort on 38s. a-week; the young women maintain an undoubted respectability of character, dress in a becoming manner, and, though upwards of twenty years old, attend regularly their Sunday-school and church.

But lest you go away with a too favourable impression of an operative’s household, please to step this way, and we will show you another picture of indoor economy. The family consists either of church-people, ‘if they go anywhere,’ or avowed Socialists, or plain, outspoken Ranters. The mother is about forty years old; and at the present time, you observe, she has a black

eye. It was an accident in a slight skirmish with her husband, as they were taking some mild refreshment together. The pugnacious husband you do not see ; he is a hand-loom weaver by day, and a poacher by night, as that growling lurcher in the corner testifies. There are four ragged, vacant-looking children, roaming about the house, one of whom is very unconcernedly receiving a volley of vile names from its mother. In the corner there is a filthy shake-down chaff bed ; a few bottomless chairs and a three-legged table complete the furniture. Gracious heavens ! beneath that roof live a father and mother, and six children,—human beings without a humanised feeling, grovelling in the filth and sensuality of the swine, and exhibiting the ferocity of the savage.

Between these two pictures, bear in mind, there are many domestic gradations. We must leave your imagination to fill up the hiatus.

But you might wish to walk through one of the mills, and see the operatives at work. You have witnessed something of the kind at the Polytechnic, have you not ? We have just time to make a short inspection before one o'clock, when ' the hands ' leave for dinner. The factory before us, with the very tall chimney, will suit our purpose as being a well-regulated one. Within that enormous pile of buildings, eleven or twelve hundred persons are engaged in their daily employment. Under that roof the raw material, which was grown thousands of miles away, is manufactured into cloth, that it may be exported as an article of apparel to the very spot were it was cultivated. Come along

to the engine-room, whence is derived all the power that moves every wheel, and spindle, and loom. How slowly and deliberately the leviathan works! Every motion of those alternating beams carries with it the power of two hundred horses, and yet the huge monster is as docile as an elephant. Sometimes he breaks from his keeper, and exhibits the Miltonic combination of

Water with fire
In ruin reconciled ;

but most generally his steam-rumbling lungs testify by a friendly snort, that

The waves and fire, old wranglers, have made truce
To do men service.

*ξυνώμοσαν γὰρ, ὄντες ἔχθιστοι τὸ πρὶν,
πῦρ καὶ θάλασσα, καὶ τὰ πίστ' ἔδειξάτην.**

We will now ascend to the topmost story of that large pile of buildings. This way: no, not by that circular staircase; there is a readier mode of ascent. Step into this box, and our friend here in the fustian jacket will place his finger on a spring, and we shall be raised up to the top by that cloud-compelling power we have just seen. Here we go; not perhaps in as elegant an apartment as that at the Regent's Park Colosseum, but in one equally expeditious and safe. What a strange scene opens out to us at the top! Wheels, rollers, straps, are around us, and below us, and above us. One overwhelming rattle stuns us for

* Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, 633.

a moment. But take care, my dear sir; move cautiously along the slippery floor: should the skirts of your sur-tout be caught between those revolving cylinders, you would assuredly be dragged in like that heap of cotton, and come out mince-meat. On your reappearance, we very much fear lest your metropolitan mother might not 'know you were out.' The process would undeniably derange your linen, and might slightly disfigure your features for your next ball in Park Lane:—

Not the mother that you bore
 Would discern her offspring more;
 That one moment would leave no trace
 More of human form or face.

In an incredibly brief space you would be rolled out into 'the mangled Tybalt,' so graphically sketched in poor Seymour's 'New Readings of Old Authors'—

ὥστε μηδένα
 γνῶναι φίλων ἰδόντ' ἂν ἄθλιον δέμας.*

Here the cotton undergoes its first process—that of cleaning. You see those large bundles in the corner: the cotton is there as it was packed up thousands of miles away. Look at that young woman spreading it carefully out, that it may be gradually drawn between those revolving cylinders. In its passage it is winnowed from the dust that is bound up in it. This is called 'scutching;' and it must be put through three separate processes of this kind, before it can be sufficiently clean

* Sophocles, *Electra*, 755.

for the further stages of its metamorphosis. Let us descend by this circular staircase: here you see the same material subjected to another dressing. After the cotton has been thoroughly cleaned, the fibres must be drawn out and arranged in lateral order. This is the work of the 'carding' machine. Then, in other rooms, the same material undergoes the processes of 'drawing' and 'roving,' preparatory to its being spun into threads. But, if one may judge from your countenance, this jargon seems to be High Dutch to you. Scutching! carding! drawing! roving! We have, however, no time to spare: descend another flight of steps, and you behold ten thousand threads gathering round ten thousand spindles. Look at those self-acting 'mules' and 'throstles:' they might be endowed with mind and volition:

Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet—

with seeming truth might it be said of those iron-nerved machines. How admirable is every arrangement! How calmly but accurately each operative goes through his or her particular duty! How quickly the eye perceives any broken thread, and how deftly the fingers piece or replace it! Seventy years ago it would have taken 300 men to do the work of that single set of fingers.*

* Dr. Darwin, in his *Botanic Garden*, thus describes these processes as they were found in Arkwright's establishment on the Derwent:—

First, with nice eye, emerging Naiads cull
From leathery pods the vegetable wool;

But let us go down into the 'shed' (shade), where these threads are woven into cloth. What a magnificent sight! We enter a room, the end of which we can hardly see—it is so far off. It is on a ground-floor, and has no building above it. The windows are placed in the roof, that the weavers may have more light for their work. A truly *lucus a non lucendo* derivation for the term shade! Within it there are three or four hundred women, managing seven or eight hundred looms. Women, do you call them? They seem to be young girls. It is the circumstance of their having pinafores tied round their throats that suggests the juvenile appearance; but they vary in age from fifteen to forty, as you will perceive, if you mark them closely. Each is engaged on her work: there is no laughing, or giggling, or child's-play. Perhaps one here and there, recognising us as an acquaintance, may convey the intelligence to her neighbour with a nod and a smile; but she becomes very demure again when she fancies she is observed. She probably begins to smooth her hair with the comb she has always near her, or to

With wiry teeth revolving cards release
 The tangled knots, and smooth the ravell'd fleece.
 Next moves the iron hand with fingers fine,
 Combs the wide card and forms th' eternal line;
 Slow with soft lips the whirling can acquires
 The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires:
 With quicken'd pace successive rollers move,
 And these retain, and those extend, the rove;
 Then fly the spokes, the rapid axles glow,
 While slowly circumvolves the labouring wheel below.

tidy some portion of her dress; for most of them have a proper sense of their 'becomings.' But why is she stopping her loom? Some thread has been broken, or some bad work made, during her absence of mind, and it is to be set right. The thread is pieced, a rod is touched, and the shuttle rattles on again, as if it were alternately shot from side to side out of two fifty-pounders. Everything is as orderly and neat as it can be, where there must necessarily be particles of dust and cotton flying about. The ventilation is on the best principle, and the temperature not more than 65°. If there be a smell, it is the healthy one of oil. Such an employment for ten hours is not too fatiguing. The effort consists in mental attention, and in remaining long upon the legs. See that woman: a book is lying on her stool; she can take an occasional glance at some anecdote or narrative while her looms are going. Another, you remark, has her knitting by her side. These are very expert weavers. And, as you are a disciple of Lavater, do you not think that the intelligent eyes and interesting faces of some around you will bear a favourable comparison with those of your London Graces? But how is this? The din of a thousand shuttles is yet ringing in our ears, but every loom is still in an instant. It is now one o'clock: the pinafores are thrown off; the shawls and bonnets hastily put on; and they who were lately so busy, are all moving out in one continuous stream. Come along with the crowd: there is no rude remark to be heard; a mercurial boy or two may perhaps be talking louder than

would besecm the deoportment-room of a fashionable academy—that is all. The dense mass separates into its component parts as it reaches the street, to collect again at the same place about two o'clock.

We know not where the triumphs of the human mind are more distinctly traceable than within those four walls. We admire the classical scholar who can dig the rich ore out of the hidden mines of ancient learning. We reverence the astronomer, whose eye, guided by the laboured calculations of the mind, glances from this sublunary scene, and discovering a fresh planet among the unnumbered stars, 'lends the lyre of heaven another string.' We pay our homage to the naturalist, who classifies the myriads of animated beings that inhabit our globe, or arranges the varied species of plants that cover its surface, or penetrates in thought to its very heart and centre; and out of all his investigations can gather undoubted evidence of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. We honour the poet, whose heart yearns after the beautiful and true, and whose mind can suffuse its images and pictures with the radiance of its own sunlight. But the discoveries of a Newcomen and a Watt, and the inventions of a Cartwright, a Kay, a Wyatt, and an Arkwright, unillumined though they be by the many coloured hues of poetic fancy or the brilliant flashes of genius, have been more conducive than the productions of all besides to the increase of national greatness and the supply of human wants. Their thoughts have expanded into a practical and universal good; their ingenuity has triumphed over seeming

impossibilities; and their triumphs, so far from resting in a theoretic truth, have produced the means of subsistence to thousands upon thousands, have opened a source of wealth and preeminence to our nation, and have been instrumental in diffusing England's commerce and England's civilisation to the remotest corners of the earth.

Of the intellectual and moral condition of our operative populations much has been written and said of late years; and the general conclusion has been that their educational and religious status is very low. We are not prepared to deny that great ignorance exists amongst them, and, as a consequence, a lamentable indifference to moral and religious duty. Of the labouring adults, especially the males, but a very small proportion attends any place of worship whatever. And in their most prosperous times, when trade is brisk, and work is abundant, and wages are high, their weekly earnings are mostly spent as they come to hand—often before. They who deposit in the Savings Bank are splendid exceptions. The general maxim of an operative is, 'Sufficient unto the day are its enjoyments and its cares.'

And yet we incline to the belief that our manufacturing districts—take them for all in all—though bearing a moral hue sufficiently dusky, have been portrayed in darker colours than they deserve. The Rev. John Clay, Chaplain to the Preston House of Correction—a gentleman whose statistics are often quoted in high places, but whose courtesy and amiability are only known and appreciated by those who have the privilege of his friendship—

has given in his annual Reports many classifications of the state of crime throughout the country ; and we find from one of his statistical tables, that Lancashire, so far from being an exceptional black-a-moor, takes a fair position in the moral gradation of the English counties.*

In considering the aggregate amount of crime throughout a nation, it cannot be either uninteresting to the casual observer, or unprofitable to the legislator, to examine its relative proportion in the different occupations of the people. Many probably, if asked among what class crime and ignorance are the most prevalent, would answer, among the factory operatives. But this is very far from the truth. Where persons are engaged in any well-regulated occupation from morning to night, there may be much ignorance, but there is little leisure for crime. On the other hand, where men are employed, as they term it, 'at a loose end,' the temptations to evil are greatly increased. These assertions are fully borne out by facts. A table drawn up by Mr. Clay, from the 'Occupation Abstract' of the population returns, is in perfect consistence with these strong *a priori* probabilities.† Out of twenty trades, ostlers, bricklayers, colliers, plasterers, and labourers, are among the worst ; factory operatives are the sixth in degree of excellence ; and the female factory hands are the very best—better even than domestic servants of the same sex. We have been frequently amused at seeing a factory described by one

* Report for 1844.

† See Report for 1844. Also the Second Report of the Pentonville Prison.

class of writers as somewhat worse than a Pandemonium, and by another as a trifle better than an Elysium. The descriptions of each party are equally unlike the truth. In a well-regulated mill, many of the young women might be envied by the wealthy for their high moral and religious tone of mind; some, again, maintain an unblemished character and a decent self-respect, without professing any very strict observance of religious duties; and others are doubtless very low both in profession and practice. An outward decorum however is for the most part observed, while they are at work; and the grades of character are as strictly defined, when they are off work, as the grades of rank and title during a London season.

The besetting sin of the poor is drunkenness. Not only is it an evil in itself, but it is the parent of almost every crime that comes before a court of justice. In Lancashire, at this moment, the phenomena of poverty and crime present a strange paradox. The several heads of the police force in the various divisions of the county concur in this particular, that the committals to prison were never so few in the same period as they have been for the last six months; and yet the distress of the operative was never known to be greater. How is this? All the police superintendents give the same answer: with a decrease of wages, there has been a decrease of drunkenness; and with a decrease of drunkenness, there has been a decrease of crime. And take a more circumscribed view: fix upon any filthy dwelling, or ragged children, or sluttish mother, or

brutal father, and the chances are ten to one that these miseries have either sprung out of, or go hand in hand with, habitual intoxication. The beer-shop, the ale-house, and the gin-palace, are the Pandora's box to the poor. Hunger, wretchedness, filth, disease, transgressions of the law in every shape, spring in broods out of these soul-destroying dens; and often even hope, that last solace of misery—'hope that comes to all'—deserts the mind of him who frequents them.

A clerical friend of ours not long ago related to us an anecdote illustrative of 'the strong necessity of' drinking under which some labour when the craving for it can be satisfied. He has an old parishioner whom he often sees too heavily laden for his legs to afford him trustworthy support. Jacob is a character in his way; he is a pensioner for military service, and is said to talk much over his cups about Wellington, Soult, Boney, and the 'Pensoolar' war, and to enliven his company with tales

Of moving accidents, by flood and field;

Of hair-breath 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.

'O, Jacob, Jacob, tipsy again!' our friend said to him one day, as he met him struggling along in a somewhat serpentine course—in Lancashire phrase, 'not going straight home.'

'Ay,' replied Jacob, drawing himself up as well as he could into a regimental perpendicularity, and assuming the air of a man who is supported by a good cause,—'ay, and yo'd ha bin drunk, parson, if yo'd bin wi' us.'

‘How so, Jacob? how is that?’

‘Why,’ explained the old soldier, with a commanding wave of the hand, and in a tone of triumph, ‘it was gan* us, minister—it was gan us;’ and he staggered off, as if he had delivered himself of a most conclusive argument. Jacob, like a good mathematician, had an eye to the ‘given quantity.’

Let us not however deal too hardly with the poor. Indifferent to their moral and social duties, as many of them undoubtedly are, they are not wholly without excuse. Brought up without the rudiments of secular learning, and in ignorance of Christian truth, they can with difficulty be induced to see the advantage of the one, or to feel the consolations of the other. Working hard through the week, they claim the Sabbath as a day of leisure, and often turn it into a day of especial sin. Still there are many natural virtues in their dispositions. The *φυσικαὶ ἀρεταί* are broadly marked on their hearts. The difficulty lies in directing along a right channel the fountain of natural good; and the more so, inasmuch as it has already gathered mire and impurity in its course. Factory operatives are almost invariably kind to each other in distress. Learn this lesson from them, ye wealthy! Being brothers and sisters in poverty, they often pinch themselves to relieve the pressing wants of a neighbour. ‘Certainly,’ says Bacon, ‘virtue is like

* Gan—given. This word, so far as we know, is peculiar to Bury and its neighbourhood. ‘Gi’n’ is the more common term. Gan may be the abbreviation of gav’n.

precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed ;' and frequently have we seen the present pressure of the times elicit the perfume of this virtue among the poor. An industrious family fully employed live in considerable comfort. But the manufacturer begins to 'work to stock;' he can find no market for his goods. He is at length obliged to 'start three days a week.' The operative is now pinched; he returns home on the pay-night 'with the money light in his hand.' He makes his way however as best he can—perhaps gets a trifle into debt with the shopkeeper: he is now, to use his own phrase, 'running into bad.*' But the worst has not yet come. Such is the commercial stagnation that the manufacturer must close his mill, or he would run the hazard of ruin. And now what becomes of 'the hands'? A family of eight, say, including parents, have to live without the regular income of a single farthing. Their Sunday clothes go one by one to the pawn-shop; and on these 'advances' they exist for a short time. Meanwhile they visit—but with great reluctance—the poor-office; and the 'Board' allows them probably 6s. a week. But what are 6s. among so many? House-rent is 3s. weekly, and firing 1s. 3d.; so that 1s. 9d. remain for food. The clergyman, it may be, lends his aid; but he cannot keep the family, for he has fifty such cases under his charge. In this emergency the neighbours

* This reminds us of the Greek phrase, ἐπὶ μείζον ἔρχεται and the Latin, *in pejus ruit*.

and friends step in, and are frequently able, by timely assistance, to keep the candle of life burning till work is procured, and better days come.

We may mention another characteristic of the poor—we hope we may rank it in the category of virtues—a grateful reliance on the clergyman in times of distress. Among such heterogeneous materials as constitute the mass of the lower orders, considerable numbers will ever be found whose especial calling it seems to be to abuse the Church and her ministers. Nay, we have seen a fair smattering of this leaven among parties who claim for themselves the title of ‘good Churchmen’ *par excellence*. But, as a body, the poor are inclined to look up to the clergy with respect. They are most irregular church-goers; or, more properly, most regular church-absentees; but they entertain a notion, after all, that the ministers of the Establishment have their interest at heart, and in difficulties are willing to place the most implicit confidence in their advice.

It would surprise many of our fair readers were we to relate with what unreserved freedom the clergyman is admitted into the secrets of all family ailments. The poor seem to think that he is entitled to the full privilege of the doctor. We have ourselves made a point of declining—with many grateful acknowledgments—all the delicate investigations which old women would have pressed upon us. We have known clergymen indeed who, in addition to their legitimate responsibility, have assumed that of medical adviser; but we would dissuade the parson from meddling with the business

of the apothecary. Sooner or later he comes to grief in his supererogatory profession.

We have now in our mind a clerical friend whose great reputation in the art of healing has sometimes brought him into trouble. He has a country living—surrounded however by manufacturing towns, and inhabited chiefly by hand-loom weavers. He acts not only as their spiritual physician, but takes equal pride in administering to the relief of their bodily ailments. He is consulted by the old women far and wide, and is considered unrivalled in his knowledge of the ‘Pharmacopœia.’ Being an old soldier—a Waterloo officer—it is supposed that he picked up his skill somewhere abroad, or on the field of battle. Some go so far as to say that on one occasion he was shut up four-and-twenty hours with an Egyptian necromancer. Our own belief has ever been that he has acquired his fame as a physician simply by assuming a sagacious aspect, by using long words to the old women, and by the use of bread pills, with particular directions that they must be taken at certain hours. Well, and can you blame him for this? Have not many other eminent medical practitioners gained their high position by wise looks and innocuous pills? An old lady, say, visits our friend in his surgery: she cannot tell what is the matter with her, or how she feels. ‘Oh!’ he observes, with a sage shake of the head, ‘you feel all-overish—witterly, titterly—just nohow—that’s how you feel, isn’t it?’ The matron declares that his description is perfect. He gives her a box of bread pills, one to be taken every three hours

and in a short time she visits him again, expressing her gratitude, and declaring that he has saved her life. He is rather fond of tincture of rhubarb, to be sure, during the autumnal season; and the little boys and girls run away and hide themselves when they see him approaching at that time, having a presentiment that he will dose them, and certainly having no stomach for his draughts. On the whole however, his nostrums, we are confident, are quite harmless.

But how have his good purposes brought him to sorrow, you ask? We heard the tale from his own mouth, and can vouch for its truth. One night last winter he was retiring to rest about eleven o'clock: his house was quiet, and his household in bed; when he was startled by a thundering rap at his door.

'Holla! who's there?' he inquired from his bedroom window.

'James Jackson,' was the laconic answer. 'Mother's badly.'

'Does your mother want me to night?'

'Ay, directly!' was the stubborn reply.

Our friend was decidedly sulky as he contrasted the warmth of his bed with the temperature out of doors; but, being too good a disciplinarian to break ecclesiastical canons, he readjusted his coat and waistcoat, muffled up his throat, threw on his veteran roquelaure, and started off with his parishioner—a lubberly lad of nineteen. It was a frosty, moonlight night; onward the two trudged over the crisp snow; when, after walking about half a mile, our friend's temper began to cool by degrees;

and, turning round to his companion, he said, in his usual kind tone,—

‘ Well, and is your mother very poorly ? ’

‘ Ay, hoo’s* (she’s) vara badly at present.’

‘ But she is likely to get better, I hope ? ’

‘ Ay, ay, hoo’ll mend, happen (perhaps), after a bit.’

‘ What’s the matter with her, do you know ? ’

‘ O, ay, I know. Hoo’s labboring (in labour).’

‘ Labboring ! labboring ! ’ shrieked our friend, turning round fiercely upon his fellow-traveller. ‘ What do you mean by coming for me ? Labboring ! go for Dr. Potts this instant. Labboring ! Am I a man-midwife, think you ? ’

‘ Well, well,’ was the imperturbable reply. ‘ Folks say ye’re vara skilfu’ in chymistering, and’—scratching his head, and looking his pastor imploringly in the face—‘ a labbor’s ten and sixpence ! ’ †

* The Lancashire ‘ hoo ’ is said to be simply the Anglo-Saxon feminine of the pronoun ‘ he,’ namely ‘ heo,’ supposed to have been pronounced ‘ hoo.’

† [Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni ! It is now seventeen years since this article was written ; and during that time how many friends and acquaintances have passed from this earthly scene ! The Rev. Gilmour Robinson, of Tockholes in the parish of Blackburn, who is here referred to, has gone to his rest. He was a bachelor, with some peculiarities, but of a truly kind spirit towards the poor. He will long be remembered with gratitude by the inhabitants of Tockholes. He was thrown into great perturbation on reading these anecdotes of himself. He felt convinced at first that some of his matronly patients had been revealing the secrets of his—not ‘ prison-house,’ but surgery. To the last, we are told, his thoughts constantly oscillated between the parish of Tockholes and the plains of Waterloo. —1866.]

Patience under suffering, again, is a broadly-marked characteristic of the poor. Though perhaps more the result of habit than reflection, it still deserves our warmest admiration. They only who associate with the lower orders, and see them in their secret struggles after bare existence, can tell how much they have to endure in times of commercial depression. It would be an appalling spectacle, could we behold in one mass the aggregate of human suffering among the Lancashire poor during the last eight months. Provisions of all kinds at famine prices, and the operatives unemployed one-half their time ! The potato has never been seen at their tables for many months. Butchers' meat, ham, and bacon have been equally unattainable. Oatmeal-porridge, milk, tea greatly diluted, and bread thinly covered with butter, have been their chief articles of food. And at the time of our writing their condition was never worse. 'We're like to clem hard' (we are obliged to suffer much hunger), was the unsophisticated remark of a little girl to us a few days ago.* And yet they have hitherto borne their sufferings with singular endurance. Their present conduct is in remarkable contrast with

* [This article appeared, January 1848. 'We'll clem it out,' is a common expression among the operatives in times of distress, meaning that they will endure their shortness of food till better times come, however painful it may be to them.

The word 'clem' is used by our old English writers, such as Marston, Massinger, and Ben Jonson:

Hard is the choice,

When valiant men must eat their arms or clem.—*Jonson*.
1866.]

their turbulence of 1842. Then their privations were comparatively trifling; and yet, from the instigation of desperate men, they rose against the manufacturer, jeopardised his property, desecrated churches, took forcible possession of populous towns, and resisted even unto blood. If the present difficulties continue, we know not indeed to what the *duris urgens in rebus egestas* may impel the people; but as yet we see no shadows of coming disorder. Hardly pressed as the operative is, he is fully aware that his master is suffering no less severely; he concludes that the ruin of the manufacturer must be to his own loss; he sees that the interests of the one are bound up in the interests of the other; and, understanding this, he possesses his soul in patience, waiting for better times. And that those times be not far distant, is our fervent hope and sincere prayer!

In speaking of the praiseworthy endurance of the distressed operative, our remarks, be it understood, are not intended to apply universally. There are noisy idlers and mischief-making mouths in every community, however small. Herein lies the mistake of almost all the writers on our manufacturing population. They deduce an universal conclusion from the induction of a few facts, and that conclusion probably a preconceived one. Take, for instance, Dr. Cooke Taylor's 'Notes of a Tour in the Manufacturing Districts of Lancashire,' written in 1842. Every suffering operative is indiscriminately an object of admiration, and the stern endurance of the Saxon would bear a favourable comparison with the iron-hearted Spartan dying on his shield.

Every noisy Chartist is invested with the dignity of a noble-minded patriot struggling for the freedom of his country.* The Corn law is the ogre that stops the loom, locks up food, and devours the people. Dr. C. Taylor is addressing Archbishop Whately. Has the Doctor ever read the 'Fallacies' of his friend? If our Oxford memory does not deceive us, there is one classed under the head of 'Undue Assumption'—the logical *non causa pro causâ*. Into this has the doctor fallen. The restrictions on corn are removed; but trade is far more prostrated than in 1842. That the repeal of the Corn law will conduce eventually to the extension of commerce and the increase of domestic comforts we have reason to believe. But, to our mind, the great fallacy consists in attributing our commercial stagnations to any existing law. Examine the instances of manufacturing depression which have recurred at intervals during the last thirty years, and you will find that they are almost universally traceable to incidental circumstances over which the law, as it exists, has but little influence. And here lies the great danger of fixing upon any obnoxious statute, and holding it up as the sole cause of

* At page 72, the doctor gives a very graphic anecdote, which, though descriptive of distress, cannot but excite a smile. On his road to Colne—one of the most disorderly towns in Lancashire, by the way—he was stopped by seven determined operatives, who asked for relief; and, when he offered them a shilling, it was refused till the 'promise to pay' of one of the seven had been given. It beats hollow the interesting scene of a similar kind between the resolutely-honest Mr. Tigg and the confiding Tom Pinch.

distress: inasmuch as the passions of an uneducated people are far more likely to break forth into outrage, when they are concentrated on a single point which they are led to regard as the fountain-head of all their misery.

When Dr. Dalton was presented to William IV., his majesty asked him whether Lancashire was quiet—as though it were a district in some remote part of his dominions that existed in a chronic state of uneasiness and disaffection. Now, in reality, the manufacturing operatives are by no means a turbulent body. They have their occasional strikes and turn-outs, it is true, but it is quite necessary for them to protect their own interests. If they have a fair amount of work, and their earnings are reasonable, they are far from being discontented and troublesome. And indeed when a spirit of disaffection has broken out into acts of violence, it has been rather at the instigation of a few mischievous leaders than from any spontaneity of feeling. Orators, frequently Irish, are abundant in the class—lazy fellows, who are never satisfied but with a grievance, and whose love of talk is in an inverse ratio to their love of work. But in their normal frame of mind, the mill-workers are pacific and contented. What Burns says of the Scotch peasantry may with equal truth be said of them:—

Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 And they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
 But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented.

Let us give an illustration of Lancashire passive

endurance, containing as it does a good moral ; though we by no means warrant the male population generally to be endowed with the same philosophic self-restraint under provocation as the hero of our tale. In the neighbourhood of Rochdale, it happened that a big, hulking collier, six feet two in his stockings, had an extremely diminutive wife.

So Venus wills, whose power controls
The fond affections of our souls ;
With sportive cruelty she binds
Unequal forms, unequal minds.*

But, what was more singular, it was currently reported that the said little woman, being in country dialect a *spreet*,† was in the habit of thrashing her husband.

‘John,’ said his master to him one day, ‘they really say that your wife beats you. Is it true?’

‘Yoy,’ drawled John, with most provoking coolness.

‘Yoy!’ responded the master, with indignation. ‘What do you mean, you lout? A great thumping fellow like you, as strong as a steam-engine or an elephant, to let a little woman like your wife thrash you! What a block-head you must be!’

‘Whoy, whoy,’ was the patient answer, ‘it ple-ases hor, maester, an’ it does me no hort!’

* Francis.

Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.

Hor. Car. i. 33, 10.

† From ‘sprite’ probably, or ‘spirit.’

Here now was a true philosopher,—one who had never heard of the Academic or Stoic rules, but from his natural powers had practically solved the great Aristotelic problem upon the nature of Happiness. What a store of pent-up enjoyment should we diffuse through the world, if, in all our dealings with our neighbours, we kept in mind the collier's answer: 'It ple-ases hor, an' does me no hort!'

Our description of the manufacturing classes would be imperfect, without some reference to the peculiarities of their dialect. Their vocabulary is very circumscribed. It contains a strong dash of the Saxon, with a considerable mixture of those nondescript words which are traceable to no root. It is however full of energy and expression. When some one more aspiring among them ventures upon classical ground, there is great danger of a fall. It is not unusual for us to be called suddenly to an old woman grievously ill with 'spavins' (spasms) in the stomach, or 'palpalation' (palpitation) of the heart, or 'conflagration' (inflammation) of the inside.

'How is Jane?' we inquired of a loquacious old lady the other day. 'How is your daughter? What did the doctor say of her complaint?'

'Why, sir,' she answered, 'he said, sir, she was in a very pthysical (critical) way, indeed, sir—very pthysical.'

It is well therefore to use much plainness of speech in your intercourse with the poor. Not perhaps that this, in many cases, is at all required; but in some you

* [Some may remember that the Earl of Derby created much amusement in the House of Lords by quoting this anecdote.—1866.]

can only make yourself intelligible by descending to their level.

‘ You are sadly troubled with a cough,’ we once said to a very old woman whom we visited. She was evidently in doubt about our meaning, when a daughter stepped up, and explained to her in more vernacular idiom—

‘ He says as yo’re fearfully haggled wi’ a haust.’

This last is a very familiar word among the lower orders, and is, we believe, of Anglo-Saxon derivation.

‘ I hausts, mon,’ said a vigorous old man to us the other day,—‘ I hausts most undeniable, and spits uncommon.’

Again, in ordinary discourse with the poor, it is safest to avoid all flights of metaphor. We heard of a young clergyman not long ago being suddenly pulled down in his soarings of fancy :

‘ I fear, my friend,’ he said to a poor weaver, to whose bedside he had been summoned,—‘ I fear I must address you in the language that was addressed to King Hezekiah, “ Set thine house in order ; for thou shalt die, and not live.” ’

‘ Well,’ was the man’s reply, as he rose languidly on his elbow, and pointed with his finger, ‘ I think it’s o’ reet, but for a brick as is out behint that cupboard.’

Sometimes from this species of misconception a ludicrous idea is suggested to the clergyman’s mind, when he least wishes one to intrude.

‘ Resign yourself under your affliction, ma’am,’ one of our friends not long ago said to a sick parishioner,

‘be patient and trustful; you are in the hands of the good Physician, you know?’

‘Ay, ay,’ she replied innocently, ‘Dr. Jackson is said to be a skilfu’ mon.’

We are assured that the following incident occurred to a Manchester clergyman in one of his visits to an old woman in her sickness. He had been to Oldham, and afterwards called upon his patient. She was a person on whom he could make no impression whatever, but remained uninterested and impassive under all his efforts to rouse and instruct her. A thought suddenly came into his mind that he would try a new method with her: so, after stating that he had been at Oldham and thus detained a short time, he began by giving her the most glowing description of the new Jerusalem as pourtrayed by St. John in the Apocalypse; when at length she seemed to be aroused, and looking earnestly at him, she said with a degree of emotion never before exhibited by her,—‘Eh, for sure, and dud ye see o’ that at Owdham? I’zowks, but it mon ha’ bin grand! I wish I’d bin wi’ ye.’

Many of the homely words in use among the Lancashire poor are of the purest and most unadulterated Saxon: they were the household expressions of all classes in England in the days of good Queen Bess, ere foreign idioms had hybridised our language. ‘Come, get agate,’* is a very familiar expression. ‘I’ll put my neif †

* Agate—a-gait—or, a-going: get a-going, or begin. The mill hands speak of ‘gating’ a loom—that is, setting it agoing.

† ‘Give me your neif, monsieur.’—*Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

‘Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif!’—*Henry IV*.

i' thy face,' is a threat of dangerous import. The term 'nesh,' signifying tender and delicate, which is a very common one in the manufacturing districts, is found in the very oldest publications in the English language.* When we hear the expression, 'I *axed* him what he wanted,' it sounds like a vulgarism; and yet it is the old use of the verb still lingering among us.† The old term 'wench,' which in the higher circles conveys a somewhat indelicate idea, is still used in parts of Lancashire as expressive simply of a female, whether young or old. A nonconformist minister was once preaching a Sunday School charity sermon in the neighbourhood of Oldham from the text, 'Bless the lads.' Whenever the stream of his eloquence began to run dry, and ideas failed him, he exclaimed with much energy and concurrent thumps, 'Bless the lads! bless the lads!' At last an old woman who was sitting just below the pulpit, losing patience and being desirous of vindicating her sex, looked up, and asked with some asperity—'Well, and what ha'n th' wenchies done, minister?'

A Rochdale clergyman on one occasion received a hasty summons to baptize a child in a portion of his district not the most intellectually enlightened.

'What name do you intend to give the baby?' he asked.

'Whoy,' answered the father, in some surprise, 'we thowt ye'd ha' browt one wi' ye.'

'Very well—very well—then we'll call the child

* 'His herte is tender and neshe.'—*Chaucer*.

† 'What axen men to have?'—*Ibid*.

William—after his most gracious majesty,—suggested the pastor; and he proceeded with the ceremony.

No sooner had he got to the street-end on his return, than he heard hasty footsteps behind him, and the following imperative order, given in as high a key as over-tasked lungs would allow:—‘Holla! yo mun come back: yo mun do it ow’re age-an: it’s a wench!—it’s a wench!’

Perhaps nowhere in Her Majesty’s dominions did she receive a warmer welcome than in Lancashire; and yet we know not how far she might have considered herself complimented, if she had heard herself, as we heard her, styled ‘a tidy-looking little wench.’* The Prince-Consort was held by the ladies to be ‘a gradely † clever chap, barring his upper lip, which was vast fou’ ‡ The royal children were admired; but one loquacious dame told us that her ‘Sally and Johnny, when they had donned § their Sunday clothes, was welly (well-nigh) as

* The term ‘tidy’ is of very general applicability among the manufacturing classes. Their wages are tidy; their health is tidy; altogether, they are getting on tidy.

† It expresses something superlative: probably from ‘gradually,’ as implying progress towards completion; or, it may be, from ‘greatly.’

‡ ‘Clever’ signifies tall—well-looking—implying capability of body rather than of mind. [This was before the moustache movement.—1866.]

§ The terms ‘don,’ do-on, and ‘doff,’ do-off, are very common among the poor. ‘Then up he rose and *donned* his clothes.’—*Hamlet*. ‘To *doff* their dire distresses.’—*Macbeth*. ‘Thou wear a lion’s hide! *doff* it for shame!’—*King John*.

smart.' The word *fettle** is almost of universal application: it answers to the American *fix*. It is used as a substantive: 'He's i' rare fettle' (condition of body). It is used as a verb: 'I'll fettle it up belive' † (repair it shortly). And, in the neighbourhood of Rochdale, where the Lancashire dialect is in perfection, and the up-and-down style of fighting still flourishes, we have been told that it is not uncommon to hear a bystander cheer on the champion who has floored his antagonist, with the gentle encouragement, 'Fettle his mewath (mouth) with a brick!' ‡ We have heard the word derived from *facio*, as 'effectual.' Dr. Johnson says it has the same root as 'feel.' We have a suspicion that the Doctor has hit the mark, though his shot is evidently a random one. The termination 'tle' must have its distinctive meaning, as Horne Tooke and other etymologists have shown to be the case in certain forms of the ultimate. Now, this seems to be no other than 'til' or 'to.' Fettle therefore may be compounded of feel-til; just as settle, a sofa, may be from seat-til;|| and in like

* 'When your master is most busy in company, come in, and pretend to *fettle* about the room'.—DEAN SWIFT. '*Fettleth* to the war.'—BISHOP HALL.

† By that same way the direful dames do drive
Their mournful chariot, filled with rusty blood,
And down to Pluto's house are come *belive*.—*Faëry Queen*.

‡ As a specimen of Rochdale manners:—'Heigh, Jack, do'st know that felly on th' gray tit?' a lad of seventeen was heard to say to his companion. 'Noa,' was the reply. 'Then,' responded the other, 'clod a stean [stone] at him.'

|| The word 'dom-setl,' judgment-seat, occurs in the 'Saxon Chronicle,' A.D. 796.

manner, we apprehend, may words of the same termination generally be compounded.*

* [The Rev. William Gaskell, M.A., who has made the derivation of Lancashire words a subject of study, has come to the conclusion that many of them have their origin in the ancient British language; and in proof of this he shows how often they are found to have the same roots, and indeed to be the same in structure as the Welsh. Take, for instance, the word 'cob.' 'This,' writes Mr. Gaskell, 'is used by Lancashire men both as a verb and a substantive. They call a round lump of coal a "cob o' coal," and distinguish the larger pieces from the small as "cob-coal." This may be derived from the Welsh "co," a rounding, from which comes "cub," a mass. About the verb there can be less doubt. In Welsh, "cobiaw" is to strike or thump; and this is the meaning which it has in Lancashire.' ('Two Lectures on the Lancashire Dialect,' by the Rev. William Gaskell, M.A. 1854.) We have heard of a local preacher enforcing the doctrine of final causes by the following graphic illustration:—'Yo may axe,' he said, 'how it is as coal lies so deep. Why shouldn't it be at th' top o' th' greawnd? Why, dunno yo see, if it wur at th' top, yo women would be running away wi' o' th' cobs fost.'—'Another Welsh word,' says Mr. Gaskell, 'is "tacklu," to put in order, to set right, to dress. And a Lancashire man talks of "tackling" a horse, for harnessing it; and he says, "I'll tackle the felly;" meaning, I'll set him right, generally by what he calls "giving him a dressing."' ('Two Lectures,' &c.) The word is of very common use in Lancashire, and is the same, we apprehend, as that applied to the rigging of a ship. A clergyman related to us an incident in connection with which he heard the term, to the discomposure of his serious thoughts. After administering the Communion to an old lady, he was wrapping up the cup and paten he had used, when her husband, after looking awhile steadily at the apparatus, said in a tone of admiration, 'I tell ye what, maester, that's uncommon nice tackle for th' job'—the remark not savouring of irreverence in the slightest

Sometimes doubtless our natural fondness for tracing up the lineage of words, as of families, misleads us. We heard not long ago a classical scholar derive the term *anenst* from *ἐναντίον* :* and we were once amused at a learned gentleman finding a Saxon root for the modern *baggin*. † Many Lancashire phrases are of late origin, springing out of the occupations, habits, and customs of the people. The verb to *mill*, ‡ to beat, is in very general use : indeed, from the many terms expressive of thrashing and fighting among us, it may be inferred, we fear, that Lancashire is a pugnacious county. There is a word now used from the sunny banks of the Ganges to the frozen shores of Canada—it has become incorporated into the English language—namely, degree, but being simply the expression of a mechanical mind.—1866.]

* [Will not any Lancashire man be amused to hear that Dr. Trench makes our common word ‘topper’ a compound of *toto opere*? (‘English Past and Present.’)—1866.]

† ‘Baggin,’ means the afternoon meal, or ‘drinking.’ It is so called, we suppose, from the food being carried in a bag. Hence the common phrase ‘getting the bag,’ being sent away bag and baggage. We once heard two men in conversation, as they were inspecting some wax-work figures. ‘Who’s that?’ asked one, pointing to a representation of Louis-Philippe. ‘Why,’ replied the other, ‘it’s that French chap as geet th’ bag.’

‡ The word ‘mill’ is taken, no doubt, from the beating in the fulling-mill. ‘What’s up?’ we heard one man inquiring of another a few days ago, as they met in the street. ‘O, nowt,’ was the answer, ‘nobbut (nothing but) a chap milling his wife ; and the respondent walked away unconcernedly, perhaps muttering to himself, ‘Sarves her reet.’

‘teetotal;’ and yet our material eyes have rested upon its originator. We looked on him, not with the reverence that we should have done on a Cadmus or a Columbus, but certainly not without respect. He had exhibited no powers of invention, for the word sprang out of an accident. He was a man in humble circumstances; and when the Temperance movement commenced, he entered warmly into the lists in its support. He carried his views on the subject further than many; and when he addressed the people, he strongly advocated total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. Unfortunately, or fortunately, he stammered; and, being emphatic on the word total, he mostly pronounced it t-t-total. What an admirable puzzle the term will be for some etymologist a century hence! The name of ‘navvy’ is now almost as general as that of ‘tee-totaler.’ The word is an abbreviation of ‘navigator;’ not that these characters ever ploughed the main, or adventured on voyages of discovery; but they were the workmen who cut the navigable canals which were extensively formed some half-century ago. When therefore the railway mania sprang up, a class of men arose with every characteristic of the old ‘navvy,’ and nobody thought it worth while to change the name.*

We know how difficult it is to convey an accurate idea

* [Mr. Smiles, in his *Life of Stephenson*, gives this origin to the word, which is undoubtedly the correct one. We have just been amused to see that a writer in *Chambers's Journal* disputes his accuracy, and derives ‘navvy’ from some Danish or Norse term, ‘Naabbi,’ signifying ‘neighbour.’—1866.]

of the manufacturing classes to the mind of a person who has never resided among them. The descriptions of them by casual visitors are mostly in extremes: the pictures are much larger than life. This is easily accounted for. Among the operatives there are greater extremes of good and evil than in a rural population: in the average, the difference would be found very trifling. In order therefore to arrive at an accurate estimate of their qualities, your induction of facts must be very extended; your acquaintance with their habits must be at the same time very minute and very enlarged. Of manufacturing towns themselves, the characteristics are widely different. Some are marked by a general cleanliness and moral order; others are notorious only for turbulence and filth. In the same town, again, there are mills which have not two properties in common so far as relates to their moral or social condition. One belongs to a master who has a proper sense of his responsibility, and, while he provides everything requisite for the comfort and well-being of his work-people, insists at the same time that they in their turn shall observe a certain degree of decency and order in their general behaviour. Another is owned by some sordid fellow (one of a class, we are happy to believe, now on the decrease) who regards his 'hands' in the same light as his iron machinery, and if they have only turned off so much work on a Saturday night, cares not a straw though they be swine-drunk throughout the Sunday. In the same factory, again, the difference of character among the operatives is as great as light and darkness. Some of

the working-class might be fit models for the idle rich, while others are lost to every gentle feeling of our nature. Wherefore, in examining into the social, intellectual, and moral condition of the manufacturing classes, the danger is, lest a stranger should arrive at some sweeping conclusion which may be correct from his own limited induction, but which would represent the whole truth as accurately as a brick of Babylon would represent the entirety of that departed city.

A noble county, be assured, is that of Lancaster, notwithstanding its tall chimneys, and black-mouthed coal-pits, and smoke-begrimed faces, and swarthy artizans, and cotton-covered operatives. The Southern shrinks from it as a pestilence. The Londoner would almost as soon be stuck up to the neck in a Tipperary bog, as be fixed in a manufacturing town. But, over the wide world, point out to us a district of the same extent as Lancashire with the same properties of greatness. In this much-maligned county there are fields as green, and landscapes as fair, as eye can rest on. Nowhere is agriculture, in its science and practice, advancing more rapidly. From beneath its surface coal is dug out by brawny arms to turn the machinery of the monster factory, and to cheer the fireside of the humble cottage. From its mountain-sides the stone is quarried in abundance. Along its picturesque valleys the dancing waterfall is made available for turning the wheels of the mill, and the wild beauties of nature are trained to the service of the practical and useful. Railways intersect the county like net-work, affording unusual facilities of tran-

sit. On its rivers float the argosies of a hundred lands; and from its ports are borne its manufactures to the four corners of the earth. Its inhabitants are characterised by a sterling intellect of Saxon parentage, polished and whetted by the daily attrition of commercial dealings. Many a strong mind has struggled up from the weaver's loom, till it has enriched the literature of the day, or increased the comforts of man by its practical inventions. A county indeed not without its failings; but still a county 'whose merchants are princes,' whose women are said to be 'witches,' and whose people generally, though rough and gnarled in their outside bark, are in the main sound at the core!

II.

OUR MANUFACTURING POPULATIONS,—THE EDUCATIONAL AGENCY AMONG THEM.



IN the preceding essay, we took a general view of the social, intellectual, and moral condition of the manufacturing classes. Our duty was an easy one; our task went no further than a simple statement of what our own eyes had witnessed and others had described. Very different is the subject which we now propose to ourselves. Consider the numbers that have gathered and are gathering into our crowded towns—beings capable of enjoyment, who once, it may be, luxuriated in the green fields, and felt the inspiration of the ‘incense-breathing morn,’ but are now ‘cabined, cribbed, confined,’ in some dark cellar or noisome alley; reflect upon the multitudes who have grown up from infancy in these cheerless, lightless, airless dwellings; bear in mind that immortal beings—careless, ignorant, sinful—are passing, generation after generation, out of these dark abodes into the still darker home that awaits the rich as well as poor; remember too that their

places are not left vacant, but filled up by others more in number, and that the human mass is increasing in a ratio that is fearful!—think of all this, and then say whether he who approaches the question of their moral improvement and social elevation is not addressing himself to a point the most important of all to the happiness of individuals, the order of society, and the well-being of the empire at large?

Of all the subjects which have been discussed of late years, none has occupied more general attention than that of education among the poor. As to the character it ought to assume, the means whereby it is to be supported, and the nature of the subjects it should embrace, perhaps no question has given rise to greater diversity of sentiment; as to its political importance and personal advantages, there is no point on which men are so universally agreed. The minister of state has at length discovered that all his measures must be futile, unless the mind of the great human mass be enlightened to distinguish truth, to acknowledge justice, and to obey law. The minister of the gospel understands that the awakening of mind and expansion of heart here below is that only spring-time process whereby these faculties can be prepared for their full development in a future existence. The Christian magistrate is led from his own experience to ask the question of the heathen,—

*Quid leges, sine moribus
Vanæ, proficiunt? **

The manufacturer perceives how dangerous it is for

* Hor: Odes, III. xxiv. 36.

the mighty body of a people to awake to the consciousness of a giant's power without the intellect of a child to regulate and direct it. All classes have been brought to acknowledge the brief but comprehensive truth of the wise man,—‘ That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good.’ Within the last half-century, the heaving of the mindless behemoth has startled many a stout heart. And the spirit of the closing year* exhorts us, by the anarchy and confusion that have followed its track, to gird ourselves for the struggle against the powers of darkness, and to quit ourselves like men.

Our assertion may seem somewhat conceited, but we venture to affirm that our present educational difficulties and educational prospects have seldom been described in their true colours, and are at this moment but very imperfectly understood. Pamphlets we have had in abundance, in most instances characterised by ingenuity and Christian feeling. But not one of them all seems to us to have grappled with the real difficulties of the subject. They have skimmed lightly over the deeply-rooted sore; they have begun with the statistics of school-inspectors and prison-chaplains, filled up the body of their dissertations with figures and finance, and closed in a cloud of oratorical smoke, as if the magazine had exploded and nothing more remained than for the invading army to enter and take possession of the defenceless citadel.

We would then invite the reader's attention for

* [The year 1848.—1866.]

awhile, to the subject of education as bearing upon the condition of the operative classes. And here, remember, we are not speaking of an agricultural population, nor of the order of shopkeepers in towns, but of that class among which education is especially needed, and from which the absence of it is especially to be dreaded—the lowest portion of the operative poor.

National Schools.

We need not inform the reader, if connected in any measure with a manufacturing district, that at nine years of age children are admitted into a cotton factory as ‘short-timers;’ that, so long as they work the limited period, they are sent to school one-half of each day, Saturday excepted; and that at the age of thirteen they are admitted to employment for the full number of the factory hours. Now, in a purely manufacturing district, it may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that of those who enter a mill as operatives, nineteen out of twenty commence as ‘short-timers.’ These are, for the most part, sent to the National school for the daily instruction of three hours, which the law enforces. Whether the arrangement be a good one may be questioned; but this at least is certain, that in many districts the National schools would be very thinly attended without these short-timers. Amongst such a population, then, a National school for boys may consist of some hundred short-timers, sixty below nine years of age, and probably a dozen not engaged in factory-work.

Now, of these, observe, not one is above thirteen ; a large proportion attend only one-half the day, and the remainder are very young. Of the short-timers, many set their foot within a school for the first time in their lives when they are compelled by the law,—children of Methodist, Baptist, Independent, Romanist, and Establishmentarian parents. After rambling about the streets in raggedness till they reach the ninth year of their age, they are sent to the National school one-half the day to commence their alphabet—a task than which nothing can be more irksome to their untamed spirits. Bear in mind too that in a school of this kind there is a perpetual change ; the average period of a scholar's stay is very short : this naturally arises out of the changing circumstances of the parents, out of the facilities with which they move from their houses and districts, and from the caprices to which they are not less subject than their betters. Consider, further, that out of this mass of 120 children not one in five returns from school to a well-regulated home ; nay, a very large proportion witness nothing in their families but positive wickedness and loathsome filth. Profane oaths are household words to them, and reeling drunkenness a familiar spectacle. Who will deny the accuracy of this statement ?

Enter with us a National school in such a locality. You have pored over the eloquent pages of educational pamphlets ; you have listened to lofty speeches on this subject at Exeter Hall ; you have been almost blinded by 'the excess of light,' as some House-of-Commons

philanthropist has emitted his flashes of eloquence on this topic. Come in here with us. Behold 120 young urchins, ragged as Lazarus, but not so right-minded; 'poor as Job, but not so patient;' uncombed as a hay-rick, but not so fragrant; untamed as wild asses' colts, 'Tartars of the Ukraine breed,'—

Wild as the wild deer and untaught,
With spur or bridle undefiled;
'Tis but a day they have been caught!

The dress of that sturdy fellow at the bottom of the class bears striking evidence of a street-scuffle some fortnight ago:—

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!
See, what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed.

Your indignation, we perceive, is rising; you are meditating a crusade against unkempt heads, foul linen, and ragged jackets; your fingers are itching to manipulate with a small-tooth comb on that squinting tyke with the rough head, or to set a patch on that lad's breeches behind, or to darn the stockings of that youngster with the short trousers. We love your kindly feelings, and would almost venture to assist you; but we know very well that your patching, and darning, and combing, would be vain as the labours of Sisyphus. The apertures in the posterior parts of those nether integuments, we assure you, are as unmendable as the sieve-bottomed buckets of the Danaïdes.

‘Come up here, sir. Do you not see that your trousers are out at the knees, and that your brace-button is off?’

‘Yoy.’

‘Why does not your mother mend them?’

‘Hasn’t no time—works i’ th’ factory.’

‘Have you another coat and trousers besides these?’

‘Noa.’

‘Another shirt?’

‘Ay, but it’s welly done!’

‘You may go.’

Now, follow that lad to its home; put on your most seductive manner; use your utmost powers of persuasion with the mother; exhort her by the love she bears you to put a patch on her son’s breeches; and she will probably tell you to ‘mind your own business.’ Sally has ‘a soul above buttons.’

Suppose, now, you could place in this school the very best master that ever came from the very best training establishment; what extent of good could he accomplish? He is surrounded by 120 boys, of whom a large majority are untutored to virtue at home, and a considerable proportion instructed in positive vice. He is obliged to use the monitorial system, and his most trustworthy assistant is a boy perhaps under thirteen years of age. He has a fluctuating mass under his charge,—a living stream is flowing through his school without any pause; and no sooner has a boy become useful to him than he is removed. What amount of education can he here impart? If you measure the effects by the standard of pam-

phleteers and orators, we must answer that they are very small ; if you measure them by the rules of common sense and plain reason, they are not inconsiderable. The spirit which has never known what it is to obey may be brought into subjection ; the broad principles of morality may be inculcated, dimly it may be, on those who have never been taught to discriminate between virtue and vice ; the elements of secular knowledge—reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar—may be imparted to some of the better boys, thus laying the foundation of much future benefit ; some acquaintance with our catechisms and creeds may be instilled into the minds of those who have never heard of the name of their Redeemer. All this is a very considerable amount of benefit, if you consider on the one hand the evil removed, and on the other the good infused ; but if you weigh the results in the balance of your true education-monger, they will instantly kick the beam. The instruction is limited exclusively to the mechanical exercise of the mind, and the inculcation of a general sense of right and wrong ; but assuredly there is no training of the heart in religious truths—no infusion of spiritual obedience on Christian principles and motives.

It may not be inappropriate here to examine how far such a perfect Christian education can be the result of school-teaching solely, under circumstances however favourable. We suspect that a fallacy exists on this point, which most writers and speakers on the question are willing to take up as a subject of declamation rather than of practical investigation. The Rev. H. P.

Hamilton,* in his able pamphlet on 'Popular Education,' draws the following picture of what may be attained by sound religious training. He is a fair exponent of the expectations of many sanguine men :—

Religious instruction (he says) is not religion. There is a wide difference between teaching the doctrines and truths of Christianity, and training to the duties founded upon them. As is well remarked by Locke,—'The Christian religion we profess is not a notional science to furnish speculation to the brain nor discourse to the tongue, but a rule of righteousness to influence our lives.' We grievously err in fancying that we make our little scholars good Christians by merely tasking their memory, or exercising their intellect. It should always be kept in mind by the instructors of the young, that religion deals with the heart rather than with the head; that it begins with the feelings, and not with the reason. Let religious instruction be carried to the utmost extent that is compatible with the tender age of children; let them be thoroughly grounded in the doctrines and precepts of Christianity; let them be taught to repeat the Catechism (where used), not only with accuracy, but with intelligence; let the Bible be read by them in a reverential spirit, and not degraded into a task-book; let them be well versed in the leading facts of Scripture history. All this is essential. But to stop here, to be satisfied with this, is to fall immeasurably short of the great end of a Christian education. To religious instruction, properly so called, we must add the moral and religious training of the heart. By which we mean, the infusing of devotional feeling, the implanting of Christian principles, the forming of religious habits, and the impressing by example, as well as precept, the several duties we owe to God, our neighbour, and ourselves.—P. 27.

Now, let us assume the very best machinery and most favourable material for education that mind can

* [The present Dean of Salisbury.—1866.]

devise; let us take 100 boys, from seven to thirteen years of age, and place them under three of the cleverest masters that can be selected; let us suppose the scene to be Eton, Harrow, or Rugby; or let us take the case of Proprietary schools, from which boys return home every evening to parents of the better classes, who, we take for granted, have generally speaking a proper idea of parental responsibility. In this, the most favourable assumption, how much heart-religion would be imparted within the four walls of the school? We are not now addressing an audience from the platform,—we speak to those who are candid enquirers after truth, and have therefore no hesitation in expressing our belief, that in schools even of this order the stamp of *religion*—of Christian motives on the heart and Christian demeanour on the habits—is but lightly impressed on the pupil's nature, so far as the master, and only the master, applies it. Very much may be done, without any question: the child may be taught obedience and order, and in these qualities become 'father of the man;' the dormant powers of the mind may be awakened, and the torpid faculties of the soul may be summoned from their secret places; the warm and buoyant feelings of youth, bursting forth like the joyous mountain-spring, may be directed into the channels of truthfulness, integrity, kindness, generosity, and honour. But religion, in its truest sense, has not its birth in the school-room; it cannot be taught in classes; it is individual in its every characteristic; it is found alone, but not alone, in solitary musings and knee-bending prayer; it is born on

the domestic hearth, and can only be instilled fresh and pure from the full gushings of a mother's heart.

In educating the young, we should consider the materials on which we have to work; we should remember **that** we have the elastic feelings of boyhood to direct and control; we should beware of throwing the mere mask of religious profession over the ingenuous affections of the youthful heart; for where are cant and hypocrisy so loathsome as in children? This, however, is a very possible supposition. About a year ago we visited with a friend a very well managed Commercial school, where both the secular and religious departments of education were conducted with great care. A boy had just misbehaved, and been punished for his fault.

'What ought we to do for this boy?' asked the master, in our presence.

'Pray for him,' was the universal response of the class.

'A noble answer!' was the exclamation of our friend.

It was however a mere answer of rote; for not long after we happened to see one of that class, in schoolboy phrase, 'pitching into' another very ruthlessly, as if he would much rather take the law into his own hands than commit it to a higher Power. For our own part, we must plead guilty to the old-fashioned weakness of loving to see lads engaged in their pleasant pastimes at the proper season; we delight to hear the 'old familiar' expressions of 'knuckle down and no brush;' and we verily believe that we should shut our eyes if we had a presentiment that an erratic snowball—'moon-freezing'—clean and pure as crystal—winged

by the agile arm of some frolicsome younker, was about to salute the ear even of a royal servant in the person of a twopenny postman, as he was rattling past in his red coat and on his bob-tailed pony.

For what purpose are we reasoning thus? Is it to prove that our National schools are at present in a satisfactory condition? Very far from it. We have shown the contrary. Is it to show that no benefit can be effected from improved systems? Assuredly not. Is it to remove scriptural instruction, as such, from our schools? God forbid. We wish however to place the question on its true footing—to remove the fallacy, on the one hand, that the country can be evangelized from Day schools alone; and on the other, to examine some suggestions which have been propounded for the improvement of this particular engine of national elevation. We believe that the present machinery is effecting no inconsiderable degree of good. Every process of thought in the study of any secular subject, in however narrow a circle the youthful mind may work, reacts in a greater or less degree on the moral constitution. It puts in motion the wheels of reflection, reasoning, judgment—the great desiderata of human life—and is a means of reducing the unorganised mind to something like system. Every step of advancement in reading, writing, or arithmetic, is an ascent on the intellectual ladder, and humanizes the whole being. Every act of enforced submission tends to subjugate the wild passions of the boy. Every creed, or catechism, or collect committed to memory,

is of present, and will be of still more future service, when the intellectual faculties have become further developed. Let no one turn up his nose at the idea of committing to memory! Many in their zeal seem to forget that the rudiments of every department of study, from the lowest to the highest, must be committed to memory on trust, before any progress can be made in it; and that much must be taken for granted till such time as the more enlarged powers can reason and generalize on the subject for themselves.

We may now be permitted to offer a few remarks on the means which may be taken for the improvement of our National schools. This has been the great problem of late years. The subject has been so far cleared of its ancient incrustations, that the propriety of educating the poor is all but universally admitted. The days of Jack Cadeism are gone by, when schoolmasters were 'hung with their pen and inkhorn about their necks.' The rude era of chivalry is passed away, when men rejoiced in the sentiment of old Douglas:—

Thanks to Saint Botham, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.

Plate armour has given way to copper-plate; Captain Sword has been routed by Captain Pen. If there be any doubt on the propriety of education, it is not in regard to the poor, but the rich. 'Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune,' argues Mrs. Hardcastle. 'My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a-year.' And

we ourselves heard a similar process of reasoning not long ago. ‘Edycation!’ exclaimed an old woman, as we were regretting that a certain young man had not been brought up more suitably to his station—‘Edycation! what’s the use of edycation? John has gotten three ‘states!’

The great wants at present existing in our schools are,—a better and cheaper class of school-books, a better trained order of masters, and their number increased threefold. Large demands, we admit, and unattainable, we believe, all at once! But how approximate nearest to these ends, with the least that is obnoxious in the employment of means? Three modes of proceeding are open to our choice: we may either leave the education of the poor entirely dependent on voluntary exertions; or we may adopt some Government plan of general and promiscuous instruction; or we may engraft on our existing systems certain aids and adjuncts from Government, without any material interference with the present management of our schools.

Upon the effect of unaided voluntary exertions there can hardly be two opinions seriously entertained. The ‘cheerful givers’ are already sufficiently taxed; even now they shrug up their shoulders at the term ‘voluntary;’ they feel like the Cambridge man who is compelled to pass through the gate of his ‘Voluntary’ on the way to his Bishop. Deny this, Mr. Baines and his small party may: the working clergy will not. They know—and if they, how much more the ministers of Dissenting communions!—how difficult it is already,

under favourable circumstances, to obtain contributions for positive wants. After a clergyman has begged enough for his Infant schools, Night schools, Sunday schools, Clothing club, Sick society, and Church expenses, he will find doubtless that he has exhausted the superfluity of his people's patience and purse. Wonderful, we admit, has been the result of voluntary effort; but if we expect to do more than we are now doing by this agency—more than barely to maintain our present position in the midst of a growing population, and surrounded by growing wants—we may be amiable men, endowed with that charity which 'hopeth all things,' but, we fear, unendowed with that judgment which trieth all things.

Again, if any comprehensive scheme of education were to be imposed upon the country by the Government, what prospect is there of its being effectual? Notwithstanding the high authority of Dr. Hook* and others his disciples, we might safely appeal to any practically-minded working clergyman whether it would not fail in accomplishing its end. The Romanists are a very numerous body in the manufacturing towns. Would they join in carrying out the plan? Would they associate with Churchmen, Wesleyans, Independents, Presbyterians, Unitarians, Baptists,—not to mention the infinite subdivisions of these sects—in the education of their children? Let the Pope's denunciation—or, if you like it better, disapproval—of the Irish colleges

* See his recently published 'Letter to the Lord Bishop of St. David's.'

answer. In the working of such a comprehensive scheme, simplicity and uniformity are indispensable requirements; every loophole ought to be stopped which could give an opening for the 'letting out' of the waters of strife. But what can be discovered in this notable project but the elements of confusion, the seeds of dissension, and the needless unsettling of the principles of all religious faith? The time may come—not, we fear, in Dr. Hook's day, nor in ours, though we are younger than the Doctor—when the country may witness the gentle fusion of our present incohesive elements of faith; but that period, is not yet: the millennial age is seemingly far distant when 'the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; when the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.'*

Manchester, not long ago, gave birth to 'a Plan for the Establishment of a general system of Secular Education in the county of Lancaster.' We know not whether the maternal throes of the episcopal city have eventuated in a living offspring; whether the bantling was still-

* The Rev. Richard Burgess, in his last pamphlet on Education, computes 'that five-sixths of the children of the poor now in public elementary Day schools are what may be termed Church of England scholars.' Would it then be a trifling matter to break up our educational machinery, elaborated at so much labour and cost? Dissenters apparently have no objection to send their children to our National schools now: Romanists would never amalgamate with Protestants under any circumstances.

born, or yet survives alive and kicking : certainly on its embryo developments it bore the mark of a rickety abortion. It was to be a large and comprehensive measure : the money required was to be levied by a rate. 'A county Board of Education shall be established,' says the prospectus, 'consisting of twelve persons, of whom *not more than three shall be members of any one religious denomination :*' this county Board had to appoint another, on which would devolve the duty of selecting the school books—'a commission,' the rules stipulate—'consisting of nine individuals, *no two of whom shall be members of the same religious denomination ; and in order that the peculiar tenets of no religious sect may be favoured, the unanimous concurrence of the commission shall be required in the selection !*' To render the scheme perfect, the promoters had only to appoint some vigorous Van Amburgh as the chairman of one committee ; some Carter, the lion-tamer, as the chairman of the other ; and as general secretary, our old friend of peace-making celebrity, the proprietor of 'the Happy Family.'

It remains therefore that the only feasible plan for the improvement of education among the poor is to engraft fresh shoots into the present system. We quite agree in the observations of Mr. Hamilton :—

Since it appears (are his words) that neither the exclusive Church system nor the exclusive State system is practicable,

* [The writer was not at that time a resident in Manchester.—1866.]

and that the exclusive Voluntary system is incompetent to meet the wants of the country, there is but one available alternative—that the people should be assisted by the Government in the task of educating themselves. In other words, we must have such a combination of the Voluntary and State systems, as shall vest the general superintendence of popular education in the State, but shall leave it to be exercised in conjunction and cooperation with the people.—P. 8.

The Government has, without question, acted with the best judgment in their late *Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education*. The measure is but a small one, indeed: it will hardly be felt in many districts more sensibly than would a hornet's sting on the hide of a rhinoceros; but it is in the right direction, and must lead onward to the best practical results.*

The propriety of Government inspection no one now doubts. Indeed, writers on education of the present day exalt the office and the officials perhaps more highly than they deserve. Should these humble observations fall under the notice of any member of the Government,

* We would venture to point out a defect in the late *Minutes of the Committee of Council*: we do not venture to suggest a remedy. In those National schools which are situated in the poorest manufacturing districts there is the least chance of educating pupil teachers. The factory being open to the young for full time at the age of thirteen, we are bold enough to predict that very few parents, if any, will forego the immediate benefit from their children's employment there for the uncertain prospect of their becoming pupil-teachers some years afterwards. Thus the districts that most require aid will least obtain it. The application which is effectual when the malady lies near the surface, may prove altogether powerless when the disease is deep-rooted and difficult to reach. .

or any Board in which is vested the appointment of school inspectors, let us hazard a whisper of counsel. Be very careful about the qualifications of those whom you select. All are of course intellectually competent to examine National schools; but it by no means follows that, in judgment, temper, and discretion, they possess any fitness whatever for the office. The inspector is virtually irresponsible: to whom can parties who feel aggrieved appeal? He has also a delicate duty to perform—one of a seemingly arbitrary nature, and therefore in some degree repulsive. Exercise it arbitrarily, and it becomes positively offensive. Take care then that your inspectors be gentlemen—gentlemen, we mean, in feeling—men who can comprehend intuitively the delicate and sensitive in nature. We write not without having seen the reverse of all this. ‘Did you not receive my summons to attend here?’ was the remark of an upstart inspector to a clerical friend of ours, infinitely his superior. ‘Your summons!’ was the reply. ‘I do not understand the word.’ The school—it might have been deservedly, we admit—was described in the Report in terms very offensive. We were once amused on hearing one of the youngest classes in a National school under official examination:—‘And the Lord s-a-i-d said u-n-t-o unto A-b-r-a-h-a-m, Abraham;’ and so on the ragged little urchins fought through the lesson. ‘Close the book,’ said Her Majesty’s servant, majestically. ‘Come now,’ he continued, placing his hands behind his coat-skirts *à la* Pickwick, rising on his toes, and sinking on his heels with a crack—

‘ come now, tell me, what have you been reading about?’ A question which reminded us of our Oxford ‘Collections,’ when a good-natured old Fellow used invariably to ask—‘ Come now, tell me all you know about Greece.’ Our acquaintance with these School-inspectors is not very extensive; nor would we for a moment be supposed to look unfavourably upon all: but assuredly we shall at all times exercise our privilege of expressing ourselves freely on what we have seen. We have witnessed personally instances of anything but judicious demeanour on the part of more than one; we have observed in the official Reports remarks unquestionably drawn up at a venture; and we perceive that these gentlemen in their elaborate disquisitions refer every school, from the one filled with ‘ short-timers,’ such as we have described, to the Commercial school which is attended by the sons of respectable tradesmen, to one unbending standard, without any reference to the materials which the master has to mould into form. Are we wrong then in suggesting as a subject of reflection both to the Government and the clergy, that the inspectors be inspected as well as our schools?*

* [This article was written in the year 1848, when the question of National Education was just emerging from the depths of indifference, and beginning to be a subject of Governmental attention. On the re-perusal of it, we do not find that it contains sentiments that we would recall.

At that period many complaints appeared in the newspapers of the arbitrary conduct of some among the School Inspectors, and, as we think, not without justice. We trust that time has

We have sometimes thought of making a present of the following anecdote to a School-inspector, if we could have met with one in his merry mood. It would have been good stock in trade. A friend of ours undertook to examine a class in a school, certainly not well conducted, in which he had some interest. The subject-matter was the broken Catechism; the particular topic, the Creed.

‘By whom was He conceived?’ our friend asked from the book.

‘He was conceived by the Holy Ghost,’ was the ready answer.

‘Of whom was He born?’ was the question to the next boy.

‘He was born of the Virgin Mary,’ responded the youth, boldly.

‘Under whom did He suffer?’ was the question addressed to the third in order.

‘He was crucified, dead, and buried,’ said the boy, in a whining, hesitating tone, as if conscious that all was not right.

‘No, no! *Under* whom did He suffer? *By* whom was He crucified?’

The lad repeated the same words in the same drawling tone. The question was put a third time, and the same answer returned; when one of the class, more intelligent than the rest, stepped forward, and, after a

mellowed the crudities of these green and tart officials, and experience taught them a truer sense of their position and duty.—
1866.]

twitch of his frontal lock and an awkward scrape of the foot, said, in a tone half supplicatory, half explanatory,—

‘ Please, sir, Pontius Pilate has gotten th’ ma-sles ! ’

Infant Schools.

The National schools of our manufacturing districts, we have observed, are for the education of children varying generally from six or seven to thirteen years of age. But education must begin before six, and continue after thirteen, if it is to be effectual. Other schools therefore are required, that the mellow ground of the infant heart may be prepared for the seed, and that the blade as it springs up may not wither and die from want of cultivation and care.

The Infant school is intended to be a feeder for the National. In a populous district the one ought never to be found without the other. The establishment of Infant schools has been opposed and scouted by many, and is so still by some, like almost every other benevolent and useful institution at its commencement. But let us enter the building before us; and if your heart be not softened at the scene inside, we will give you up as bilious beyond hope. You see upwards of a hundred little toddling things, the eldest of whom is not more than seven, for the most part with clean hands, smiling faces, and tidy dresses. How happy they look as they pass through their various evolutions! An odd one here and there may be piping its eye for the loss of some trifle which was to it a world; but its tears are dried, and

its treasure is forgotten, even while you are observing it. Now you shall see them march. Hands behind! forward! Look at that fat lad of three years old: how boldly and firmly he plants his feet; his heart is as large as that of an infant Napoleon. See that red-faced, clean-looking child: she might never have known what it is to be dirty; and yet her parents are neither clean in their persons nor orderly in their conduct. That sweet, interesting girl there of six, is an orphan—an orphan virtually, for her father was killed in a drunken brawl, and her mother has since been transported. Poor child! she probably knows nothing of her parentage; she looks as happy as if she were arrayed in lace and satin. God grant that her pretty face may never become her ruin! But listen: they are going to sing a hymn,—

There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

We know not how far the chorus of a hundred infant voices is in perfect harmony of sound, but a hundred hearts are echoing notes more musical to the ears of the All-hearing than the most passionate strains of the Opera or Concert Hall.

But is it possible to convey instruction to infants who have only just escaped from their mothers' arms? Without any question it is. From Aristotle to Locke, from Locke to Lord Brougham, from Lord Brougham to the first intelligent nurse you meet in the streets, it has been a maxim, deduced from experience and supported by

common sense, that education must commence with the earliest dawn of the faculties. Education, remember, not so much in the exercise of the mental powers, as in the training of the infant feelings to a sense of right and wrong. Look upon the matter too, not only in the light of the good the children acquire, but of the evil they avoid. Take the school we have inspected: where would the scholars have been, had they not been there? Rolling about in the street channels, or sunk in filth at their homes. On the other hand, within these walls they are taught the duties of cleanliness, neatness, order, and submission. They are instructed in the rudiments of secular learning; they acquire an attachment to their school; they are made to comprehend the simplest truths of revelation; they become impressed with a sense of obedience and duty; and their minds and feelings receive a tone of decency and propriety, which in some, we trust, will never be effaced through life.

Sunday Schools.

But, after thirteen years of age, what means of instruction are within the reach of the manufacturing poor? We point to our Sunday schools, not so much as promoting the secular department of education as imparting scriptural knowledge and implanting religious truth.

Do I say, then (asks Dr. Hook), that there is no religious education in our large manufacturing districts, except in the neighbourhood of the wealthy? No, indeed. We may bless God

that we not only possess a system of religious training, but that we are, year by year, visibly improving upon it. The mainstay of religious education is to be found in our Sunday schools. The most earnest, the most devoted, the most pious of our several congregations, are accustomed with meritorious zeal to dedicate themselves to this great work. All classes are blended together; rich and poor, one with another, rejoice to undertake the office of Sunday-school teachers. Many young men and young women, who have no other day in the week for recreation and leisure, with a zeal and charity (for which may God Almighty bless them!) consecrate their little leisure on the Lord's day to the training of little children in the way they ought to go. Each has a separate class, and becomes personally acquainted with the character of each member of the class. He visits his children at their homes, walks with them, converses with them, and being a person of spiritual experience, is able to give that advice which a soul aspiring after heavenly things so greatly needs, and which none but those who know what spiritual difficulties and spiritual comforts are can impart,—while in all peculiar cases he has his pastor to whom he can refer his young charge, or from whom he can himself receive directions how to proceed. The Sunday-school teacher prepares the children to be catechised at church, and when the season for confirmation draws near, is able to inform the clergyman of the advice which is needful in each particular case among his pupils, the characters of whom have been long before him. The children act in subordination to the teacher, the teacher to the superintendent, the superintendent to the clergyman. Young persons, too old to remain as pupils, permit themselves sometimes to be formed in classes, to be prepared, on the week-day, for the duties they are to perform on the Sunday. In the parish in which he who has the pleasure of now writing to your lordship resides, there is an association of Sunday-school teachers, which numbers six hundred members, who meet at stated times to converse on subjects connected with their high and sacred calling, and to receive instruction from the clergy. Happy meetings they

are, and may they be blessed to the spiritual edification of both clergy and people !*

This may appear to some an ebullition of enthusiasm on the part of the worthy doctor ; but we are ourselves able, and we rejoice in the opportunity of doing so, to give our testimony to its general truth. In the present condition of education, Sunday schools are, beyond all question, the most successful, if not the only real instruments of diffusing a religious tone of feeling among the younger members of our flocks. This may be a startling assertion to some ; but it is so, simply from their being unacquainted with the nature of such institutions in populous districts. Tell us now, kind reader, what is your idea of a Sunday school in a manufacturing town ? There is floating before your mind doubtless a vision of some hundred young urchins, clad in their better breeches and holiday frocks, varying from seven to fourteen years of age ; one here sucking a squashy orange, another there munching a cake of greasy gingerbread. Come with us to the school over which we happen to preside. We do not invite you from the fact of its exhibiting any superiority over others, but solely as being a fair, perhaps a favourable, specimen of the class in a purely manufacturing district of six thousand souls. We enter the adult female school : you see arranged in twelve classes from a hundred and fifty to two hundred women, the youngest

* ' Letter to the Lord Bishop of St. David's.'

of whom is fourteen,—the oldest might not wish to tell her age—say, forty. We have wives and widows amongst them; we have a mother and her daughter—the latter seventeen—in the same class. Everything is still—‘there is no tiddle-taddle or pabble-babble, I warrant you’—teaching is going on audibly, but not loudly; for the great majority are intent on the subjects before them. It is a summer’s day and the sun himself, as well as the scholars, seems to have put on his Sunday dress. Are you not struck with the neat and elegant—the *simplex munditiis*—appearance of the young people? Their clothes are not expensive; but they are well-made, and serve to set off many a handsome figure to great advantage. Wither those artificials, though! They will now and then burst into bloom this warm weather, notwithstanding all our vigilance. Now of these young women more than nineteen-twentieths are operatives; they have toiled from week to week for twelve hours a day in the factory, since they were thirteen; they have necessarily witnessed many a disgusting scene, and heard many a foul expression from their youth up; and yet many of them exhibit a gentility of manner, and a delicacy of feeling, which would lose nothing by being alongside the more polished surface, but colder conventionalities, of high life.* Open this door, and we enter

* The theory of Bishop Butler is well known, that this world, from the temptation it holds out, is peculiarly fit to be a state of moral discipline (*Anal.* part i. c. 5). We have on one or two occasions seen striking illustrations of its truth. A young woman, for example, has been remarkable for her steadiness

the school for the younger females. Here you see nearly two hundred little ones under fourteen, arranged into classes, and as neat as their elder sisters. Mighty proud some of them seem to be of their Sunday dresses. That riband of many colours is as precious to the young girl there as the mines of Golconda. Bless her little heart! the recording angel will overlook her weakness, even if some thoughts of vanity are mingled with the prayers she is repeating.

The two schools for boys contain together from two hundred and fifty to three hundred; the scholars however do not exhibit the same neatness of dress and decorum of manner as those we have just witnessed. Not that they are outrageous or unruly; they are for the most part pretty well behaved. But the female operative is decidedly a more pleasing specimen of the species than the male, especially among the young. The girls are more docile than their brothers, more willing to follow advice, and more grateful for the pains you bestow on their instruction. Their earnings too are greater, and by this means they can make a better ap-

and attention to religious duties, so long as she worked in the factory, and had evil example constantly before her eyes. She has changed her employment, and engaged in duties seemingly better adapted to her moral improvement. Such however has not been the result. We have not indeed observed any direct deviation from moral rectitude in such cases; but we have occasionally remarked a gradual declension from the strict observance of those religious ordinances and duties in which the young female had before engaged with so much regularity and satisfaction.

pearance in their dress. They remain longer under your personal guidance and superintendence, and are for the most part more fearful of losing your good opinion. The young man of eighteen begins to have large notions; he assumes the tobacco-pipe on week days, cocks his hat on Sundays, winks at the girls on all days, and aspires to the dignity of a flash man. He despises the restraints of a Sunday school. If a few of the quieter sort continue there till twenty, it is rather the exception than the rule. But the young women never fancy themselves too old to attend: they are often Sunday scholars till they are married. And herein is a great source of encouragement and hope. When Napoleon asked the question, 'What can I do for the benefit of France?' the answer of a lady, who well understood human nature, was, 'You must give it, sire, a generation of mothers.' And if we can so educate the young women, that when they become parents some portion of them may rear up their offspring in the path of religious duty, the effect must in time be very considerable. The moral influence will thus extend from individual to individual, from family to family, from generation to generation; it will act on the surface of society as the pebble dropped into the smooth water acts upon *its* surface; starting out from a given point, it will enlarge its sphere of motion like the concentric ripples, and energize in increasing circles to the end of time.

Do we mean to say that all the young people who have attended a Sunday school as a consequence turn out well in life? Very far from it. If we intended to

convey any such idea, we should be stating a falsehood, and suggesting a fallacy. We know well that many a scholar, and many a teacher too, after marrying and settling in life, become very negligent of their religious obligations, and very indifferent to public worship. But if we succeed with a portion of those under our charge, we effect a great amount of good. This is the fallacy of most writers on education. They place before themselves an unattainable standard, and discourse as if it were capable of attainment; no matter what be the varieties of position and disposition, they fancy that the effect of training must be the same in all. Now this would be very well if we could cram religion into the heart as easily as we can thrust an orange into a boy's breeches-pocket, but experience proves the impossibility of it. The only wise maxim on which we can act, be assured, is the scriptural one: 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that; or whether they both shall be alike good.'

Against Sunday as well as Infant schools objections have been made; nay, have proceeded from quarters whence we little expected the assault. Even the 'Quarterly Review' is among the assailants—*a tergo* certainly. 'Call you that backing of your friends?' We do not wonder indeed at the proud aristocrat, who has perhaps been once in a manufacturing district, and whose most interesting sight, even then, was the back of his coachman as he left it—we do not wonder at him, if, in his prodigious experience, he can discover no benefit

in the establishment of Sunday schools. We are not surprised at the literary critic, as he is working out a theory in his warm and well-furnished study, expressing a sense of regret that the hard-working operative should for a single hour be deprived of his Sunday's fresh air. We are not amazed, even if the country rector, as he gazes over his smooth lawn and green fields, and sees the peaceful smoke rising above the distant farmhouses—we are not amazed, if he fancies that the Week-day school is enough for the wants of a people. But if we heard such sentiments from a clergyman in a manufacturing district, we should set him down, either as one who could not exercise his powers of observation, or one who wished to make his opinions an apology for his indolence.

The most cogent argument of the objectors is, that the system of teaching on the Sunday necessarily deprives the young of some portion of their rest on that day.

But there is another objection to schools in which no religion is taught in the week (quotes the *Quarterly*, from an unpublished pamphlet of a city curate of twenty years' standing*),—they involve the necessity of Sunday schools. To this eminently popular method of profaning the Sabbath I have always entertained the most decided aversion. The Sunday-school system—as far as the scholars are concerned—turns what ought to be a cheerful religious festival into a day of gloom and penance; a sad routine of lessons and of lecturing, and of rigorous confinement to the church and school.

* *The Education of the People*.—September 1846.

God knows, no rational clergyman would willingly deprive a young person who has laboured hard through the week of one moment's rest on the Sabbath, if it could be avoided: and without question the mental exercise required in a Sunday school interferes with that peaceful frame of mind which the old woman described as ever coming over her in her place of worship:—' I sits, and I twirls my thumbs, and I just thinks about nothing.' But, after all, to what does the grievance amount? It is simply an attendance one hour, morning and afternoon, before the Church service commences. And as to the possibility of National supplying the place of Sunday schools in a manufacturing district, did any reasoning being ever entertain a notion so wild? At the age of thirteen, when the children are removed from the National school, religious education is barely commencing. Left at that time to themselves—we go not so far as to say with some, that they have received just so much instruction as would qualify them for evil, but—we assert without hesitation, that they have not received enough to stamp on their moral principles any permanent impression of good. But they who have been members of the Sunday school before entering the factory, mostly continue to attend. There they come more under the personal inspection of their teacher, and under the system of individual instruction; the subjects on which they are engaged are purely scriptural, and the mode of conveying information is easy and agreeable. The catechetical method is best adapted to Sunday schools, as

being at once the most attractive and beneficial to the pupil. To teach by short and concise questions requiring direct and pregnant answers, on subjects of scriptural history, or moral duty, or the essential principles of doctrine, avoiding all abstruse and disputable points—to intersperse sound knowledge with practical, but not prosy exhortation,—this ought to be a Sunday-school teacher's aim. By mere reading on the part of a class, or by mere exposition on the part of the teacher, there is no interchange of ideas. But when a question elicits an answer, no matter whether it be right or wrong, a reasoning process has been going on in the pupil's mind; and we may be assured that when the young begin to think, an opening has been effected to the more secret recesses of the heart.

But, again, the attendance of Sunday scholars, it is alleged, is forced. In some cases, undeniably it is. But what education is not in some measure compulsory? Leave the young to themselves on the Sunday, and there are many to whom it 'would no Sabbath shine,' except as a day stigmatized by sin and sloth. The city curate has a large family—all city curates of twenty years' standing are in this enviable position: large families are what logicians term 'inseparable accidents' to the unpromoted order in the ministry. Now, tell us truly, are not Jacob, and Peter, and Jonathan, and Joshua, under the influence of force, moral or physical, as they wend their way with clean pocket-handkerchiefs and neatly-bound prayer-books to listen to their father's exhortations from his own

pulpit? But we affirm that a large portion of our Sunday-school pupils are subjected to no force whatever; nay, that they look forward throughout the labour of the week with sincere pleasure to their attendance there, and that nothing grieves them more than to be kept away. Force! why, in the schools we have just inspected, two hundred are positively more their own masters than the city curate!

There is another objection to Sunday schools. Here it, ye who associate with the manufacturing poor! It is this,—that the fact of children being sent to the Sunday school affords an excuse to their parents for staying away from the church! In answer, but little need be said. Let us ask this question: How many out of six or seven hundred scholars would have been attendants at church, if there had been no Sunday school in which to educate them? We answer, Not thirty. How many of the parents? We fear to say; but certainly the very smallest fraction. On the other hand, visit the poor at their dwellings; and we will answer for it, that from the general appearance of the house and the demeanour of the family, you may form a pretty accurate judgment whether the younger members attend the Sunday school or not. Nay, instances are familiar to most clergymen in manufacturing districts, where children have been greatly instrumental in humanizing their parents, and bringing them to a place of worship.

But look to the effects of Sunday-school teaching! it is said, in a tone of ironical triumph. ‘We are now reaping the harvest we have sown,’ says the city curate;

‘we have an experimental proof of the tendency of this system; we are living in the midst of a generation whose youth was drilled in Sunday schools; and we see what is the practical working of that wearisome profanation of the Sabbath in which they were then initiated.’ It can hardly be said with truth that the parents of our present scholars were drilled in Sunday schools, if that be the city curate’s meaning. Many manufacturing districts have sprung up within the last fifteen years; and many, of a date much more remote, have not had churches or Sunday schools till a very recent period. We are willing however to join issue on the general assertion, ‘We are reaping the harvest we have sown.’ We confidently affirm, that if our purely manufacturing populations had all been left without Sunday schools for the last twenty years, they would at this hour have exhibited the most awful scenes of unblushing infidelity, and socialism, and wickedness, that the gloomiest imagination could conceive; they would have been the very playgrounds of the devil. Look at their present condition—not such indeed as to be the subject of eulogy, but decidedly humanized—unhappily we cannot say Christianized—in comparison with what they once were and would have still been.

But the scholars misbehave in church! Do not their betters also? ‘I feel,’ says Mr. Bellairs, ‘that I echo the sentiments of very right-minded persons when I say, that, with scarcely an exception, the conduct of school children at church is most unsatisfactory and

distressing.* An untruth, if the term children is intended to include all the Sunday scholars. We well know what the young are, and especially boys, when collected into a body. Their ideas of propriety are frequently not of the clearest. This is a question however rather for school-managers: and we would always recommend that great care should be exercised in the selection of those classes which have to attend the Church. But so far from all the members of a Sunday school misbehaving at public worship, many of them are amongst the most attentive and anxious hearers. Many pay for their own sittings and pews out of their own earnings, and have more pleasure in this payment than in the purchase of the most attractive article of dress.

The difficulties that meet a clergyman in the management of a large Sunday school are doubtless very great. He has many conflicting agencies to guide, and direct, and control: he has human passions to strive against; he has hostile feelings to reconcile; he has debts and duties to contend with. This however is not the place to treat of the mode in which Sunday schools ought to be conducted, or the difficulties that accompany the effort. Our province is rather to consider the phenomena they exhibit, and the effects they produce; and from our own personal experience we can affirm that, however arduous may be the task of conducting them,

* Quoted by the *Quarterly*, Sept. 1846, from the Report of Mr. Bellairs, a Government Inspector of Schools.

they afford ample encouragement to zealous exertion in this field of Christian labour. We have witnessed many a beautiful trait of sympathy and kindness between class-fellows in seasons of sickness and distress. We have remarked the general good conduct of those scholars who have come to riper years. We have the testimony of mill-owners and mill-superintendents, that as a general rule they can turn off more work, and of a better kind, than the Sabbath idlers; that they are the most orderly of all in their demeanour, and are the last to join in any acts of resistance and turbulence which sometimes show themselves in the best-regulated factories. And in estimating the effects of Sunday teaching, we must not forget that where the population is almost entirely manufacturing, a very large majority of the teachers themselves are operatives: ay, and the very best teachers they make. They know the characters of their pupils; they work in the same factory, it may be,—perhaps in the same room with them; they are acquainted, more or less, with their doings at all times; they see them occasionally at their homes; and they have necessarily a supervision over them which a person in the higher walks of life could not possibly exercise. And so far is this familiarity from begetting contempt, that we have not met with any class of teachers who obtain more respect, or can rebuke with more authority, if need be. But are they generally competent, from their acquirements, to undertake the management of an adult class? To procure a well-qualified staff of

teachers—punctual, intelligent, and zealous—is the grand desideratum of a Sunday school. Theoretic perfection can never be attained. But we have no hesitation in saying, that many of the operative teachers are as well-fitted, if not better, for imparting scriptural instruction, than even religious persons of a class much higher than theirs. They have themselves been pupils in the school, probably from childhood, and distinguished for their quickness and good conduct. They understand therefore the mode of catechising from having been long subjected to it: their ordinary style of address comes within the comprehension of their equals; and they are mostly well versed in a textual knowledge of the Bible. It may perhaps serve to close our defence of Sunday schools when we say—and we say it from personal inquiry and observation—that of these operative teachers, who are as accurate in their reading as the city curate, and as conversant with scriptural truths as you, patient reader, and as moral in their conduct as either the one or the other, many have never, during the whole course of their lives, attended a single day for the purpose of receiving instruction in any other than the Sunday school.

Night Schools.

On the subject of Night schools we have only space for a few words. It was one argument in favour of the Ten Hours' Factory Bill, that the leisure gained by the

operative might be employed in useful pursuits. The argument was the philanthropist's, the labour is the clergyman's. And yet we do not think he will shrink from the duty. We have ourselves tried the Night-school system and found it fully remunerative for the time occupied by it. Many of the young people, both teachers and scholars, who are perfectly able to read, and to understand too what they read, have not the slightest notion of writing or spelling. It is amusing to see the awkwardness of their first efforts; but they improve with great rapidity; and in no long time many are able, with a plentiful dog's-earring of the dictionary, to convey their thoughts in a letter. Of sewing also, and of knitting, and the arts of housewifery, the females for the most part know very little. The fingers so nimble to direct the loom, are all thumbs when they have to direct the needle. And yet the young women exhibit great eagerness to acquire these arts; they assemble for the purpose as a pleasant recreation after their day's toil. In the schools over which we preside, a hundred attend for sewing one evening in the week, and as many for writing and arithmetic on another; on a third, about eighty boys come together for instruction in secular subjects. It is not many days since we witnessed a wild ebullition of triumphant joy—as intense as that which burst forth in the *Εὐρηκα* exclamation of the ancient philosopher—in a young female who had just knitted her first pair of worsted stockings. On the whole, we are assured that Night schools for writing, arithmetic, grammar, spelling, sewing, and knit-

ting—established with judgment and system, adapted to the particular wants of the locality, and personally superintended by the clergyman—will prove valuable auxiliaries to the Sunday and Day schools, and be a means of converting the benevolent measure of the Legislature into a source of intellectual as well as physical enjoyment to the poor.*

In this article it has been our endeavour to take a general view of the present state of education as bearing upon our operative classes. We are comparatively ignorant of Blue-books and House of Commons documents; nor do we ‘lament, therefore.’ Having the ordinary use of our faculties, and having had some opportunities of observation, we rely more on these than on the records of flying commissioners. If any one however should remark from what has been said,

* In North Lancashire, with which part of the manufacturing districts we are most intimately acquainted, it is beyond all question that the leaven of education, concurrently with other influences, is working with perceptible effect. Would the reader believe that in one year the juvenile criminality of the city of Bath, with its stationary population of about 38,300, is as large as that of the hundreds of thousands of North Lancashire? Yet it is so. From the Report for 1848 of the Rev. J. Clay, Chaplain to the Preston House of Correction, we find that, according to its population, the juvenile criminality of this division, teeming as it is with factories and workshops, is considerably lower than that of any English county, Durham and Westmoreland excepted. And from an interesting table by the same gentleman, which we regret that our limited space prevents us from giving, we perceive that in the *progress* of all classes between 1841 and 1847, it surpasses all the English counties.

that the present aspect of education is less gloomy than he had supposed, let him not be deceived. We have described what is—τὸ ὄν: we have not attempted to lay open what is not. The Sunday school we have inspected exhibits a pleasing specimen of a manufacturing population. But leave the school on a Sabbath morning; walk through the populous streets, back courts, and noisome alleys of the district; and what do you see? Multitudes of people, young and old, who have perhaps never entered a school or church in their lives, clad in their working dresses, gambling, romping, pigeon-flying, rat-catching, swearing. You mark the ale-houses and beer-shops vomiting forth their streams of living filth, to the disgust of the orderly and decent. You are jostled by the drunkard tottering home to a starving family, after having spent his week's earnings in a single night's debauch. The portraiture of education as it is, remember, exhibits the best features of a population. It is however but the bright foreground to a gloomy perspective—the skin-covering of a deep ulcer—κάλλος κακῶν ὑπουλον.*

It requires no great ingenuity to write a pamphlet or make a speech on the education of the poor; it is easy to lay down, with line and rule, the process whereby a district may be trained up in the path of knowledge and duty. It is not difficult to conjure up from the abyss of imagination the materials for carrying on the well-planned scheme. But, after all, the great question is,

* *Ædip. Tyr.* l. 1396.

How are we to get the worst order of our population to avail themselves of the advantages we offer? At the last election for the county of Lancaster, we heard a working man ask Mr. Wilson Patten a few questions on the subject of education. 'But suppose,' he inquired,—'suppose you provide the means of instruction, and the poor will not send their children to school; what then?' There was a laugh of derision. The scorers were the fools: fustian-jacket had propounded what is really the great problem. Those by whom education is most needed are the most reluctant to take advantage of it. You may call them; but, like Glendower's spirits, 'will they come when you do call them?' Many families are sunk in 'the vasty deep' of poverty; others grovel in the still 'lower deep' of sensuality and recklessness. How then attract to the school those children whose natural repugnance to learning has become strengthened by habits of carelessness and sloth? How obtain a hold upon those parents who are hedged round by a savage ignorance and a practical infidelity?

III.

MANCHESTER.



‘MANCHESTER, your Royal Highness!’ was Brummell’s exclamation to the Prince of Wales, when his regiment had been ordered there—‘only think of Manchester!’ And he rushed away, and sold out. The Beau did wisely, and the defenders of our country sustained no loss. He who could worship a cravat, as the poor Hindoo falls down before his cross-legged idol, could not have survived in the atmosphere of devil’s dust, smoky furnaces, and sooty chimneys: he who all but fainted when Lady Mary was helped to cabbage, would have died out bodily by the side of a Manchester dowager of fifteen stone.

It is recorded by the veracious Hollingworth, that about the year 520 a giant, called Sir Tarquin, held the castle of Manchester, and kept the neighbourhood in continual terror, till he was slain by Sir Launcelot de Lake, one of King Arthur’s knights. It was currently reported that this ferocious monster had a little child for his breakfast every morning. Now, so far as we can discover, Southerners seem still to have a shrewd sus-

picion that Sir Tarquin's appetite survives among us. Gentle reader, believe it not. Manchester mill-owners, be assured, have not little children dished up at their tables, like so many nicely browned sucking pigs. They are veritable men with veritable wives, who dine off food befitting Christian people. It rarely happens now-a-days that an unfortunate operative is accidentally drawn between the cylinders of their machinery, and at the week's end put down to the bill.

It is however a melancholy truth, sanctioned by the infallible authority of the 'Times' newspaper, that we are not a polished people. Our breeding to begin with, somehow, is of a hybrid character; and the Manchester school, of which so much has been said, is not one in which there is an extra charge of twopence for manners. Liverpool is placed invidiously by our side; and it cannot be denied that in popular opinion it is our superior in the courtesies and amenities of life. Have you never heard of the old stage coachman, who gravely described his 'insides' as 'a Liverpool gentleman, a Manchester man, a Bolton chap, and a Wigan fellow'—giving us, very unconsciously, our several ranks in the scale of gentility? Be not precipitate however in forming your judgment on our city and its people: the Horatian maxim still holds good for every-day use, whether applied to Manchester or Manchester goods, to ladies' complexions or gentlemen's whiskers,—*nimum ne crede colori*,—do not trust too implicitly to outside appearance and colour. Beneath the Manchester surface there are sterling qualities which peradventure

might not pale alongside the somewhat ostentatious glitter of Liverpool, and might not shrink from a comparison with the frigid affectation of society in its most sublimated type.

To define a gentleman is almost as impossible as to define an abstract idea. Nor is it easy to describe him in a few words. The Irishman's notion is characteristic. 'A raal gintleman is one that never arned a ha'porth for himself or any one belonging to him.' 'He's a gentleman,' said a witness at Thurtell's trial—'he keeps a gig.' And not very long ago, a friend of ours heard a graphic description of one from a country lad in Westmoreland :

'Do you know the Rev. Mr. Johnson?' he inquired of a ploughboy he overtook on the road: 'he lives somewhere hereabouts, does he not?'

'Mr. Johnson?—ay, ay; I ken him gay weel,' was the answer. 'He lodges wi' our folk.'

'Well, and what kind of a man is Mr. Johnson?' he asked further.

'Oh, he's quite a gentleman, sir—a reg'lar gentleman.'

'Now, what makes you say that, my lad? What do you mean by a gentleman? How is Mr. Johnson one in particular?'

'Well,' replied the boy, scratching his head as if to recall the inseparable accidents or the *differentia* of the animal—'well, he we-ars a watch, an' he ligs (lies) by his-sel' !'*

* He sleeps alone. [This anecdote, slightly varied, is repeated by the Rev. Mr. Gaskell in his Lectures on the Lancashire dialect. He quotes from Spenser :

'And all the worthies *liggen* wrapt in lead.'

The lad's definition, it is true, was not complete : we fear many a man wears a watch and sleeps alone, who is nothing better than a member of the swell mob ; and may there not be many a Brummell who is every whit as worthless ?

If we view Manchester *historically*, we do not find it a mushroom of yesterday. It has occupied a prominent place in the annals of our country from the earliest period. Our 'lively and ingenious antiquarian,' as Gibbon styles him, Mr. Whitaker, is adventurous enough, in his history of the town, to plunge into the abyss of an early century before the Christian era. However, not to go back so far, it is quite clear that the site of modern Manchester was an important Roman station during Agricola's command in Britain. It was called Mancunium, or Mancenion. The word is variously derived by our antiquaries ; we believe however that there was an ancient British term, *man*, or *maen*, a rock, and that it formed the root of the various appellations of our town. Manchester therefore signifies a camp on a rock ; and local names, combined with the nature of the ground, confirm the suppo-

So far however as we believe, the word 'lig' is peculiar to the northern counties. In North Lancashire it is not known ; but in Westmoreland and Yorkshire it is a very familiar one. We were once talking with an old woman near Scarborough on the subject of early rising, to which she attributed her vigour at seventy-five ; we were throwing some doubt on the truth of the old proverb, 'Early to bed, &c. ;' when she asked in a tone of indignation—'What ! think ye, we maun lig i' bed till th' sun cracks oor brains oot?'—1866.]

sition.* After the Romans had left the island, the fortress of Manchester was strongly garrisoned by the Saxons; and it is related by chroniclers that the

* [It is annoying to find that no sooner does a clever archæologist build up a plausible prehistoric theory, than some meddling Niebuhr or George Cornwall Lewis pushes it down. So with these notions of Camden and Whitaker. ‘In the case of Manchester,’ writes Mr. Harland, ‘its original British name, if it ever had one, has been lost. In the absence of all proof of “Mancenion” being an ancient name of the place, we need not further speculate on its so-called British name. Its Roman one, though it rests on better authority, is by no means clearly ascertained. The place is not once named by Cæsar or Tacitus, by the anonymous Geographer of Ravenna, by Ptolemy the Geographer, or in the Peutinger Table. It occurs only in the *Itinera* of Antoninus and in those of the Monk Richard of Cirencester. The best authority reduces the name to two forms—Mancunium and Mam-ucium. *Mam*, *mam-mog*, is in Welsh (vide Luyd, &c.) “Mother,” and it has the same meaning in Gaelic as in Cambrian tongues. In Ireland several high mountains have the prefix *Mam*. In Derbyshire is Mam Tor.’ Mr. Harland then goes on to show that the name in the *Anglo Saxon Chronicle* is Mameceaster. ‘Any British or Celtic name for Manchester,’ he continues, ‘could only extend to about A.D. 80, when, the Roman rule being established here by Agricola, the Roman name would be substituted. This might probably endure for three hundred and sixty years or more, till supplanted by the Saxon name, about the middle of the fifth century; and this name of Mameceaster or its more Norman form of Mamecastre, appears to have retained its hold for more than a thousand years. The last mutation, giving Manchester the modern form of name it still bears, is of not more than four centuries’ duration. The latter part of this compound word, Mam- or Man-chester, will give little trouble. It is the Saxon form (*ceaster*) of the Roman *Castrum*, a fortified military station or camp, the *c* being pro-

neighbourhood was the scene of desperate conflicts between that body and the knights of King Arthur. In the reign of Edwin, the district submitted to the Saxon rule; and a lord of that nation, residing in Manchester, dispensed justice according to the fashion of the day—doing what he pleased, and hanging any one who said he did amiss. In the invasion of the Danes (870), ‘Manigceastre,’ says Hollingworth, ‘was almost destroyed.’ On the Norman invasion, the Conqueror did not forget the town: he made a present of it, with a great part of the country, to William of Poictou. Robert de Gralley, the third lord of Manchester after William, was one of the mailed asserters of our liberty at Runnymede. As we descend in history, successive barons of the place bore themselves bravely at Cressy, in the wars of the Roses, and at Bosworth field. The history of Manchester is closely associated with the progress of the Reformation; and, in the reign of Mary, the town was dignified by the Christian heroism of some eminent martyrs, who sprung from it.* In the civil wars under Charles it bore its part; at the restoration it joined in the general rejoicing; and it tolled

nounced *oh.*’ (Mamecestre: edited by John Harland, F.S.A. Printed for the Chetham Society, 1861, chap. i.)

We remember hearing the Public Orator at an Oxford Commemoration eulogising in the Theatre some one—John Dalton, we think—as that eminent man *de Manchester*; when a rough voice came from the gallery—‘What, stupid! don’t you know the Latin for Manchester?’ Probably the undergraduate’s Latinity might not have been correct according to Mr. Harland. 1866.]

* In the library of Chetham College there is a small volume

the death-knell to the hopes of the Stuarts in 1745. Thenceforward it has been the centre of many well-known national movements. Its voice has rarely been silent; sometimes it has been heard in mellifluous notes, but more frequently in tones rough and loud as its own machinery. So that you must give dingy Manchester, as you would a certain sooty gentleman, its due; if *novi homines* ourselves, we are ‘citizens of a no mean city.’*

It is, however, by *its commercial enterprise* rather

in ancient type which contains a letter from John Bradford to his mother in Manchester, written just before his martyrdom.

* [We have from the pen of Mr. Harland a sketch of Manchester in its every-day dress three centuries ago, drawn from Court Leet Records still existing. ‘Let us try,’ he writes, ‘to see Manchester and its people on a bright summer morning three centuries ago, when England was ruled by the youthful Edward VI., or his elder sister Mary, or his younger sister Elizabeth. It is hard to realise the picture of Manchester under a bright, clear sky; the blue vault undimmed by clouds, unobscured by the foul smoke-canopy of more modern times,—but such it was three hundred years ago. Of the unsightly dunghills, the filthy jakes, the deep holes in the cartway, where some burgess had been digging for daub or clay,—of the heaps of refuse of all kinds flung out of the houses to decay on the public street,—it is not pleasant to speak; they formed one of the darker shades in the picture. Every house of a burgess in trade had its open unglazed shop in front, probably to the width of twelve feet to the street; behind which was the vacant space of ground, which the Leet jury call “the back sides.” Here were accumulated more nuisances, in the shape of dung-heaps, cess-pools and swine-cotes, the pig-styes of more modern speech. It is eight o’clock in the morning, and the inharmonious horn of the manorial swineherd

than its historical associations that Manchester is signalised. From the earliest period it seems to have

sounds through the streets. The worthy burgesses, perhaps busily engaged in sweeping before their doors, or opening their shops, on the approach of this official hasten to liberate their swine from their back-side cotes and to bring them to the herd, which the horn-blower drives wearily through the streets and along Ashley Lane to the common of Collyhurst, where they remain till evening, and are then reconducted in the same way to their several homes in the town. The ringing of the bell intimated the opening and closing of the markets; public announcements were made by the catchpoll, the beadles, market-lookers, or other officers, from the Cross; the drunk and disorderly were consigned to the stocks; rogues to the whipping-post; dishonest bakers, &c. to the pillory; scolds were gagged by the iron brank or bridle; and disorderly women were carried in the tumbril or ducking-stool to the Daub Holes, and there ducked till they were reduced to silence or half-drowned. Patrolling the market-stands and the streets were all kinds of manorial officers, endeavouring to keep order and to put down nuisances. While the ale founders, conners, or tasters entered the ale-houses to test by tasting the beer and ale, and see that it was "good liquor," the dog-muzzlers tracked wandering and unmuzzled canines, and served their owners with notice to appear and answer at the next Court Leet. Ale-house-keepers and bakers were also subject to the visitation of the officers for "the assize of Bread and Ale," while the former were constantly breaking some statute, or manorial by-law, by allowing persons to get drunk in their houses, by permitting unlawful games there, by selling liquor during service time on Sundays, or by taking more per head for wedding-dinners or bride-ales than the amount fixed by the steward and jury of the leet. In the outskirts of the little town might be seen the archery-butts, at which all men between the ages of sixteen and sixty were required to practise shooting with bow and arrow. Through the town, or in its vicinity, ran several small rivers,

exhibited an aptitude for manufacture. In the reign of Edward II., Kuerden says that there was a mill there for woollen cloths. Under Edward III., who married Philippa of Hainault, Flemish manufacturers settled in the town in considerable numbers, bringing with them far more skill than the English had possessed. In a well-known statute, 33 Henry VIII., Manchester is described as 'well inhabited, distinguished for its trade, both in linens and woollens.' It is not supposed however that the manufacture of cotton, which now forms so extensive a branch of our commerce, was known in England before the close of the sixteenth century. Chaucer habits his knight in fustian; but it must have come from abroad.* Nor indeed had the cotton manufacture risen from its cradle a hundred years ago. The machinery employed on it, if it deserved the streams, and brooks, then clear and sparkling, and open to the noontide sun; now covered over by arched tunnels, and so hidden and forgotten. Such, then, were the chief external features of the little Manchester of three centuries ago.' (A Volume of Court Leet Records of the Manor of Manchester, compiled and edited by John Harland, F.S.A. Printed for the Chetham Society, 1864. Introduction.)—1866.]

* 'The Manufactures of Lancashire.—Fustians.—These anciently were creditable wearing in England for persons of the primest quality, finding the *Knight* in Chaucer thus habited:—

Of fustian he wered a gipon,
All besmotrid with his habergion.

Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*.

But it seems they were all foreign commodities, as may appear by their modern names.'—Dr. Fuller's *Worthies of England*.

name, was almost as rude as that used by the Hindoo. But, about the middle of the last century, the operatives themselves began to exercise their inventive faculties on its improvement. Men did not as now work together in large masses; they were mostly employed at their homes. They had therefore more time for study and practical observation; they could elaborate improvements step by step at their leisure; they had also strong personal incentives to pursue experiments which might tend to lighten their manual labour. Thus, a series of progressive inventions followed, each advancing a step beyond those which had preceded it, till the whole manufacturing system has reached its present state of perfection.

Little more than sixty years since (writes Mr. Baines, in 1836,) every thread used in the manufacture of cotton, wool, worsted, flax, throughout the world, was spun singly by the fingers of the spinner with the aid of that classical instrument, the domestic spinning-wheel. In 1767, an *eight-handed* spinster sprung from the genius of Hargraves; and the *jenny*, with still increasing powers, made its way into common use, in spite of all opposition. Two years afterwards, the more wonderful invention of Wyatt, which claims a much earlier origin, but which had disappeared, like a river that sinks into a subterraneous channel, and now rose again under the fortunate star of Arkwright, claimed yet higher admiration, as founded on principles of more extensive application. Five years later, the happy thought of combining the principles of these two inventions, to produce a third much more efficient than either, struck the mind of Crompton, who, by a perfectly original contrivance, effected the union. From twenty spindles, this machine was brought, by more finished mechanism, to admit of a hundred spindles, and thus to exercise a Briarean power. Kelly relinquished the toilsome method of

turning the machine by hand, and yoked to it the strength of the rapid Clyde. Watt, with the subtler and more potent agency of steam, moved an iron arm that never slackens or tires, and whirled round four hundred spindles in a single machine. Finally, to consummate the wonder, Roberts dismisses the spinner, and leaves the machine to its own infallible guidance. So that, in the year 1833, several thousand spindles may be seen in a single room, revolving with inconceivable rapidity, with no hand to urge their progress, or to guide their operations—drawing out, twisting, and winding up as many thousand threads, with un-failing precision, indefatigable patience and strength,—a scene as magical to the eye which is not familiarised with it, as the effects have been marvellous in augmenting the wealth and population of the country.*

What a marvellous retrospect does the last century present to us, as illustrating the progress of mechanical invention ! The soil had grown its cotton and flax, the worm had spun its silk, the sheep had produced its wool, since the deluge ; and yet your great-grandmother had not improved on the art of Penelope in spinning and weaving. Your antique relative might have been the housewife described by Virgil—

Primum

Cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique Minervâ.

The distaff of Sir Toby is to be found in the lumber-

* Baines's *History of the Cotton Manufacture*. [Crompton died in comparative poverty ; but his statue now stands in the Bolton market-place. It is not long since the death of Roberts, whose last years were passed in humble circumstances. Both these inventors were illustrations literally of the Scriptural paradox,—' Poor, yet making many rich.'—1866.]

room of many a Lancashire house a century old.* Now, millions of spindles are whirling round without the intervention of the hand, each as by an instinct gathering its thread around it; millions of shuttles are shooting backwards and forwards through their warps, impelled by a mechanical contrivance as accurate in its aim as that of the best marksman. Again, fire and water are coeval with man; but steam slumbered between them, at least for any practical purpose, till an inquiring youth not very long ago perceived the germs of its power in its infantine struggles to raise the lid of a tea-kettle. A century ago our heavy goods were carried on the backs of pack-horses; and those noble animals, with their burdens, still adorn many a Lancashire sign-board. Goods weighed by pounds were conveyed over almost impassable roads at the rate of three miles an hour. Now the grunting, snorting horse of iron thunders from one corner of our land to another, dragging hundreds of tons behind it at the rate of thirty miles an hour, seemingly with as much ease as a boy drags his go-cart. The changes of the last century will not lose by comparison with the wild fictions of eastern romance, if we allow art to perform in a number of years what the magician could effect in

* *Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough! does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Twelfth Night.

a moment. And if you are willing to believe that most of these inventions have sprung from, or had reference to, Manchester, you may perchance be more merciful in your strictures on the town, and think twice before you turn up your supercilious nose at your benefactors. Manchester is somewhat too important, believe us, and somewhat too weighty, *naso suspendere adunco*.

It is not, however, the manufacturing of the raw material that constitutes the distinctive business called 'the Manchester trade.' The town, no doubt, contains many factories, but comparatively few are now built there. The person who intends to invest his capital in a mill finds other places more convenient for his purpose. In Manchester the rates are high, the operatives are more independent of their employers, water is deficient, and the haziness of the atmosphere necessitates the burning of more gas. Our distinctive trade consists in purchasing goods from the manufacturer and selling them to the retail dealer. The town is a mighty reservoir for the cloths of Oldham, Rochdale, Ashton, Stockport, Hyde, Bolton, Blackburn, Preston, and all the other manufacturing districts; and these it distributes by thousands of rills into every nook of our land—nay, to every corner of the habitable globe.

But come, and see for yourself. The day is fine—for Manchester; and a short walk may assist your digestion. Look at that dingy building. It is a foundry. We would not venture to take you into it: the commo-

tion within might derange, would certainly astonish your weak nerves. On those premises are wrought leviathan steam-engines, gigantic water-wheels, unfathomable boilers, and railway bridges warranted to last for ever—some for our own country, others for Calcutta, others for St. Petersburg, and others for Australia. Perhaps the hammer you hear from a distance is elaborating a machine for ‘the Diggings.’ Come, just peep through this door. See those stalwart workmen, with bare arms and sooty faces—some swinging ponderous hammers, others working the iron with a more skilful touch; while bellows are blowing, and fires are blazing, and sparks are flying as unheeded as though each man had the hide of a rhinoceros. Virgil drew on his imagination as he described Vulcan’s mechanics at their daily work, but he did not exceed the reality of our day:—

The shop resounds, the panting bellows blow,
 The flames ascend, the bars of metal glow,
 And the great anvil rings with many a blow.
 Here Tom and Dick and Joe, with sleeves uprolled
 And naked chest, the ponderous iron mould.
 Fire, air, and water, all their powers combine
 To forge an engine for the Midland line—
 More powerful than the bolts the Thunderer hurled,
 In earliest ages, o’er a trembling world.*

* Modernised Translation.

Quam subter specus et Cyclopum exesa caminis
 Antra Ætnæa tonant, validique incudibus ictus
 Auditi referunt gemitum, striduntque cavernis
 Stricturæ Chalybum, et fornacibus ignis anhelat;
 Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,

But passing on, we come to another building of a different appearance and structure. It is eight stories high, and seems to stretch the whole length of the street. That is what we call a factory. Some fifteen hundred operatives are employed in it; strong arms, and nimble fingers, and active minds are in constant exercise there. But we will not enter. The rattle is too loud for refined ears; the smell of oil is unpleasant to acute olfactory organs; and the sight of so many girls *en deshabelle* might shock your notions of propriety.

But we emerge into Piccadilly. Look round the Infirmary Square, and down Portland Street; walk up Mosley Street, and into Peter Street; on every side we see buildings which rival in architecture the palaces of Venice. These are what we term warehouses, and in them is carried on 'the Manchester trade,' properly so called. See that enormous edifice: it is a large shipping house; it is exclusively in the foreign trade. There is scarcely on the habitable globe a rock where a cormorant has perched, or a jungle which an Indian has penetrated, that does not contain goods exported by that firm. Probably its 'ventures'—its 'floating' capital—amount to three or four hundred thousand pounds; and yet, for any anxiety we can discover on the faces of the proprietors, they might not amount to as many hundreds.

Brontesque, Steropesque, et nudus membra Pyracmon.
 His informatum manibus jam parte politâ
 Fulmen erat, toto genitor quæ plurima cœlo
 Dejicit in terras, pars imperfecta manebat.

Æneid. viii. 418.

Those insurance offices are mighty provocatives of appetite, and admirable promoters of sleep. It might seem to you as difficult to manage this establishment as to manœuvre an army of a hundred thousand men; but it is nothing of the kind. One active fellow presides over the China trade, another over that with Calcutta, another over that with Western Africa, another over that with the South Sea Islands—each with his staff of assistants and his separate ledger; so that the enormous machinery is turning round day by day almost without noise; while probably the head of the house is lounging at his country seat, or legislating for the nation in the House of Commons.

But here is an old-fashioned Manchester warehouse in the home trade; and if you please we will walk through it. You are in no danger whatever, be assured; only take care lest you be smothered in a bale of blankets, or receive on your corns the hob-nailed shoes of a porter with three hundred weight on his back. What rent, do you suppose, the proprietor pays for this building? It is somewhere between a thousand and fifteen hundred a year—a nice little fortune in a small compass, is it not? See, there is the packing room—the infallible thermometer of the state of trade. If this dungeon-like place is still, the whole warehouse is dull, and the proprietor is in the dumps. But now everything is in a bustle; men are working the hydraulic press; porters are groaning under heavy bales; clerks are perambulating with note-books in their hands; waggons, or as they are termed lorries, with

large lazy-looking horses and lumpy drivers, are standing at the door, each in its turn receiving pack after pack, till the whole is made up, and rolls away like a moving mountain. The goods' department at the Bank Top Station receives it, and it is soon dashing away at the rate of five-and-twenty miles an hour to some large retail dealer in the south of England.

You observe that there are half a dozen stories in the building: each for the most part contains a distinct species of goods. Here are calicoes from the finest 'Horrockes, Miller and Co.,' which would not gall the skin of the most delicate lady, to the coarsest 'Hasslingden,' which are purchased for the union workhouse. See pyramids of linsey-wolseys, to envelop the expansive lower proportions of lusty old wives, and an infinite variety of fustians to creak on the dorsal extremities of navvies and railway porters. Here we mark a cotton velvet fit for a duchess—so delicate that only an experienced eye can distinguish it from a silk,—and there a useful gingham for the factory girl as she plies her daily work. What mountains of blankets, hot and heavy as Etna! What masses of counterpanes, ponderous enough to have smothered the giants! What tons of druggets, shining in as many colours as the rainbow! All these are waiting, in Manchester phrase, to be 'turned over'—in other words, to be converted into the current coin of the realm or a bill at three months' date,—to be succeeded by other bales of similar materials as large as themselves.

But be still a moment. Look at those two persons

who are engaged in earnest conversation there. They are a buyer and a salesman deep in a commercial fencing match. The customer has a Quakerish cut about him, and his eye steals over the patterns they are inspecting with a sort of feline sharpness. The salesman watches his movements without appearing to do so, and coquets with feints as plausible as those of the most expert angler when he casts his fly before the fish's nose. There is no beating down prices—that would be beneath the dignity of a first-class house. But many delicate manœuvres are going on. See how the salesman draws the fabric between his fingers, to show its strong enduring quality! How he tosses it carelessly over to give effect to its lights and shades! Hear him throwing in at appropriate intervals that 'it makes up beautifully!' that 'large quantities of it have been sold!' that 'it is entirely of a new design!' that 'it must take largely throughout the country!' The semi-Quaker begs to think for himself; he is however inclined to the purchase; for a moment he seems, by a species of mental arithmetic, to be 'taking stock' of his shop at home; another glance at the goods, and he has made up his mind. The salesman takes out his note-book, and marks down the order with an almost imperceptible smile of triumph. He has hooked the big trout.

But come along, we will just take a bird's-eye view of another warehouse. It is of a different character from that we have left. It is in the fancy trade; indeed, it deals in everything. From this top story you have a general glance at what is going on. Some two or

three hundred persons are busily employed on the premises, and the goods you see before you are insured to the amount of a couple of hundred thousand pounds. There is scarcely an article which the retail dealer may not purchase in this warehouse. Here are your sorts! from a box of pins to a Brussels carpet; from the finest lace to the coarsest checks; from the richest satins to the roughest dimities; from the choicest shawls to a flannel petticoat; from a ribbon to a stay-lace; from babies' caps to wideawakes; from parasols to straw bonnets; from whalebone to walking-sticks. Do you ask whether they keep lucifer-matches? Most probably they do; that pleasant-looking man there is ready to give you any information you require.

But you inquire about the style of men whose daily lives are spent in this buying and selling. Of course there is a variety of specimens, but your model Manchester man—your type of the class—is a peculiar being. He does not know the meaning of the term abstraction; he views everything in the concrete. He has no idealities; historic associations are unintelligible to him. His figures are not imaginative, but arithmetical. Even fancy goods he views through the medium of the real and tangible. He reduces everything to sight and touch. His poetry is not to

Clothe whate'er the mind admires and loves,
In language and in numbers,

but arms and legs in calicoes and fustians. The blood of all the Howards is to him but so much crimson fluid,

of about the same value as the red ink into which he is dipping his pen. 'Family!' we once heard an influential salesman exclaim: 'fools will be everlastingly tracing up their pedigrees to the times of the Conqueror! And if they can do it, what better are they? Will it make a pair of bandy legs straight, to have descended from a knight in armour? Give me the man who will order up his five hundred pound parcel, and pay for it! That's the article for my money!' Such an one, like Peter Bell, sees things as they are.

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.

If he examined the coat in which Nelson died at Trafalgar, he would wonder whether it were of West of England or Bradford manufacture. Of the Duke's despatch-box he would say, that it was worth so much as 'old materials.' Over the blanket disgorged by the boa-constrictor he would soliloquise, that it had been damaged fifty per cent. If told of the marvels of Aladdin's lamp he would enquire whether it were gilt or bronzed. If he had heard old Downton describing, with all the unction of Falstaff himself, how the 'misbegotten knaves in Kendal green let drive at him,' he would have wondered whether the green was fast-coloured dye or not. If he saw the mummy of Potiphar's wife, he would pronounce oracularly that the wrapper was flax, not cotton. He is a literal, practical, prosaic being. You have heard of the person

who was awoke by his wife one fine spring morning with the remark, 'My dear, the day is breaking?' when the unpoetical rogue turned over and made the grunting reply, 'Well, well, let it break—let it break—it owes me nothing.' Here was the matter of fact, unimaginative man of trade.*

But we had almost forgotten that it is Tuesday, and as it is now near half-past one we will just walk down Market Street to the place 'where merchants most do congregate,' and see what is called 'high change.' But how are we to make our way down the street? you ask. How are we to permeate this brazen wall—this *murus aheneus* of backs? The parapet is choked up; men of enormous bulk are standing with their arms a-kimbo directly in our path, as if the street were their own. Where are the police? What is to become of ladies who are unfortunately cast into this crowd? My dear fellow, you are a gallant man; you subscribe to the ancient maxim, that 'when a lady is in the case, business must give place;' but these manufacturers from the surrounding districts, who are now discussing

* [We were not long ago walking in the suburbs of Manchester with an acquaintance—not a salesman or tradesman—and we passed some cavalry volunteers who were refreshing themselves on their horses at the door of a hostelry. We thought we were making a very appropriate quotation, as the flagons were up to their helmets, when we repeated the line—

They drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd.

But our friend did not appreciate our cleverness; he merely replied in a very cool serious way, as though he meant it,—'No, I think it's only porter.'—1866.]

the state of trade and making their bargains in the open air, regard cotton twist as a more sublime production than the most interesting damsel that knight-errant ever rescued from a Bluebeard. Capital! mightily well you make your way; one more effort and we shall cleave through the last barrier of human bodies. *Io triumphe!* we have reached the Exchange at last.

The building will hold some four or five thousand people, and without any great architectural pretensions it is striking from its spaciousness and general aspect. Large however as it is, it is now quite full.* If you could perch yourself on the dome-light, the crowds on the floor would resemble an ants' nest in their density and motion. Here are several engaged in a quiet conversation on the prospecto of next year's cotton crop; here is one moving about near to pillar No. 4, where he has arranged to meet a customer; here is another threading his way through the press apparently in search of some one whom he expects to be on 'Change; here is another standing still, quietly waiting for any matter of business which may turn up. Look at that group of foreigners, consisting of a German, a Greek, a Russian, and a Jew; they are making several efforts to select the language that best suits them all, and after a trial or two they seem to have hit it. The great majority of those now in the room are country manu-

* [Since this was written the numbers that frequent the Exchange have increased so much that it is now far too small: it is soon to be greatly enlarged.—1866.]

facturers; and as each of them has several hundred operatives in his employment at home, you will not probably in so small a compass meet with so many little princes anywhere on the face of the globe. What is the value, think you, of the contents of the room as it is? We mean not the mere flesh and blood materials—for to look at they would not fetch much in a market; but the property represented by these men. We dare not venture on the calculation. There you see a dashing German; he has his house in the neighbourhood, large and splendid enough for a duke, and he lives very magnificently at the rate of some ten thousand a year. Indeed, if we may whisper to you a secret, we confess that, walking in the beautiful suburbs of Manchester, we are sometimes tempted to break the tenth commandment by coveting the splendid mansions of these money-making, hairy-faced foreigners. But do just look at that man in a rusty black suit and dirty white neck-cloth. He is a manufacturer from an adjacent district, and worth a plum. He does a little preaching also on his own account, in the neighbourhood where he resides; he mixes up texts of Scripture with hanks of yarn as he drives his bargains; and, after all, people are malicious enough to say that the wight who encounters him in trade must be wide awake; nay, they declare that occasionally, perhaps without his concurrence, his mill hands are worked beyond the time allowed by law. That comical antediluvian in long gaiters is a Rochdale millowner, and a very decent man after his fashion. He com-

menced business fifty years ago with a few dilapidated looms, and now he is worth his hundred thousand pounds. His mode of living at home is somewhat primitive for a person so wealthy. He and his wife take their meals in the kitchen, and the latter peels the potatoes on washing days. Every evening they have their cosy pipes together. The gentleman on your right, who is in easy conversation with his neighbour, is one of our richest and most respected Manchester merchants. If his assistance were asked for the promotion of any really useful object he would give his thousand pounds as readily as a peer would contribute ten. But observe that singular-looking man who is prowling about with stealthy pace, and glancing furtively from one side to the other like a tamed tiger. You would not give six shillings for every rag upon him, and yet he is by the Exchange code of morality 'a good man'—that is, as Shylock interprets it, 'sufficient'—worth half a million of money. Men, my dear fellow, are measured here rather by what they have than by what they are. Human nature in the days of Horace is human nature here on market day—*tanti, quantum habebas, es*. That person came up from the country a boy without a shirt to his back; at seventy-five he owns mills, printworks, warehouses—indeed, wealth unknown. He has invariably maintained a high character on 'Change, but we fear his heart has been twisted into a ball of yarn. His very appearance is that of a perambulating bale of goods—an animated cotton bag. By long habit of thought and action he might have been, like the

heroes of Ovid, metamorphosed into the articles of his barter. Aristophanes represents Xanthias in 'The Frogs' as 'looking mustard-seed' at his opponents—*βλέποντ' ὀρίγανον.** We hear too of persons 'looking daggers' in their wrath. Our friend there 'looks cotton twist.'

The merchants and manufacturers who frequent our Exchange on a market day, are sometimes described as exhibiting a degree of intellectuality in their looks beyond anything of the kind to be found elsewhere. 'A phrenologist,' we read in a work entitled 'England in the Nineteenth Century,' 'will nowhere meet such a collection of decidedly clever heads; and the physiognomist who declared that he could find traces of stupidity in the faces of the wisest philosophers, would be at a loss to find any indication of its presence in the countenances assembled on the Exchange at Manchester. Genius appears to be not less rare than folly: the characteristic features of the meeting, collectively and individually, are those of talent in high working order.' We must confess that such is not the conclusion to which we should come, either from our general acquaintance with the class, or from an inspection of those we meet on 'Change. That they are intellectually inferior to others, as a rule, we are far from meaning; but that they are superior we entirely disbelieve. It is not, be assured, from any larger powers of thought, or more comprehensive scope of mind, that they advance from poverty to wealth. It is rather by attention and

* L. 602.

care; by punctuality and precision in detail; by observing the motto of our old benefactor, Humphry Chetham—*quod tuum tene*; and by a shrewdness in seizing opportunities—a faculty quite consistent with a mind that works in a narrow circle. Their business is almost as much a routine as that of their bookkeeper.

We heard from one who was all but a principal party in the transaction, an anecdote which illustrates our meaning. One of the earlier founders of the cotton trade purchased an estate in a neighbouring county from a peer, for several hundred thousand pounds. The house with its furniture was to remain precisely as it stood. When the purchaser took possession, he missed a small cabinet from the hall, worth some three or four pounds. He applied to the late owner about it. ‘Well,’ said the noble lord, ‘I certainly did order it to be removed. It is an old family cabinet, worth more from its associations than anything else. I hardly thought you would have cared about so trifling a matter in so large a purchase.’ ‘My lord,’ was the characteristic answer, ‘if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had to sell it.’

If we view Manchester *politically*, we shall find that it has carried the heat and impulsiveness of its commercial dealings into its theories on affairs of state. The very spirit of merchandise is a spirit of progress. The higher classes of the town therefore have entertained

for the most part liberal sentiments in politics, while the opinions or feelings of the lower have generally been influenced by the state of the market. Give an operative plenty of work, and plenty of food, and as a rule he will not busy himself in tinkering constitutions. But let the factories be closed, and his pockets be empty, and his family in destitution,—his tone of thought becomes essentially political. Mob orators then spring up as rapidly as mushrooms; they find an attentive audience in hungry men; their cry is, Radical Reform—a something, a whole something, and nothing but the something. They have a panacea for nations and for men—a universal cure-all for governments and the gout. Thus it ever has been in Manchester. Universal suffrage, annual parliaments, and vote by ballot, rise in popularity as wages decrease. As if the privilege of deceiving by a square box would appease a barking stomach!

Talis latrantem stomachum bene leniet esca?

As if universal suffrage would beatify a handloom weaver on five shillings a-week! As if annual parliaments would regenerate a nation, and elevate the moral proprieties of a people, when septennial elections manage to debauch the better qualities of the heart with sufficient success, and to do the devil's work on as large a scale as he could wish!

Your genuine Radical is only to be found in proximity to machinery. To the 'spinning jenny' he may say, My sister, and to the 'mule,' Thou art my brother.

In the south of England he degenerates into a low-lived rick-burner, or a sneaking poacher, or a mean-spirited compounder of arsenic. The true Radical despises all such petty larcenies. He would do a revolution, or perpetrate a Moscow conflagration, and be in his element. He would spout for any given time on government corruption and national ruin. But to put away a three-years-old brat for its sick-money, or to ring the neck of an ignoble pheasant, or to apply a vile lucifer-match to a corn-stack!—bah! he would as soon think of becoming a contented member of society, and earning his bread by patching antiquated breeches—to which trade he has been brought up. View him for a moment in his most perfect state—as he is addressing a large crowd from a lorry in Stevenson’s Square, or from that *βήμα* of promiscuous orators, the Ancoats’ lamp-post. Look at his sour, sallow, vinegar visage, consisting apparently of several loose bones indifferently wrapped in a yellow parchment; listen to his voice, which is a singular cross between the grating of a file and a conventicle snuffle. He is haranguing on what he calls the universal emancipation of nature; and yet the odds are, that he will beat his wife when he gets home. All kings he pronounces fools; all governments thieves; all parsons rogues; all radicals, himself excepted, selfish adventurers: even the man in the moon is no better than he should be. Is he not a good specimen of discontented humanity? Was he ever, do you suppose, ‘an infant smiling on his mother’s knee?’ Did he ever suck lollipop, and enjoy it? Did he ever kiss

his little sister at bed-time, after saying his prayers? Did he ever gather cowslips and primroses on a May-day morning? Did he ever dress in a round-about jacket, and trundle a hoop, or play at marbles, or try his hand with a peg-top, or join at prison-bars? Never—assuredly never: if his mother swore it, we would not believe her. He was always what he is—the real Radical, like the poet, *nascitur non fit*. Depend upon it, he entered this breathing world showing his teeth.

The midwife wondered; and the women cried,
 O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
 And so he was; which plainly signified
 That he should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Snarling did he make his *début* on the stage of life, snarling has he so far gone through his part, and he will snarl on to the end of the last act.

Manchester has been conspicuous for its agitations—political, social, and educational; but among them all there has been none so bold in its conception and so successful in its issue, as that for the abolition of the Corn-law. We offer no opinion on the dogmas of the Manchester school; we have no personal acquaintance with any professors in that popular academy; we do not stop to inquire, whether as a body they ‘cared for the poor’ or ‘carried the bag.’ But it is quite undeniable that they accomplished their object by a determination and perseverance that have been rarely equalled. We apprehend however that the success of the agitation is to be attributed almost entirely to Mr.

Cobden. He was not very prominent at its commencement; and if he had not taken a decided lead, probably the forces, as in many similar movements, would after a time have been disunited and broken up. But he came to the subject after far deeper study than the rest; he directed his attack on one point, and exerted his authority in preventing his colleagues from wasting their powder by blurting off at every hedge-sparrow that rose; he brought with him a practical style of argument well suited to the tastes of commercial men; and he exhibited an indomitable energy when his purpose was once formed. Cobden, after all, is a man of mark; and now that the force of his sagacity, energy, and unadorned eloquence, has hurled Protection into the tomb of the Capulets, we trust that trade may prosper, the poor may enjoy the blessings of cheapness and plenty, the millocrats may exhibit a becoming moderation in their triumph, and that the shadow of their tall chimneys may never be less.*

* [This was written in 1853. Mr. Cobden has been removed not long ago amidst universal regret. As a middle-class man, none, as Mr. Disraeli said, has been more influential; as a politician none has been more disinterested. His character can only be fairly estimated, when the glitter of excessive praise and the shades of undue censure have merged into the mellowed light of calm inquiry and dispassionate reflection. The story of his life, if written, not in the style of modern biography, but in that spirit of philosophic truth which neither disguises failings nor extenuates merit, would be an excellent study for the young men of our land, whether rising tradesmen or aspiring statesmen. —1866.]

We sometimes wonder why manufacturers should love to become agitators. It may do, once in a while ; but we would not recommend it as a practice. We verily believe that there is no interest so liable as the manufacturing to be shaken by the storms of agitation. Over the land the hurricane may sweep for a time ; an old oak or two may be laid low ; a crop of corn here and there may be destroyed ; a few stacks of hay may be carried away ; but the soil is still there hard and fast : the spring returns ; the blade appears ; and the damaged crops of the former year are compensated by a plentiful harvest. Not so however with the manufacturing interest. In times of prosperity it is apparently stable as the pyramid ; but in the day of depression it is baseless, flickering, and evanescent as the smoke. A shock might come so paralysing that years could not restore vitality to the torpid body of commerce. There is, we fear, in the breast of nine-tenths of our operatives the latent germ of a feeling that by their ill-requited toil the employers heap up their Babel of gold almost high as heaven, whence they look imperiously on their less favoured brethren. The thought may not be expressed in words ; the impression may perhaps slumber unknown. But times of distress and scarcity evoke it ; the smothered spark is rapidly fanned into a smoke, and where is a smoke the fire is not far off. Luckily, the operative classes have no one with Cobden's discretion to guide them. Our friend whom we have just left holding forth from his rostrum at the Ancoats' lamp-post is a skilful manipulator of a grievance, whether social or poli-

tical, but he is an unskilful leader of large masses of men ; and thus it has ever been, that internal disunion has been a main cause of breaking up all the operative confederacies. Like the Scythians of old, as we read in Herodotus, they cannot long continue in combination. If however a man with all the qualifications for a popular leader were to arise in such an emergency, the consequences might be most disastrous. We have much respect for our manufacturers and merchants as a body ; we admire them as a whole for their liberality and kindness ; but we would not advise them to be too fond of agitation, lest their pupils one day ' better the instruction.'

Manchester is liberal in its political sentiments—of that there can be no doubt. It has never yet returned a Conservative member to Parliament, though there have been many gallant efforts to do so. Its corporation also—a body that has the control of momentous interests and enormous funds—consists, with but few exceptions, of a somewhat promiscuous band of ardent liberals. It has rarely had a churchman for its chief magistrate. And, after all, there is a strong and wide-spread feeling of Conservatism throughout the town. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is by no means an improbable supposition, that if universal suffrage and vote by ballot were parts of our Constitution, Manchester might return two Conservative members.*

* [Of late years several mayors have been churchmen, and a fair amount of conservative leaven is now working in the Corporate body. So far as regards the politics of the working classes, we are by no means inclined to retract the opinion expressed

But why send for members from a distance? Have you not men of sufficient intelligence in Manchester for the discharge of parliamentary duties? Why go to Suffolk for one, and to Rochdale for another? *—Rochdale where up-and-down-fighting still flourishes!—where words articulate are inarticulate to civilised ears! where names of persons are expressed as barbarously as in the days of the Druids, or in the islands of the South Seas! Well, sir, while you are taking breath we will endeavour to explain the phenomenon. It may seem strange, but the real cause, we believe, will be found in the jealousies of our merchant princes. Cotton, be

above. It is the scum of our people that rises to the top of the caldron in the shape of noisy disaffection. The manufacturing operatives, we believe, might be trained into excellent conservatives. In the late election for Manchester the working people exhibited unmistakable scorn and contempt for those who were connected with or nominees of what is called the Liberation Society. We know that a single fact does not amount to a logical induction; but we may illustrate our meaning by an incident. The liberal candidates for South Lancashire were delivering addresses at one of our manufacturing towns: a local gentleman had made an effective speech in support of the cause; and afterwards the party was parading in the market-place, and marching in procession through an avenue of bodies; when an old woman rushed up to the orator who had distinguished himself, and giving him a hearty slap on the face, shouted at the top of her shrill voice, ‘Church and State, you beggar!’—1866.]

* [Messrs. Gibson and Bright then represented Manchester in the House of Commons. Of a Manchester election this much may be said—that it might properly be a model to every borough in the kingdom, for its order, freedom from undue influences, and general good humour.—1866.]

assured, as well as hereditary acres, has its dignities. We do not wait in Manchester for a lineage to be hallowed by the associations of centuries. We extemporise aristocracies. To illustrate our meaning:—On a dissolution of Parliament some active men assemble, and discuss the question, Whom shall they put forward as candidate for the suffrages of the free and independent electors? After due consideration they fix on Mr. Chintsey, of the firm of Chintsey and Lightbrown. Chintsey is a liberal Conservative, Free-trader, and altogether, in Manchester phrase, ‘a pattern card,’ ‘first rate.’ He has ‘come out’ well on several public occasions, and, without pretending to much book-learning beyond that of his ledger, he has a good sound head on a pair of broad shoulders. His character has been irreproachable through life; he attends his place of worship twice every Sunday, and he occupies his pew, surrounded by seven or eight young Chintseys of various sizes and patterns. Who could be a better representative? Well, it gets abroad that Mr. Chintsey is to be the future candidate.

‘You have heard that Mr. Chintsey is to be our member, I suppose?’ says a bustling loquacious gentleman, with a red face, to Mr. Puffendorf, of the firm of ‘Puffendorf and Twist.’

‘Mr. Chintsey?’ muses Puffendorf, pulling up his cravat, clearing his throat, and looking undeniably aristocratic—‘Chintsey! who is Mr. Chintsey? Oh yes, I remember—Chintsey and Lightbrown! Well a—a—very decent man, I dare say, is Mr. Chintsey, in his

way; but—but—not the man we want, you know. Chintsey wants position—greatly wants position. Twenty years ago he was “putter-out” to Cambric and Twills. No! no! he might do—a—a—for a common councillor, or an alderman, or even a mayor, as times go; but he will not “make up” into a member.’

Observe, Puffendorf was in business twenty years before Chintsey was heard of; Puffendorf rides in his two-horsed carriage, and dines at six o’clock; Mr. and Mrs. Chintsey, and the young Chintseys, dine at one. The Misses Puffendorf have been educated at Kensington; the Misses Chintsey are at school in the neighbourhood. Altogether Puffendorf is a superior article to Chintsey—a commodity rated at a higher figure on ‘Change. Chintsey is pooh-poohed as if he were a bale of damaged goods; he drops fifty per cent. all at once; he becomes a drug in the market; he will not go off at any price. Puffendorf in his heart regards Chintsey as a presuming upstart; Chintsey regards Puffendorf as an inflated bull-frog. The Chintseyites will not vote for Puffendorf, neither will the Puffendorfians vote for Chintsey; and thus Manchester, as it cannot grow its own members, is compelled to import them as it does its bales of cotton.*

But our sketch would be incomplete if we did not

* [We would desire to modify these remarks in some degree. Perhaps local jealousies may have had their influence; but a merchant entangled in the meshes of commerce cannot afford to give up his time to affairs of state; and when he retires from business he is mostly too old for parliamentary duties.—1866.]

take a glance at the *ecclesiastical, moral, and social aspect* of Manchester.

The parish of Manchester was a rectory so early as the year 1291. Not long afterwards the advowson with the barony came into the possession of the family of De la Warre; and by them the foundation of our Collegiate Church—now our Cathedral—was established. Latterly, the cry of reform has been ringing in the ears of the Chapter body. An Act has been obtained for the division of the parish into separate rectories; and the income of future canons is reduced from the present standard of 1000*l.* a-year to 600*l.*—about 100*l.* less than the salary of an upper servant in a Manchester warehouse.* Still, ‘the old church’ is

* [The Manchester Rectory Division Act was the offspring of bitterness, and, as might be expected from its parentage, the measure is crooked, rickety, and deformed. To take a single illustration of our meaning. Each canon is to hold the rectory of one of four Government churches, where the labour required is gigantic and the duties are most discouraging. Thus, the number of clergymen in Manchester is reduced by four. Few will be appointed to a canonry under fifty years of age; and assuredly no one at that period of life *ought* to continue the rector of one of those churches, even if he had no other appointment. And this may come into full operation some twenty years hence. Why not have made each canon at once subject to the ordinary law of residence and left him to his duty at the cathedral? He need never be at a loss for work in a city like Manchester. But to bind him hand and foot to a very poor and large parish, and a thinly attended church that will hold two thousand, seems like strapping Ixion to his wheel. Cannot the Act be amended? Cannot the limb be reset? May not mutual kindness and forbearance repair the anomalies which mutual rancour and uncharitableness have left behind?—1866.]

warmly associated with the domestic feelings of the people. There women are churched, babies are christened, parties are married, not singly or in couples, but by hundreds; and there are but few of our citizens who have not visited it on some such interesting occasion.*

I attended the old church at Manchester one Monday morning, in order to witness the solemnisation of several marriages (writes Sir George Head). Not less than fifty people were assembled, among whom I took my seat quietly without being noticed. The people at first took their seats in solemn silence, each one inquisitively surveying his neighbour; but as the clergyman and clerk were some time in preparation, the men first began to whisper one to another, and the women to titter, till by degrees they all threw off their reserve, and made audible remarks on the new comers. There was little *mauvaise honte* among the women; but of the men, poor fellows! some were seriously abashed; while among the hymeneal throng there seemed to prevail a sentiment that obtains pretty generally among their betters,—namely, the inclination to put shy people out of conceit with themselves. Thus, at the advance of a sheepish-looking bridegroom, he was immediately assailed on all sides with, ‘Come in, man; what art afraid of? Nobody ’l hurt thee.’ And then a general laugh went round in a suppressed tone, but quite sufficient to confound and subdue the new comer.

Presently a sudden buzz broke out,—‘The clergyman’s coming,’ and all was perfectly silent. The clerk was an adept in his business. In appointing them to their proper places, he addressed

* [These services are becoming less and less of a wholesale character at our cathedral. Still, whoever attends there now at certain christening times may have some reason for alarm lest, as Mr. J. Stuart Mill expresses it, ‘the labour market may be overstocked.’ ‘They (the lower classes) have no right to overstock the labour market.’—J. S. Mill, when catechised at the late Westminster election.—1866.]

each in an intonation of voice particularly soft and soothing. Thus he proceeded: 'Daniel and Phœbe: this way, Daniel: take off your gloves, Daniel. William and Anne; no, Anne; here, Anne; t'other side, William. John and Mary; here, John; oh, John.' And then addressing them altogether,—'Now, all of you give your hats to some person to hold.' Although the marriage service appeared to me to be generally addressed to the whole party, the clergyman was scrupulously exact in obtaining the accurate responses from each individual.*

Many whimsical tales—some doubtless apocryphal—are related of an eccentric minor canon, or chaplain as he was then called, attached to the church some fifty years ago. He was on one occasion reading the burial service, and had arrived at the passage, 'I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me,' when his eye fell upon a sweep who was watching him from a side wall; his thoughts were suddenly diverted into a fresh channel, but his voice maintained its even tenor as he continued, 'Knock that little black imp off the wall.' Occasionally, after he had despatched the marriage service for some thirty couples, a party of young men might be seen rushing up to him, some desponding, some indignant, exhibiting a variety of emotions, but all in a predicament similar to that of Master Slender and Dr. Caius, who were each of them on the point of marrying 'a great lubberly boy.'

'Please, sir,'—several voices might be heard at the same time—'I've gotten th' wrong wench!—I'm wed to th' wrong lass!'

* *A Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts in the Summer of 1835.*

‘Well, well, my lads,’ was the invariable reply, in the genuine Manchester vernacular, ‘pair as you go out, pair as you go out—reet it a whom—reet it a whom.’*

The chaplain’s name was Joshua Brooks. Our friend, Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A., the President of the Chetham Society, in an article that appeared in Blackwood’s Magazine so long ago as 1821, entitled ‘A brief Sketch of the Rev. Josiah Streamlet,’ describes amusingly some of the foibles of the old gentleman,—who, with all his singularities, was a person of considerable scholastic attainments. He was very irritable, and had a special vocation for interfering in squabbles; and mischievous people frequently played upon his failing. For dissent and dissenters he had no toleration. A well-known nonconformist minister was in a stall near him as he was reading the daily service, when the seat gave way and the obnoxious intruder fell upon his back, his legs rising higher than his head. The verger rushed forward to render aid, but the chaplain interposed with asperity.—‘From all blindness of heart, from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy,’—he was reading,—then in the same key

* ‘Right it at home.’ It is not very long since we learnt a lesson in the philosophy of love among factory girls, when standing near the cathedral gates. A wedding party was coming out, of a higher class than common, and as usual a crowd was assembled to watch their return to their carriages. ‘Ay, but hoo’s vast fou!’ (she’s very plain), said a factory lass to her companion, pointing to the bride. ‘Hod thy din, wench,’ was the answer. ‘What’s the odds? There ne’er was a fou face but there was a fou fancy!’ It is the true Platonic theory, that everything is double, ἐν πρὸς ἑν.

came the interpolation, 'let the fellow alone, let the fellow alone'—'from envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness.'—Many of our older citizens still remember him well and relate their anecdotes of him. He rests in the Cathedral by the side of his old house-keeper, who in life was his 'guide, philosopher and friend.'

Manchester, we believe, contains specimens of every religious denomination on the face of the earth. This may be expected from a people where fluctuation and change in every circumstance of life are perpetually going on. Many of our great merchants and manufacturers are attached to dissenting bodies.

There seems however now-a-days to be a very general gravitation of feeling towards the Church; some of those who have struggled from the lower ranks to affluence do not hesitate to join her communion, while others are only withheld from doing so by the magnanimous fear of weakening a society in which they have been brought up. Their families mostly join the Church, while dissent ever draws fresh blood from the fluctuating population. During the last fifteen years the churches in the parish of Manchester have about doubled in number.

The Sunday-school system is carried out among us with much efficiency and zeal. Indeed, it is not simply a pastime, but a positive necessity, where juvenile labour is so abundant as in our manufacturing towns: it must be regarded, not as a *πάρεργον*, ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον μηδὲν ἐκείνῳ *πάρεργον* ἄλλο γίγνεσθαι.* The number of Sunday

* Thucyd. i. 142.

scholars and teachers in the Peel Park on the occasion of her Majesty's visit was 71,684; and taking the three largest divisions we find that those attached to the Church were 25,606; to the Wesleyans, 12,999; and to the Independents, 10,461. From these statistics we may form a sufficiently accurate estimate of the numerical proportion of our religious bodies generally. The Unitarians had only 1,375 scholars; they are rather a wealthy than a numerous class in Manchester.

The day of her Majesty's late visit is a memorable one among us, and perchance not to be forgotten by herself and her royal Consort.* Never probably had so large a mass of human beings congregated together before. It would be impossible to conjecture the number within a hundred thousand. Stockport, Ashton, Oldham, Rochdale, Bolton, Blackburn, Hyde, Stalybridge—these, and far more than these, poured their living streams into the boiling caldron of Manchester on that day; these towns, ordinarily so busy, were desolate; the machinery of their mills was still; labour was stayed; the heart of those bustling districts had for a time ceased to beat. Train after train emptied its human cargo into our various stations, and the cry was, 'yet they come.' Though there were about one hundred thousand persons altogether in the Peel Park, this did not seem to diminish by a single unit the myriads that were condensed into one mass from Pendleton to Piccadilly. And what was more extraordinary than the mere numbers, the most perfect order and harmony prevailed. 'Where are your police-

* [It was in October, 1857.—1866.]

men?' asked the Duke of Wellington, as he glanced at the masses that thronged the ways through which the *cortége* passed. The streets in the borough of Manchester were not staked and corded off from the parapets and guarded by men in blue; but thousands of strong, active men, warehousemen and mechanics in their Sunday clothes, formed with joined hands a novel barricade. And in the evening, when numbers beyond computation were assembled in the streets to witness the illumination, amidst all the confusion there was nothing but good humour.

'Have you had any disturbance yet?' we asked a policeman near the Exchange, about eleven o'clock.

'No, sir,' was the characteristic reply—'nothing to speak of; only one drunk and disorderly, and he's an Irishman.'

The scene in the Peel Park was of a very novel and impressive character. The enormous assemblage of Sunday scholars and teachers was ranged in two long divisions, between which the Queen and her suite had to drive. The intention was that the whole body should join in singing 'God save the Queen,' while the carriages were passing along. A committee of amiable gentlemen had determined to omit the sinewy verse that pronounces its malison on 'politics' and 'knavish tricks,' and a somewhat treacle-and-water stanza by Swain was inserted in its stead. For a month before, Manchester was humming 'God save the Queen;' factory girls were practising it at their work; butcher boys were shouting it along the streets; wherever you turned the song

reached your ears; it was an anthem *eterna*. Well, slowly moved her Majesty's carriage between the lines, and the eighty thousand voices got through the first verse very satisfactorily, when lo! as the old Duke came up in his open carriage, with bare head and venerable aspect, the notes gave way to a cheer, and from a small beginning the well-practised anthem grew into one prolonged hurrah throughout the whole line. 'Duke!' whispered a pretty daughter of the Earl of Ellesmere, who was in the carriage with him, 'that is for you;' but the old warrior held down his head, and would not seem to share the homage that was due, as he thought, only to the Queen.

As a graceful pendant to a royal visit, which was unattended almost by a single disappointment,* Manchester has just received the honours and privileges of a city. We had the promise of the dignity when the Queen was

* It is true that some trifling mischances were reported at the time. It was said that a certain Salford official, on backing and bowing out from Her Majesty, when the address was presented in Peel Park, lost his footing and left his well-defined posterior *imprimatur* on the plastic mud, to the Queen's infinite amusement. This was proved to be untrue. It was said also that a common councillor of Manchester, elated with his new robes and the general enthusiasm, rushed up to the Countess of Ellesmere in the Exchange, seized her hand, shook it heartily, and congratulated her on being the genuine mother of her people; and that he was greatly disappointed afterwards on finding that she was not the Queen. Upon the truth of this report a warm controversy arose; an appeal was made to Lady Ellesmere to clear up the doubt; she returned an answer very gracious, but somewhat evasive; and the matter remains a mystery to this day.

here, but legal difficulties have delayed its fulfilment. The title seems to have been coveted by certain members of the Corporation ; but, so far as we can observe, the mass of the people, if not indifferent on the subject, regard it without enthusiasm. They seem to think the rose would smell as sweetly with one name as another. To-day we have seen, side by side, the mayor's proclamation declaring Manchester a city till doomsday, and a placard announcing that Cardinal Wiseman is purposing to lecture on the arts and sciences in our Corn Exchange; and the Cardinal seemed the more popular candidate for promiscuous inspection. We have not heard that the bells of the cathedral rang out a merry peal when the charter came down, nor do we imagine that what reporters call our 'civic hospitalities' have been much extended since that time. This seems rather a cool way of receiving a royal boon. Why does not an alderman eat himself into an apoplexy in honour of the event? Perhaps we might be satisfied with a couple of common councillors, eloquent from the influence of champagne, apostrophising a lamp-post, under the impression that it was her Majesty, with the charter in her right hand. Seriously though, there is a strange mixture of the romantic and the real in our idea of the city of Manchester. It seems as quaint a notion to link the feudal name with the embodiment of progress as to bind Mazeppa to the wild horse, or to turn a monk into a railway stoker. The City of Manchester ! It associates in our imagination the bold baron and the billy roller, the yeomen of England in battle array, and the yarns of Houldsworth at

so much a pound, streaming banners and steam engines, castles and calicoes. Honorary, we apprehend, the title is, and scarcely in keeping with our unimaginative utilitarian views; still its bestowal is a graceful tribute from the hand of royalty to our cathedral and cottonocracy; and we venture to say that Manchester, though it deals as warily and coolly with a charter as with a customer, will be none the less loyal for the favour.

And smile not, gentle reader, when we say that Manchester is not destitute of literary fame. Liverpool the refined has only produced one man of letters, Roscoe, and it certainly makes the most of him. Manchester the rude can claim as its natives or residents men of the highest rank in science and elegant literature. Nay, among the poorest of its citizens we sometimes find considerable mental accomplishments. The 'Job Legh' of 'Mary Barton' is no fiction. We have never met with Lancashire operatives, indeed, who enjoyed Newton's 'Principia,' as Mrs. Gaskell asserts is sometimes the case; but we certainly know one poor decrepit man residing in a back street in the lowest part of Manchester, who has published a 'Flora' for thirty miles round the town, and for a knowledge of plants within that circle has probably no equal.

Manchester, from the very constitution of its society, must have its social peculiarities. Many of our wealthy citizens began their career as struggling young men, and married probably when they were not earning more than a pound a week; and many poor but enterprising young men of our acquaintance are now following in

precisely the same track. Some foibles of our citizens have been quizzed by aristocratic novelists; but probably many of our millionaires would answer jests with the old proverb, 'Let them laugh that win.'

Much has been said and written of our dinner-hour. Mercantile Manchester, it must be confessed, dines on work days at one o'clock. And why not? You answer, that the best part of the day is thus lost. No such thing. \ A Manchester man is never drowsy after dinner; he does not sink to the level of a boa constrictor, and indulge in a cosy, sulky snooze after eating; his motto is *semper vigilans*—wide awake; he knows nothing of dreamland; he cares nothing about fairy visions. He positively jumps up after despatching his beef-steak, and goes to his ledger as if nothing had happened. The Manchester stomach is *sui generis*; it is no more embarrassed by feeding than a steam boiler. *O dura mercatorum ilia!* *

* [The old one o'clock dinner hour is being fast swept away by the stream of progress. Among our merchants it is likely to become soon a thing of the past. Going back a century and a half, Dr. Aikin gives a description of mercantile habits, strikingly primitive when placed in contrast with our growing luxuriousness. 'An eminent manufacturer,' he says, 'in that age (about 1700) used to be in his warehouse before six in the morning, accompanied by his children and apprentices. At seven they all came to breakfast, which consisted of one large dish of water-pottage, made of oatmeal, water, and a little salt, boiled thick, and poured into a dish. At the side was a pan or bason of milk; and the master and apprentices, each with a wooden spoon in his hand, without loss of time, dipped into the same dish, and thence into

Great wealth is sometimes found among us accompanied by a very humble style of living. Not many months ago we called with a friend upon an old lady, on a begging expedition. The object we had in view was the support of a most praiseworthy institution; and all its excellences we brought before her mind as graphically as we could. After an unusual amount of parrying and thrusting, she went to a drawer, brought out half-a-crown, led us to the door, and said, somewhat curtly, ‘There, sir; your time is no doubt very valuable—I hope this trifle may be of service.’

‘What think you of that?’ we said to our companion, as we walked away.

‘Why,’ he answered, ‘I consider you were very hard upon her. She has given handsomely enough for her means.’

‘And what do you call her means!’

‘Well, some twenty shillings a week.’

‘You have made but a poor guess, friend,’ we said; ‘that old jade is worth literally half a million of money.’

We leave you, kind reader, we trust, with a better opinion of Manchester than you entertained a short time ago. We are, it must be admitted, a go-ahead sort of people. We live extempore. Our merchants extemporise fortunes; our politicians extemporise agitations; our operatives extemporise riots; our builders

the milk pan; and as soon as it was finished they all returned to their work.’—*Dr. Aikin’s Description of the Country from thirty to forty miles round Manchester.*—p. 183.—1866.]

extemporise whole streets; our clergymen, we verily believe, would extemporise a course of 'Bampton Lectures' on the subtilties of Thomas Aquinas. The proverb, 'most haste, least speed,' may be sometimes applicable to us; but Manchester must keep moving onward at all hazards. We can point too with satisfaction to our benevolent institutions. We have an Infirmary that will bear a comparison, in its management and usefulness, with any in the land; we have an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and one also for the Blind; we have a Hospital for the board and education of orphan children; we have a Grammar School of considerable eminence; and we have lately converted a Socialists' Hall into a well selected and very extensive Library for the free use of the people. Will you not then, Southern though you be, join with us in the kindly wish at parting—*Floreat Mancunium*

IV.

THE CHURCH AMONG THE TALL CHIMNEYS.



OF all realities or idealities that imaginative men have personified, none has been sketched under so many different forms and figures as our Established Church. Here we see it in the shape of a tottering old lady, scarcely able to bear up 'under the weight of the superincumbent hour;' quack doctors are bustling around her, each assiduously recommending his peculiar nostrum; but she seems to be sinking gradually from mere exhaustion, and to be beyond the reach of Daffy's or any other elixir. Sometimes it appears in the shape of a corpulent figure crowned by a mitre, decorated with lawn sleeves, and clutching with asthmatic tenacity bags of gold and bundles of fines and leases. Sometimes it is represented as a dark, suspicious-looking confessor in a cowl, attenuated with fasting, extracting delicate secrets from the lips of tender young damsels, and imposing on them befitting penances. Sometimes it is

symbolised by one of the working clergy—lean and hungry—‘in tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows’—with a wife rich in a numerous progeny,—and a larder barely supplied. It assumes its various shapes, according to the positions from which men of sportive fancy please to view it, or it may be according to the mists and vapours of their own minds. How then shall we invest it with real consistency and a genuine form ?

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo ?

Perhaps there is none of our national institutions which has undergone a more complete change during the last century than our Church—a change not so much in its abstract constitution as in the character of the clergy and the general feeling of its members. At the commencement of the last century the religion of England was at a very low ebb ; the character of the clergy was anything but high, and their status in society no higher than their morals. We fear that the statements of Macaulay on this matter cannot be controverted. Indeed, fifty years ago many of the clergy, especially those in secluded districts, were without any question very uneducated. Some had been schoolmasters, some farmers, some tradesmen ; but having been found incompetent in their respective duties, by a singular facility of conversion, they were turned into parsons.

*Cum faber, incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum,
Maluit esse deum.*

We can call to mind several specimens of these ‘lights of other days ;’ not indeed in the brightness of

their shining, but about the time their farthing rush-lights were burning in the socket, and going out with a somewhat fœtid odour. Our memory, though stretching to the very horizon of childhood, vividly summons up the image of our parish minister some thirty years ago. A fine old portly farmer-like man he was, in a carrotty scratch wig of peculiar cut, a coat of black, fast fading into invisible green, drab inexpressibles, worsted stockings, and ponderous shoes. Agriculture was his hobby. 'A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn.' He prided himself far more on his pigs than his preaching; he was a readier judge of his calves than his catechism; he dreaded the potato-rot more than the Pope; he was more cautious against distemper in his cattle than dissent in his parish. He preached Tillotson abridged, and he cared not who knew it; he clipped and doctored Blair, and was not at all discomposed if he saw an old lady here and there in tortoise-shell spectacles following him assiduously from the printed book. One Sunday morning before the service began, we remember, he was warmly discussing with a brother farmer the comparative prices which they had obtained for their cheese at the fair on the previous day. To his great chagrin, his parishioner had beaten him by a few shillings in the hundred-weight. Through the service he went as usual, perhaps a trifle more reflective; his fifteen minutes' sermon he despatched in twelve. The congregation were moving pensively away, when the old gentleman leaned over the pulpit as if pregnant with important truth—big with the fate of markets and of

cheese—and beckoning the farmer, said in an audible whisper, and with a wink of triumph:—‘Ay but, John!—look here—mine were only blue-milks, John!—ha! ha! only blue-milks!’

The successors of this race of clergymen generally found great difficulty at the commencement of their parochial duties. From the easy, hand-in-glove, kindness of their predecessors, the tithes had been collected either very negligently or not at all. The Church property had sunk with the station of its possessors. It was so under our good-natured old friend. When he died, a gentleman of considerable acquirements and energy was appointed to the incumbency. He very properly commenced by looking to the suspended rights of the Church, and from 100*l.* a-year he raised the living to 600*l.* An obnoxious duty this, but an imperative one. We remember the substance of a speech delivered by an old farmer at one of the parish meetings which were held to settle the income of the new vicar. He agreed doubtless with his brother in trade and trouble described by Cowper:

Quoth one, ‘A rarer man than you
In pulpit none shall hear;
But yet, methinks, to tell you true,
You sell it plaguy dear.’

‘Sir,’ said he, addressing the reverend chairman, ‘we’re but a plain sort of folks here. I’m seventy years old come Martlemas, an sin’ I can mind, we’ve been content with a hundred-a-year parson; we don’t want nothing grand nor fine-like; we can do very well, sir—

no offence, sir—we can scrattle on vast farently* wi' a second-hand parson'—raising his voice and looking fully convinced of the fact—'a second-hand parson, sir.'

The class of second-hand parsons, we would fain hope, is now altogether defunct—to be ranked with Troy as 'having been,' or an extinct species of animals, one of which some peeping geologist has rooted up in a fossil state from the bowels of the earth. In Westmoreland, Cumberland, and some of the northern counties, however, clergymen may still be found in very primitive simplicity—*ut prisca gens mortalium*; not troubling themselves about book-learning, but rather inclining to the sentiment of the wise man, that 'in much study is a weariness of the flesh;' not dreaming of El Dorado speculations in cotton, or corn, or scrip—*omni soluti fœnore*; indifferent about patriotic schemes for the regeneration of their perishing country; spending their days in the quiet enjoyment of rural occupations, and in an easy association with their flocks, quadrupedal and bipedal. In the fastnesses of the Lake districts Arcadia still lingers. Popery is there spoken of as something that exists somewhere over the sea; dissent has never agitated those primeval valleys; those pine-clad crags have never echoed the thunders of the

* We have heard this word derived—whimsically, it may be, rather than well—from 'fair' and 'clean.' Mrs. Gaskell (*Mary Barton*) quotes the following line as showing the ancient use of the word—

'And hir hatir (attire) was well farand.'—ROBERT DE BRUNN.

Vatican or the moans of the methodist. No rural policeman has made love to the rustic daughters of those old-world homesteads; no riding postman has penetrated those frowning passes; the cattle browsing on those hill-sides have never been startled by the whistle and growl of the steam-engine; no monarchical George Hudson has bound those rocks and fells in his iron girdle. Look at those mountains of granite; with their time-honoured brows and weather-beaten faces, they mock the whole tribe of Brunel, and laugh to scorn even a provisional committee. Herodotus, in his second book—we cannot quote, never having liked that book—speaks of the Nile flowing in solitary grandeur, unexplored by the eye of man, for thousands of years. We can almost say the same of these sacred vales, except that some parchment-visaged Cockney tourist, with his Wellington boots, India-rubber straps, and silver-headed cane, now and then pokes his sacrilegious nose into their penetralia.

An energetic clerical friend of ours, about fifteen years ago, being on a tour through these districts, was requested to take the Sunday duty in one of those humble chapels that are scattered over the country.

‘Ye need na gang intil the pulpit,’ was the suggestion of the old clerk; ‘our minister bides i’ th’ desk for his sermon.’

Our friend did not see why he should not go into the pulpit; but perceiving that the old man was very anxious to carry his point, he consented to remain in the reading-desk. Nothing occurred during the prayers

worthy of remark. The rustic choir ceased, and our friend commenced his discourse. At first all went on as usual; but, as he warmed by degrees, he kept up an unceasing and increasing battery on the old Bible. Singularly enough with every thump, he was perplexed by a retaliatory rustle behind him—at first mysterious and subdued—then distinctly audible—then alarming; when, after an emphatic knock and a Hibernian stamp, lo! a sitting goose fluttered to the top of the pulpit, and emitted an angry maternal hiss within an inch of his ear, which effectually dissipated his fourthly, fifthly, and finally.

‘Lor’ a mercy! Lor’ a mercy!’ was the old clerk’s exclamation, when the service was over; ‘what a pelt-ing an’ a thumping ye do mak’; ye’ve riven th’ auld Bible i’ tow;* and ye’ve scaured th’ best auld sitting goose in M—dale parish!’

But we must leave the church among the mountains, to investigate the present condition of the Church among the tall Chimneys. And here let us pay our humble tribute of thanks to Mr. Horace Mann, for that judicious and well-arranged Report on *Religious Worship in England and Wales*, which he has lately issued. It has supplied us with information which has been long wanted; and that too with an accuracy of reasoning and an abundance of statistical tables which could only be the result of laborious calculation and patient research. It requires no ordinary powers of mind to invest, as Mr.

* In pieces—in two.

Mann has done, the dry figures of a Blue Book with the attractions of a work of fancy.*

The problem is one of considerable interest and importance : a population given, what is the proportion of sittings in the various places of public worship which is sufficient for the accommodation of all who can possibly attend ? In other words, if, in any particular district, all the inhabitants were to be present at their respective churches or chapels, who could by possibility attend, what per cent. of sittings would be enough for the accommodation of them all ? Mr. E. Baines assumes that 50 per cent. would suffice, even in towns, where the proportion must necessarily be higher than in thinly populated districts ; some have thought that it would require 75 per cent. ; Dr. Chalmers, taking the mean, surmised that $62\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would be the most accurate computation. Mr. Horace Mann, in his Report, has come to the conclusion, after a process of careful induction, that 58 per cent. is about the real proportion required. The population of England and Wales is 17,927,609 ; but from this aggregate he deducts, as unable to attend any place of public worship, 3,000,000 children, 1,000,000 invalids, 3,278,039 who are engaged in household duties, and a considerable number who are employed on public conveyances. ‘Not attempting,’ he proceeds, ‘any numerical estimate of various minor classes, and designedly not making any deduction on account of Sunday traders, or the criminal

* *Religious Worship in England and Wales.* By authority of the Registrar-General.—1854.

population—since the object is to show the amount of accommodation needed for those who are *able*, not merely for those who are *willing*, to attend—it seems to follow from the previous computations that about 7,500,000 persons will of necessity be absent whenever divine service is celebrated; and, consequently, that sittings in religious buildings cannot be required for *more* than 10,427,609, being rather more than 58 per cent. of the entire community.’

This may be laid down as the standard proportion whereby the spiritual provision or destitution of our land may be calculated. There are however other important elements that enter into the problem.

In order to be adequate to the wants of the community, the buildings which should contain these 10,398,013 sittings must be so located on the surface of the country as to bring the accommodation they afford within the reach of all by whom it is required. If many churches and chapels be clustered in a narrow compass, or if several thinly peopled parishes have each a church with more accommodation than is wanted, it will follow that in other portions of the country there must necessarily be some deficiency; unless the aggregate of sittings be raised above 10,398,013. So that what is wanted is, not merely such a number of sittings as shall equal the total number of persons capable of using them, but also such a distribution of these sittings as will render them available by all requiring them.*

Now, it appears from the Report that the aggregate of sittings in England and Wales almost reaches the 58 per cent. of the population. The total number in all the places of public worship is 10,212,563; the utmost number of

* *Religious Worship. etc.*

persons who can attend public worship at any one time has been computed at 10,398,013; so that taking the whole surface of the country, the deficiency of church and chapel room is only 185,450 sittings, or 1·03 per cent. If however we compare the rural with the urban districts, we find that the former contain 66 per cent. of sittings, the latter only 46. And if we take into account the large towns only, we discover that the number of inhabitants in each, and the amount of religious accommodation, are in an inverse ratio.

If we take the whole kingdom, we find that the Church accommodation exceeds that provided by all other religious denominations, in the proportion of 5,317,915 to 4,894,648 sittings. If however we confine ourselves to the populous districts, we discover that the excess of accommodation is on the side of the Non-conformist body.

When we examine the progress of Church building in populous places, we confess to a species of disappointment at the result of our investigation. Extraordinary efforts doubtless have been made by the well-wishers of the Established Church, but no less extraordinary has been the rapidity with which our town-populations have increased. Thus, if we compare the present spiritual provision of our manufacturing towns with that of the year 1801, we do not find that it has advanced at all in proportion to the population. Still, if we look back only over the last thirty years, the retrospect is agreeable, as exhibiting much religious energy and zeal, and affording lively encouragement for the future:—

Taken in the gross, (says the *Report*, that is, including all religious denominations,) our rate of progress during the last thirty years has not been altogether unsatisfactory. Previous to 1821, the population increased faster than accommodation for religious worship, so that while, from 1801 to 1821, the former had increased from 8,892,536 persons to 12,000,236 (or 34·9 per cent.), the latter, during the same interval, had only increased from 5,171,122 sittings to 6,094,486 (or 17·8 per cent.), and the proportion of sittings to population, which in 1801 was 58·1 per cent., had declined in 1821 to less than 51 per cent. But from 1821 to the present time the course of things has changed; the rate of increase of the population has continually declined, while that of religious accommodation has steadily advanced; so that while the number of the people has been raised from 12,000,236 to 17,927,609 (an increase of 49·4 per cent.), the number of sittings has been raised from 6,094,486 to 10,212,563 (or an increase of 67·6 per cent.), and the proportion of sittings to population, which in 1821 was 50·8 per cent., had risen in 1851 to 57 per cent.

Mr. Mann gives us, next, several Tables illustrating the comparative increase of population and Church accommodation in town and country.

It hence appears (the *Report* proceeds) that the towns have by no means had a share proportionate to their need, in the liberality which, during the last half century, has added 19,387 places of worship, and 5,041,440 sittings to the accommodation existing in 1801. For although the increase of provision in towns has been 174 per cent. in the 50 years, while the increase in the country parts has not exceeded 66 per cent.; yet such has been the more rapid increase of *population* in the former than in the latter (156 per cent. against 65 per cent.), that the accommodation in towns in proportion to the population is scarcely less deficient than it was in 1801—viz., 45 sittings to every 100 persons instead of 42; while the accommodation for the rest of England will still suffice for as many as 70 out of every 100 of the rural population.

Taking another area as the basis of our calculations, let us consider, for a moment, the increase of Church accommodation in the ancient diocese of Chester, which contained most of our manufacturing towns. On the institution of this bishopric, in 1541, there were 327 churches in the diocese, a number sufficient for its spiritual wants. From the year 1541 to 1828, only 186 new ones were erected, though, during that period, the population increased enormously. From 1828 the present Archbishop of Canterbury presided over the see of Chester for nearly twenty years, during which time 233 churches were built, about the average of a consecration a month.

That part of Lancashire which forms the new diocese of Manchester largely contributed to and participated in (as indeed its wants required) this extraordinary augmentation of its church accommodation. One hundred and ten of this increased number of consecrations took place within its boundaries, and the first Bishop of Manchester, in 1848, entered upon his important charge over more than a million and a quarter of inhabitants, with 300 churches, and nearly 500 clergy. During the last half century, the number of parochial clergy within the same limits has been augmented from 199 to 501; the churches from 170 to 326; and the sittings in the churches from 102,000 to above 286,000—the proportion of sittings for the operative classes being as 13 free seats to 19 appropriated or rented. During the last decade (1841 to 1851) the population of the diocese has increased $19\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the church accommodation $21\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.*

* *Appeal of the Manchester Diocesan Church Building Society*. 1854. [This was written in 1854. Dr. Lee, during his episcopate of seventeen years, has consecrated upwards of a hundred churches; with very few exceptions, new ones.—1866.]

The number of the clergy in the manufacturing districts having increased so rapidly, it follows, almost as a necessary consequence, that they are of a somewhat mixed order. To meet the wants of our multiplying population, cargoes of Irish clergymen have been unshipped at the port of Liverpool, on the one side, while, on the other, legions of recruits have invaded from the College of St. Bees. Waggish laymen designate the Irishmen 'Hittites,' and the St. Bees-men 'Hivites.' Oxford and Cambridge send their quota. Let us take a glance at the *beau idéal* of each class—not, remember, as a fair specimen of the species, but as exhibiting its peculiarities when fully developed.

The Irish curate is a clergyman *sui generis*, when seen in his perfect state. He may have been in a congenial element, as he was annihilating priests and converting papists, in the parish of Blarney, but transplanted on to English soil, he resembles a wild mountain-flower in a green-house, or an oak in a flower-pot. His ideas are on a scale much too large for our homely conceptions; his habits are too belligerent for the phlegmatic Saxon; his general tone of thought and feeling does not square with English notions of exactness and propriety. He thinks odd things, and he says odd things, and he does odd things, and if any one doubts their propriety, he lays his hand on his heart, and affirms that his conscience compels him so to act. Suppose him thrown by some dispensation into the ministry of a district somewhat populous, reasonably peaceable, and undistinguished by any prominent features. Suppose this to be, not at a period of papal aggression, but in quiet times.

Nobody knows whether county Wicklow or county Meath claims the honour of his Lucinian *début*, and nobody cares a great deal. Mark his appearance! Behold his black whiskers, straggling hair, unstrapped trousers, and rollicking gait. His linen is not always the cleanest. His waistcoat has lost one or two buttons, and has a greasy, corrugated air about it; but beneath that waistcoat, sir, uninviting as it looks, there is bounding the heart of a juvenile Hugh M'Neile. Maybe it has thumped off the buttons. He delights in preaching and lecturing and extemporising at all seasons, and in all places, and 'at the shortest possible notice.' He is a peripatetic sound—a *vox perambulans*—

O Patrick, shall I call thee man,
Or but a wandering voice? *

In a few months after his arrival, he announces from the pulpit that, on the next Sabbath evening, he will discuss the doctrine of purgatory. He inserts a paragraph to the same effect in the 'Church and State Independent.' Opposition is raised against him. Skirmishers are thrown out on both sides. Then follows a course of Lectures on the 'Errors of Rome.' Women prick up their ears, and welcome the controversy. Nobody loves a wrangle better than the women—especially a religious one. The poor, who had never before

* [This probably may be a new reading of Wordsworth's lines:

'O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?'—1866.]

attended a place of worship, flock to hear, for there is a game of abuse going on. Pious females ejaculate, in the fulness of their hearts, 'See how much good Mr. O'Blazeaway is doing!' A paper controversy follows between our hero and some Romish partisan, in which nothing suffers so much as the logic of Whately and the rules of Lindley Murray. Still our friend is hailed by the ladies as a Goliath on the side of truth. Can such volubility and whiskers do wrong? He is puffed out with congratulations and crumpets; he is deluged with tea and toadyism. The charm works apace; the tide of popularity is at the full; when, lo! after two or three young ladies have been preached into fits, some fat dowagers have been vociferated into convulsions, and a married female or two been shrieked into a 'misfortune,' the sensible portion of the people begin to ask, in the words of a wondering prelate, 'What is all this about?' By degrees a change comes over the spirit of this dream; the popularity of our champion begins to wane; some dare to fancy, with Fluellen, that 'he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is;' a few frantic damsels fight desperately in his behalf, but they are a forlorn hope. He is going—going—gone. And when, after a three years' racket in his curacy, he goes away to some other to challenge the Papists, either all together, or one go down and the other come on, he leaves behind a boiling lava-mass of hatred, and rancour, and venom, which is destined to scald his successor for the whole term of his sojourn.

The clergyman from St. Bees is a different character. The period of preparation for the ministry at this institution is two years; the actual residence each year is about eight months. The annual cost, including expenses educational and personal, need not be more than 50*l.* The members of St. Bees are men who, in the great majority of cases, have commenced life in some trade or profession, either as clerks, or apprentices, or principals. National schoolmasters and lay visitors go there in considerable numbers. From these antecedents it would not be difficult to sketch, *à priori*, the type of a St. Bees' graduate. He is often a very well-meaning, amiable sort of person; but, rising all at once from the counter or schoolmaster's desk to the pulpit, he runs the hazard of a dizzied brain. We do not expect from him a faultless accuracy of intonation and delicacy of taste. He has a strong tendency to preach his prayers and to pray his sermons. He is often loud in his aspirations—lax in his aspirates. He out-Herods Herod in the massacre of the h's. He loves the tea-tables of the substantial middle-class. There he is much at his ease; he is every inch a lion at feeding time—a very monster among muffins and maiden ladies. Peradventure, if very aspiring, he mounts a shovel hat, purchases a foreign degree for a five pound note, and adopts the Oxford hood. He publishes an unreadable sermon by request (of his wife?), and advertises that the profits (!) are to go to the expenses of his Sunday school. He receives legs of mutton and fitches of

bacon from aged ladies. He kisses the children of his congregation, and shakes hands with his Sunday scholars, all round. And though unluckily he has not a fair start with the Irishman in the race of popularity, being a husband of middle age, somewhat corpulent, and the father of four fine children, he is nevertheless pronounced by oracular wives and widows to be 'a powerful expounder,' 'a dear creature,' 'a charming man.'

The perfect type of an Oxford or a Cambridge man differs, *toto cælo*, from the two pictures we have drawn. His dress is precise in the extreme. His white neckerchief would not have disgraced Brummell the beau; and his silk waistcoat, wrapping round his throat, is irreproachable. He is reputed to fast twice in the week. He is pale, interesting, and cadaverous; and an object of respectful admiration with young ladies of a sentimental turn and a mediæval taste. He has reflected on the Church as an abstraction, much as he has studied the 'Republic' of Plato; and, after having modelled something very beautiful in his imagination, he brings it down with him to his parish. He has mixed little in general society. He has lived among books, and associated exclusively with his own clique of fellow-students; and, after dreaming on his Fellowship several years within the walls of a college, he enters upon his ministerial duties, knowing as much about the character of an English population as he does about the people of Timbuctoo. He finds everything miserably out of order in his church and district; and

regarding men's opinions and feelings as very trifles when weighed with his theory, he sets about changing the whole parochial system as there existing. He dresses his choristers in white; he intones the service; he preaches in his surplice; he indoctrinates his hearers with the true notion of a Church; he enlarges on the subject of œcumenical councils to hand-loom weavers. And thus he goes on, from week to week, intoning the prayers most unmusically, preaching up his abstract Church most unintelligibly, and recommending, most whimsically, fasts as a duty on those to whom they are too often a necessity. He is, suppose, in a manufacturing district, where love of music and hatred of Popery are almost innate. The people say he has little more music in him than a donkey, and no more doctrine than a Papist. Thus, he regards his people as so many Goths, and they regard him as but one remove from an idiot or a Romish priest. The breach widens; 'no surrender' is the motto of our hero of the Church Militant; and in a very short time he has to propound his abstruse theories of a Church to the verger, the choristers, and three old women to whom he distributes alms.

Let no one mistake our meaning. We merely introduce these sketches as the full-blown developments of the various systems. We believe that such personages as we have described are exceptional. Clergymen may here and there attract attention from their peculiarities, and from the very fact of their singularity may occupy a larger space than they deserve in the observation of

others; but we are firm in the conviction that the great body of them are sound and moderate in their views. And even where such specimens of the ministerial character are found, we have mostly observed that experience tends by degrees to smooth down their rough and excrescent surfaces. Pebbles shaken together in a bag lose their angularities, and assume a mutual similitude; and we are sanguine enough to believe that among rough-hewn clergymen the assimilating tendency is towards the mean of good taste and propriety.

If we desire to take an impartial view of our spiritual condition as a nation, and to devise the most suitable means for its improvement, one important element of inquiry is—How far do the people avail themselves of the religious accommodation that is really available? According to a rough estimate in the ‘Report,’ it is calculated that on the third Sunday in March, 1851, when the census was taken, there were in actual attendance at religious worship throughout the whole of England about the half of those who had an opportunity of attending. From a numerical comparison between the members of the Church, and those of all the remaining religious sections who attended public worship on that day, we find that the scales are very evenly balanced.

The Church of England had attending its three services more *persons* than all other bodies put together (3,773,474 against 3,487,558), but the number of *attendances* given by the 3,773,474 is actually less than the number given by the 3,487,558; the former having attended 5,292,551 times, while the latter attended 5,603,515 times.

From our own experience of the habits of the poor in manufacturing districts, we do not hesitate to say that but a very small proportion of the adults attend any church, chapel, or conventicle whatever. The grand problem, be assured, is after all—not so much, how many places of worship have we to build? but, how to get the operative classes to attend those that we have? New churches are undoubtedly required; and may they be completed forthwith; but beyond question the spiritual apathy of the people is our most gigantic antagonist. It would be extremely short-sighted to keep this out of consideration in the erection of fresh churches, and the formation of future ecclesiastical districts.

Many suggestions have been thrown out, and theories devised, for infusing vitality into this spiritual deadness; but, after much observation and some personal participation in the effort, we must confess that the problem remains yet unsolved. We respect the Hon. and Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne for his boldness in denouncing and zeal in reforming Church abuses; but we very much doubt whether his gig-bishops and plain preaching houses would stir up the stagnant hearts of our people.* Many attempts have been made to instil a love of religious worship into their minds, and many failures have been experienced. The experiment related by Dr. Chalmers in his *Christian and Economic Polity*, is not the only one of the kind; but we do not imagine that such trials have ever been attended with continued

* *Meliora*, Second Series. *Immortal Sewerage*, by the Hon. and Rev. Godolphin Osborne.

success. We would not, in writing thus, be supposed to preach despondency or to afford an apology for indifference ; but we wish the nature of the undertaking to be rightly estimated, that sanguine men may not experience unnecessary disappointment, and sincere men may not be blamed for failure. One well-meaning person has his theory and another his nostrum—neither of whom probably has ever set his foot in a poor man's cottage. His own particular torch has only to be applied to the mine, and the citadel of darkness and crime will be 'hurled on high,' and its ghostly defenders—

All that of living or dead remain
In one wild roar expire.

These however are the expectations of men who see visions and dream dreams. A nation's torpor cannot be dissipated by the pop-gun of a pamphlet ; a people's darkness cannot be illuminated by the lucifer-match of a speech ; this can no more be done than 'the sun can be turned into ice, by fanning in his face with a peacock's feather.'

What then do you recommend ? we may imagine some inquirer to retort. Our answer would be :—Do not indulge in extravagant expectations ; but, nevertheless, zealous in aiming at the attainment of your object ; many forces must be concentrated on the work. First, bring as powerful an external agency as you can against this citadel of mental inaction and moral slumber ; secondly, eliminate from this fortress as far as possible all those causes which conduce to engender spiritual apathy and resistance to religious influences.

Among external agencies we would recommend, first, a considerable increase in the clerical staff. The more extended the operations of an army, the weaker become its different positions. So, in the late enlargement of church accommodation, many points of occupation have been left in a state of comparative weakness. In order therefore to render our lines more compact, the cry now, according to our notion, should be for more clergymen. Nobly as the two Societies for providing additional curates have exerted themselves, a large increase of ministerial agency is still required. An energetic clergyman is inducted into a town incumbency, with a charge of some six or seven thousand souls. When fairly settled, how does he find his time occupied? He has his National and Infant schools to superintend; he has his Night schools also to direct, which occupy his time on certain evenings in the week; he has his Sunday schools to keep in order, the class-lists to revise, and the truant scholars to inquire after; he has to manage the financial department of all these, and with the trouble to assume much pecuniary responsibility; when the period of Confirmation comes round he has to prepare for the rite some two hundred young persons, in five or six separate classes; he has to preside over clothing societies, sick clubs, district visiting committees and teachers' meetings; he has to visit the wealthier portion of his congregation; he has ten or twenty sick persons on his list, upon whom he can hardly devote less than two or three hours every day, Sunday excepted; he has frequent applications from the poor, to transact for

them small matters of business and correspondence, which they are unable to manage for themselves; he has two sermons to prepare every week, besides occasional lectures; and when Sunday arrives, he has to pass through a day of mental anxiety and physical labour, such as laymen can hardly comprehend. All this is the parish duty alone—‘that which cometh upon him daily.’ Then he is engaged as a member of committees for general purposes—for the management of dispensaries, soup-kitchens, and institutions of that nature; he has to attend public meetings of the different religious societies, and perhaps to act as secretary for one out of the many. Added to these occupations, he has his own private affairs to regulate, his household to superintend, his literary taste to cultivate, and his biblical knowledge to advance. Now, with these calls upon his time it is next to an impossibility for him, single-handed and alone, to pursue a systematic course of visiting from house to house. He is, moreover, surrounded by a migratory population; he has great difficulty in meeting with the heads of families, from their daily employment in the mills, and in many whom he does find at home he sees everything to discourage. Youthful energy may endure this for a time, but, after awhile, either the zeal must cool or the strength must fail.

A larger force of clergymen than is our first demand. Next, let them be better paid. It is lamentable to reflect on the social position of many Church ministers in the manufacturing districts. Harassed by their daily impediments and toils, beset by importunities for

charitable objects of every kind, uncertain sometimes how to procure the necessaries of life, their lot, believe us, is often none of the most enviable. Compelled to make a decent appearance, and expected to associate with the higher ranks of society, they are invested with a sort of *splendida paupertas*, which, to our fancy, is less becoming than the blue barragon coat of the butcher, or the calico jacket of the green-grocer, or the smock-frock of the waggoner. In the zeal for church building which has shown itself during the last quarter of a century, however laudable the object, it has been too much the custom to raise the fabric, and then repose in the idea that the work was complete. A church is run up in one of the poorest districts, where there is scarcely a single resident above the rank of an operative; the legal endowment of 1000*l.* is procured; and the minister's income is to be made up of pew-rents! Far be it from us to exhibit even an appearance of ingratitude for the plans which have been adopted of late years for increasing the value of small livings; those measures have been an incalculable boon, in relieving many an unknown want, and assisting many a silent struggle, and wiping away many a secret tear. But most of our lately built churches, being under the patronage of trustees, have not been eligible to receive grants; and for several years past unfortunately the fund which was at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Commission has been exhausted. The income of many incumbents is still a very miserable pittance. Not forgetting the permanent aid rendered by the Commission to many poor livings, and

taking into account the incumbencies created under Sir R. Peel's admirable Act—the minimum value of which is 150*l.* a-year—we have reason to believe that of the three hundred churches which have been built during the last twenty-five years in the dioceses of Chester and Manchester, the average annual income of the incumbents is not more than 150*l.*, while that of the curates, where there are such, is about 90*l.* Reader, are you a father indulging in the pleasing dream that a fat living will one day fall to the lot of little Timothy, who is tumbling before you on the carpet? When the sturdy cub grows up, send him to the 'Diggings' with a pickaxe and a brace of revolvers; or to Canada to fight with bears and fraternise with Red Indians, to hug squaws and hew down stumps of trees; but do not allow him to enter the ministry of the Church, if you are looking for him to acquire wealth and greatness there as a necessary consequence. Timothy, no doubt, will prove a finer specimen of the species than most of his contemporaries; but thus much we know—that many a smart fellow has left Oxford with philosophy enough to wrap into a peripatetic academy, and Greek sufficient to bind into a quarto edition of Scapula, and has never received from the Church an average of 5 per cent. yearly on his educational outlay.*

* 'On another occasion, my father mentioned the following anecdote, which had been related to him by Mr. Child the banker, who desired to have a valet. One of these gentry presented himself, and inquired what wine Mr. Child allowed at the second table. "Port and sherry," replied Mr. Child. "I like a glass of Madeira, sir," returned the valet. "Why," said Mr.

But further—we would venture to recommend, not only a more numerous and better paid staff of clergymen, but a somewhat nicer care in the selection of them. There is a great advantage in the fact that the English clergy are taken from all classes; but there may be disadvantages also, if the infusion from any single grade be disproportionately large. The conditions of ordination seem to us to be somewhat too easy in the present day; they are certainly easier of fulfilment than those required for admission into ordinary trades and professions. Two years at St. Bees, with a moderate stock of information to begin with—a similar discipline at St. Aidan's, Birkenhead—two short visits in the year to Trinity, Dublin, extending over four years, the undergraduate the while following his occupation in England—the theological courses at King's College, London, at Durham at Queen's College, Birmingham, and at sundry Diocesan institutions, not to mention the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge,—these are for choice as the existing preliminaries to ordination; and few are too poor or too illiterate to fulfil them.*

Child, “there is a curate of the parish here cannot afford himself a glass of wine of any sort.” “Ah!” replied the valet, shrugging his shoulders, “I always pitied that sort of gentleman!”’
—*Memoirs of Dr. H. Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich*, p. 428.

* In these days of University reform would it not be possible to bring about such an arrangement as the following, in order to counteract the preponderance of Local Colleges? That a new degree of S.S.T., Scholar in Sacred Theology, be instituted in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—that students be allowed to proceed to such degree after a residence of two years—that

There may possibly be some good consequences resulting from this. There may be thus a closer union maintained between the Church and the middle class in the necessary examinations for it be the ordinary responsions, or moderations, and a final examination, similar to the Voluntary Theological at Cambridge. That the Scholar in Divinity be allowed to proceed to the degree of B.D. at the end of ten years from his being admitted a member of the University, upon his performing the usual exercises for that degree. That the Scholar in Divinity may at any future time proceed to the degree of B.A. after an additional residence and passing the usual examination. The expenses for a year (24 weeks) at Cambridge may be calculated as follows:—

Tutor (present pensioner's payment)	£10	0	0
College charges	8	0	0
Lodgings	12	0	0
Hall	12	12	0
Breakfast and Tea	5	0	0
Fire	4	0	0
Laundress	4	0	0
		£55 12 0		

[This article was written in 1854. We are aware that something has been done since that time in cheapening an Oxford course. But we still think that greater facilities might be granted to the poorer candidates for Holy orders, for passing through the curriculum of our ancient Universities; and we venture to believe, too, that a project of this kind has as strong a claim on our consideration as the institution of middle-class examinations, which are now so fashionable. We had scarcely finished the last sentence, when we saw that an influential meeting had just been held at Oxford, for the purpose of devising some plan whereby young men of limited means might pass through the curriculum of the University, and come out as graduates. We hail this movement as consistent with the spirit of the age. Why should Oxford remain unmoved, while the stream of progress is gliding by her ancient walls?—1866.]

manufacturing towns; but we have grave suspicions whether, on the whole, the evil does not outweigh the good. Many dangers are attendant on the exercise of ministerial functions by those who are but imperfectly conversant with the usages of good society. For example: a curate is hand-in-glove with a certain clique; he expounds to the old ladies, and with the young ones he carries on that species of semi-platonic flirtation which involves the mixed ideas of religion and roast-beef, mortification and mince-pies, carnal deadness and, creature comforts; he uses the ordinary arts of gaining popularity, and succeeds in his object. In process of time he comes into collision with his incumbent; and, after a series of criminations and recriminations, he receives notice to quit: a fierce contest agitates the congregation; one portion throw up their seats, abuse the incumbent, present the injured curate with a purse of gold and a teapot, and peradventure build him a church near the very spot which he has quitted. Now we are constrained to say that these turmoils, so injurious to the cause of practical religion, originate most frequently with clergymen who are but imperfectly acquainted with the usages and sentiments of refined society.

There is a species of reproach cast upon the clergy in the Cambridge proverb, that popular preachers are manufactured out of the 'Twelve Apostles.'* In this jest there is some truth, though it must be taken *cum grano salis*. But upon what principle does it contain

* The dozen at the bottom of the examination list—so hopelessly bad that no ingenuity can class them.

any truth? We apprehend that it may be thus accounted for. It not unfrequently happens that men of attenuated minds have very expansive pretensions. Now when such happen to be preachers, they often overlay the nothingness of their matter by the extravagance of their action; and, especially in the manufacturing districts, there is a singular attractiveness in what is wild, vehement, and grotesque.

‘My goodness!’ we once heard an old woman exclaim, speaking of a clerical ‘star,’—‘a gradely good talker he was; his words rattled about like hailstones, and the cushion-dust riz like a hurricane, and his arms twirled like a windmill.’

‘Well,’ we said, ‘did you profit by it all, Betty? Did you understand what he said?’

‘Ay, Lord love you!’ was the old lady’s humble reply—‘I’se ne’er presume—I’se ne’er oss.’*

Again, would it not be practicable to extend our lay agency more widely and systematically than it has yet been employed? The lay visitor from habit and manner is frequently better fitted to reach the masses than the

* [‘A verb in very common use among the people of this county, as everybody who lives in it must be well aware, is “to oss,” having the signification “to try, or to attempt.” Ray says of the word, “forte ab audeo, ausus;” but surely we have it much nearer, both in sound and in meaning, in the Welsh verb, “osi,” to offer to do, to attempt, which is exactly the signification of the Lancashire word.’ (The Rev. W. Gaskell, M. A.) May not the word have a derivative connection with the French *oser*?—1866.

clergyman; he is more homely in his conversation—more intelligible—and is regarded with less suspicion by the very careless among the poor; he has also his whole time to devote to parochial visiting. When we consider the enormous sums which are raised by our societies for foreign objects, and the ecclesiastical funds which may be made available for the extension of religious truths at home, it is not too much to hope that ere long we may have a more systematic and enlarged employment of lay visitors or catechists.

Passing from the living agency of the Church, glance for a moment at the material building of stone and mortar. We cannot but feel that out of the hundreds of Churches built in the manufacturing districts within the last thirty years, most of them seem to have been constructed with the view of deterring the poor from public worship. We have before alluded to the pitiful way in which our new churches are endowed. What are 32*l.* a-year for a clergyman surrounded by an indigent population? O, but there are the pew-rents also! And this cruel mode of reasoning and acting induces Christian men to occupy the best places in the church with letting pews, and to stick the free sittings into some unsightly pigeon-hole or invisible corner. These soon become filled with Sunday scholars; the pews are only half taken; the minister is half-starved; and the very objects for which the Church was built are in a great degree frustrated. Believe us, if you are to draw the poor to a place of worship, you must provide them with good, open, free sittings—not creaking boards

stuck in dingy stifling corners, where they can neither see nor hear. Take our advice then, ye into whose hearts a desire hath entered of erecting a House of God for your poorer brethren. Endow it after a reasonable and Christian-like manner. Let not the sting rankle in your conscience hereafter, of having been in any measure instrumental in placing among the poor a pauperized clergy, and committing them to the tender mercies of S. G. O.'s rag and cast-off clothes society. Allot a sufficient portion of sittings in a decent position for your Sunday scholars; and let the poor have for nothing, at least as good a place before Him who is no respecter of persons, as the rich have for their money.

The Act, passed some five-and-twenty years ago, vesting, on certain conditions, the patronage of livings in trustees, has been productive of many churches, but as a rule not of a kind well suited for a poor district. In a neighbourhood where wealthy families reside, and there is a deficiency of accommodation for public worship, the patronage of the Church may be properly placed in the hands of private parties. The pew-rents will always afford a sufficient income to the incumbent. But in poor districts the unendowed Trustee Churches are but State institutions for starving unfortunate parsons. Sometimes the trustees give the incumbent a sort of guarantee for a certain amount of stipend; but the effect is almost invariably degrading to him as a gentleman, and injurious to him as a moral teacher.

The patrons of such churches in our manufacturing

towns are men who for the most part are sincere in their desire to do good, but who are not always characterised by sensibility of feeling and delicacy of demeanour towards a clergyman. There is often also much caballing, and favouritism, and cliquery, in appointing to such churches; nor, with all the professions of the patrons, can we discover any remarkable judgment in their selections. We remember an instance where the trustees of a church, in a very wealthy and genteel neighbourhood, listened with patient magnanimity to upwards of a hundred trial sermons, and, after all, chose a pastor—a very good man, by the way—who had been a non-conformist, and who could not be heard. We should prefer to this system of election the scenes at Pidlington, and places with a like franchise, where cabs exhibited placards decorated with ‘Vote for Higgins and High Church,’ ‘Hurrah for Evans and Evangelical Truth,’ with ‘the state of the poll at 12 o’clock.’

Having considered some of the external agencies that the Church may direct against the moral apathy of the people, we may be allowed a few words on those internal causes that tend to produce it.

Never was there a truer expression than that of my Lord Palmerston,* that the present age is one of improvement, rather than reform; and we should seek in vain for one better qualified than he to carry out enlarged views of moral and social advancement, if he would

* [Then Home Secretary—one more, alas! whose loss we have had so lately to lament, 1866.]

really take an interest in such matters. In order to ascertain the social evils to be counteracted, consider for a moment the domestic economy of a poor man's cottage. Take a common sample of an operative's household. It consists of himself, his wife, and eight children, varying from six to twenty-five years of age; the earnings of the family amount to 2*l.* 10*s.* or 3*l.* a week. The house has only two bed-rooms, in one of which the husband and wife sleep, with some of the younger children; in the other the grown-up sons and daughters. It is but very poorly ventilated; the back-door is over-shadowed by dingy buildings, and the six-feet square yard is neither agreeable to the eye nor to the olfactory sense. On Saturday night the father gets drunk; the Sunday is spent by him in the beer-shop, or gin-shop, or hush-shop; the wife also 'likes her drop o' drink.' Some of the family spend their Sunday over a low novel, in which the murders are more delicately drawn than the love-scenes; others attend school on that day, and maintain an apparent respectability. Monday morning finds the household without a farthing, and with some of their Sunday clothes in the pawn-shop. Such is by no means an unusual routine of weekly life among the operative classes. 'There are four prevalent evils among us,' says George Cowell, the Preston delegate, in a late speech he made there, 'and would to God they were abolished! I mean "popping," "scotching" (dealing with packmen), drinking, and shopping (taking credit).'

Every institution that offers to the working man a

sound and ready investment for his money, must have a beneficial tendency. The Savings' Bank, the Co-operative Store, the Building Society, are all more or less within his reach. Saving is one of the first steps to self-respect among our operatives. The man whose earnings are large, and whose expenses from week to week anticipate them, is a self-indulgent, sottish fellow, who is careless about the respectability both of himself and his family; but only induce him to lay aside a certain sum periodically, and to deposit it in some place of investment where it will enlarge itself after a spontaneous manner while he is sleeping, and he begins to view himself, however unconsciously, as a person of increasing importance. He has now a stake in his country and an interest in his household. It has been said that a man who has a wife and family gives a hostage to society for his good behaviour: this may be in part true, though we have seen many in these presumed happy circumstances who have set but small account on their hostages. Suppose him, however, to have 50*l.* at interest and to be gradually adding to this sum, and you will seldom find him to be other than a peaceable and praiseworthy citizen. He is not found telling his audience at the lamp-post that 'the time is out of joint,' and that he is born to set and bind up the dislocated member; he is not incessantly engaged in tinkering that much-abused article, the British Constitution. He has begun to leave such moon-struck schemes to those who talk much and work little, and he has found that it is more profitable for him to attend to his own business.

Whatever, again, tends to improve the sanitary condition of a locality is most important to the working man who resides there. Great power is now vested in the hands of municipal bodies and local authorities for the furtherance of this desirable object; and it ought to be exercised firmly and vigilantly. Many a cellar, consisting of a single room, without any outlet behind—damp, dark, unventilated, uncheered by sunlight or fresh air, and more unhealthy than a gentleman's pigsty—is inhabited by a whole family of parents and children.* Such dust and dirt holes ought at once to be closed. Besides, in our large towns there is a vast number of small houses in dingy courts, built back to back, without any thorough ventilation, which are scarcely superior as habitations to the cellar. To what extent compulsory enactments for the building of convenient cottages would be consistent with our principles of political economy, we need not attempt accurately to define. That the unthrifty would indeed in any case huddle in numbers into rooms and buildings too confined for them, is more than likely. But beyond all doubt grave considerations of health and morals are bound up in this question of cottages for the poor. The death rate must necessarily be high where families are packed together like so many casks of Manx herrings;

* [Although the Manchester Corporation has been for some time gradually closing these cellar dwellings, there were in 1864, from the police returns, nearly 4,000 still in use there, occupied by upwards of 12,000 persons.—1866.]

and the missionary or moralist can make but small impression upon a class, where the early ideas of boys and girls, of young men and young women, are vitiated by their occupying the same sleeping apartment.

Then, surely, it is most essential to the well-being of the working classes that our Legislature should revise the laws that relate to the sale of intoxicating drinks. We profess neither teetotalism nor any other ism; we are simply advocates of moderation and morality; and we ask for no more than an impartial and a practical consideration of the subject. But can you reform a drunkard by law? We pretend to no such thing: we may however remove from him some of his temptations. To open out facilities more and more for the indulgence of a vice is surely not the rational way to diminish it. But can the law in any case make a man good? It may make him very bad, we reply. We do not hesitate to say, that the enactments in our Statute Book relating to dram-shops, beer-houses, gin-palaces, casinos, singing saloons, are most objectionable and irrational. We believe that half a century hence they will be looked back upon as we now regard those which sanctioned bull-baiting and other brutalities. The Act that authorised the beer-house was one for inoculating the nation with a moral plague: in country places, it is the receptacle for the most dreaded and troublesome characters, such as poachers, tramps, and thieves in a peaceable neighbourhood; in manufacturing towns it is nothing better than a resort for pickpockets and

a legalised brothel.* The Sunday evening music rooms, which the law seems to sanction, are a fitting preparation for these dens of iniquity. The doors of such places are open to all, and but little check or control appears to be exercised over them by the police. Then, surely, the gin-shop ought to be subjected to a stricter regulation and a closer supervision. That the inn should be open to the traveller during certain hours of the Sunday, we admit; but why allow the gin-palace for the greater part of the day to hold out its flaunting allurements, where the sot enters, not to sit down and refresh himself, but to drink and stand, often as long as he can do so? It is easy enough to write about the liberty of the subject in a leading article; but we should be well pleased to bring a contemplative editor from his study and place him at the door of a gin-shop on the Sunday in any of our manufacturing towns, and bid him watch the wretched creatures that pass in and out, unwashed, barely clad, the very lowest in the scale of human beings, and then ask him how much of this liberty is worth the conservation. The liberty of the subject! Why, you would remove from view a beggar exhibiting his sores; and will you permit these moral lepers to parade their loathsomeness around the door of a gin-palace on the Lord's day? The liberty of the subject! Why, what idiotcy to talk thus! You would bid the

* [In 1863 there were in Manchester 1826 beer-houses alone: consider the aggregate of crime that originates, and of evil that is committed, under their roofs in any one week!—1866.]

poor organ-grinder move on, who is guilty of no abstract moral wrong. You cannot take a step in life, in whatever direction it be, but you are taught, if you have an intellect to learn, how national morality and individual wellbeing are fenced around and secured by the law. Then some screaming member of the House of Commons shrieks out—‘ One law for the rich, another for the poor ! ’ Our answer is simply this— We will have the same law for the rich man and the poor man : we point out certain evils which in some degree are capable of being mitigated : if you can point out similar evils elsewhere, even if they be in the most aristocratic club-house in the metropolis, let the same regulation be applied to the one case as to the other.

How is it then, it may be asked, that nothing is done to remedy these evils—evils patent to all who have eyes to see—evils admitted by our very parliamentary committees? The reasons are twofold. First, the grasp of the drink-selling interest is too strong and tenacious to permit any of its privileges to be sacrificed ; it is too influential at election-times. When Colonel Wilson Patten succeeded in passing a Bill through Parliament for shortening the hours during which the gin-palaces and such like places might be open on the Sunday, that Act—and never was deeper disgrace entailed on our legislators and legislation itself—was rescinded during the same session, from the pressure of that powerful body which is interested in the sale of intoxicating liquors. It is not however that all

keepers of spirit vaults wish their houses to be open on Sunday: we have spoken with several who would gladly close them on that day; but they cannot, because there is no general law to compel all to do so. Secondly, among those of the public who desire a reform, there is no unity of purpose. Some are wild teetotallers—temperate in drink, intemperate in words; some are members of the United Kingdom Alliance, advocating projects utterly unattainable, and irrational if they could be attained; some are Sabbatarians, carrying their views to an unwise and impracticable extreme; some shout after one visionary measure, others after another; and so nothing is done—*e nihilo nihil fit*. But is it not possible to raise some platform of action on which all moderate and moral men might take their stand? We advocate no Utopian schemes; we would not aim at too high a mark at first; we would seek to restrain gradually the evils which now are acquiring more and more license; we recommend simply the attempt which is feasible. Oh that we had some earnest, sensible man, who had a belief in the efficacy of moral legislation and a love for God's truth, to take up the question! What a monument—*ære perennius*—might he leave behind him—not of words, words, words, but of real, genuine, practical service to his country and countrymen! Surely the House of Commons could supply many such energetic, eloquent, moderate members, who might take up in a practical spirit those subjects which concern the temptations as well as the recreations and amusements of our people.

No doubt it is more popular to agitate the question of a reformed franchise and a manhood suffrage, or to stand up for British interests at the Antipodes, than to talk about the control of a beer-shop or restrictions on a gin-palace. No doubt the revenue might suffer somewhat from a reform of these matters; but if ever philanthropist did service to his fellow-men, he assuredly might do so, who took up this question like a man who had faith in the right, and who pursued his object with a manly determination combined with sound judgment and practical common sense.

And while legislative bodies are devising plans, let not individuals forget their duty as men, and brothers, and Christians. 'The fault of the clergy!' 'Where are the clergy?' How glibly do such expressions come from the lips even of men who, by precept and example, are undoing all that the clergy are attempting to do! There is not a grovelling penny-a-liner who cannot, after rising in the morning with a drunken headache, inquire, on any exhibition of popular ignorance, 'Where are the clergy?' There is not a mob-mouther, as he mounts his tub after thrashing his wife and starving his children, who cannot ask, 'What is the use of the clergy?' There is not a graceless upstart member of 'the House' who cannot, after leaving his heartlessfrivolities, exclaim with well-feigned astonishment on any appropriate occasion, 'What are the clergy doing?' There is not a lazy, negligent manufacturer who cannot, after refusing his five-shilling piece to the national school, wonder in the midst of a tumult, 'What have the clergy been about?'

The clergy have not done everything, it is true; but they have done much. Would you more? Would you put down 'strikes,' and animosity between employers and employed? Would you enlighten the ignorant mind and soften the stubborn heart? Would you instil loyalty into disaffected feelings? Would you sanctify the hearth of the poor by contentment, industry, and virtue? Then join with the clergy; in your individual capacities, strive to do good; so walk that you may be an example to those beneath you; endeavour, by the word spoken in season, to reclaim the erring; and, be assured, in your respective spheres, you will have more influence for good than the clergy can possibly exert. The Roman emperor could boast that he found his city brick, and left it marble. May God grant, that it may not be the eternal reproach of our age, that we found England's greatness apparently

Firm as the marble, grounded as the rock,

and that we left it shifting as the sandhill, passing as a cloud!

V.

A TREATISE ON HUMBUG.



HUMBUG! The word rings oddly, we admit; separate the syllables, and it is pleasant neither in sound nor savour: and yet we have a weakness for the phrase. ‘Phrase call you it?’ asks the red-faced corporal. ‘By this good day I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command.’ Is it not the monarch of the vocabulary for expressive meaning? Is it not the symbol of an enormous reality, a great fact in life? *Unde derivatur?* Whence is it derived? Can its genealogical descent be traced from that refuge for philological destitutes, the Anglo-Saxon; or is it the coinage of some modern mint? The word, we maintain, is of good lineage. We have an opaque recollection that its parent *οὐμβύγιον* is to be found in one of the choruses of Aristophanes; but we have not time to search it out. Only listen to *Notes and Queries*. We are there told, on the authority of Miller’s *Fly Leaves*, that it is a corruption of the word Hamburg. ‘During a period when war prevailed on

the Continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburg, that at length, when any one would signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say, "You had that from Hamburg;" and thus, "That is Hamburg," or Humbug, became an expression of incredulity.* Now who Mr Miller is, we do not know; but if we had him here, we would steep his *Fly Leaves* in vinegar, and stuff them down his throat, for reducing so valuable a word to such an ignoble origin: we would do so even if he were the immortal Joe himself. In the teeth of the *Notes and Queries*, we have a firm belief that the word has a good pedigree; we are confident that a term so expressive must have a gentlemanlike extraction.

Surely a royal ancestry it owns,
And mourns the loss of palaces and thrones.†

Its paternity may be lost in remote antiquity; but we deny roundly that it is to be ranked with those phrases of modern invention, which are the fungi of fustian and cotton twist—of cog wheels and train oil—and which came in with billy rollers and spinning jennies.

It was Mr. Ferrand, late M.P. for Knaresborough, who enunciated the universal proposition, that 'the world was one mighty humbug.' This is a bold assertion—daring and dashing as one of Lord Cardigan's charges, and spoken like a crafty Yorkshireman. Many no doubt will 'dispute his major;' but come now, kind reader, in private confidence between you and us, is

* Vol. VII. p. 631.

† Hor., B. II., *Ode* iv., 15.

there not a mighty deal of humbug in the world, notwithstanding? It penetrates and permeates everywhere, like the air we breathe. If nature abhors a vacuum, this subtle essence is ready to occupy any vacuity. It is all pervading. 'Love,' says Sir Walter Scott, somewhere—

Love tunes in peace the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green :
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove.

We have a strong conviction that Sir Walter meant humbug.

Some philosophers take a delight in tracing the natural history of a moral sentiment. Is there no gentleman of analytic mind to investigate the natural history of the idea expressed by this word. Humbug, we believe, is the offspring of civilization and refinement. 'We are all hypocrites,' it was often said by the late Charles Kemble, 'and the highest art is the greatest hypocrisy.' Humbug is scarcely compatible with a rude and primitive state of society. We should not have found it among the ancient Britons as they roamed barelegged through their native forests, and munched their acorns in company with wild boars. We should not discover it in the New Zealander as he knocks down his foe, scalps him, and dines off his choice parts without ceremony. Nor shall we meet with it when men are really in earnest, even in a civilized age. There was no humbug about Nelson, as he hoisted his last signal, and

laid the Victory alongside the Redoubtable. There was no humbug in 'the Duke,' as he led his forces through many a hard-fought campaign. Would that the old man were yet alive! There have been scenes of late near Sebastopol, in which this material was but a trifling ingredient.* 'I hope, Englishmen, you will fight well to-day,' said the Marshal St. Arnaud, as he rode along our lines with Lord Raglan before the battle of Alma. 'Hope!' came the ready response from the ranks—'and sure 'General, you know we will!' 'Hurrah, lads!' a voice was heard to ring out amidst the din of perhaps the hardest Crimean conflict; 'hurrah, lads, we must win yet anyhow; or what will the lasses in England say of us?' † 'We think it very hard, sir, that having had all the work we should have none of the sport!' was the remonstrance of the crew of the *Agamemnon* to Admiral Lyons, when a rumour had reached them that they were not to go into action. ‡ In such expressions there is no *persiflage*. There is no humbug in a Highlander's charge; there is no humbug in a Lancaster gun or a Minié rifle. No; humbug, in its highest development, is the child of luxury. It is mostly of aristocratic, or cottonocratic, or some such other ocratic origin: it is cradled on a couch of down, and dandled by lady nurses; its christening dinner is abundant in turtle, venison, and champagne; it grows up under gilded ceilings; it walks in trim gardens and in gay attire; it uses 'holiday and lady

* [Written in 1855.—1866.]

† Related by Lord Palmerston on moving the Army Estimates.

‡ Speech of Mr. Layard, *Times*, Dec. 16, 1854.

terms' when it begins to articulate; it is sent in time to some genteel educational establishment; it peradventure goes through Oxford or Cambridge; and if represented by one of the male species, most probably develops in the end into a man of high professional standing, or a member of Parliament, or a peer of this realm.

But we have a philosophic subject in hand; and we must needs treat it after a scholastic fashion. Let us then, according to the Aristotelic mode, look out for our definition. Humbug may be laid down to be 'a species of deceit, giving pleasure.' 'Humberging!' said a barrister on the northern circuit, who was a plain likeness of a bull-dog, to a female witness, 'and pray, ma'am, what do you mean by your "humberging?"' 'Why, sir,' was the reply, 'if I was to say that you are a handsome man, I should be humberging you.' If, that is, she had insinuated into his private ear that he was a good-looking specimen of humanity, it would have been a species of deceit, giving pleasure. And adopting the Stagyrte's theory of moral sentiments, let us assume that there are three species of humbug—two extremes and a mean—namely, humbug that is useful, humbug that is harmless, and humbug that is hurtful.*

1. First, then, there is a kind of humbug that is

* We need not inform the scholastic reader that, according to Aristotle's system of morals, each particular virtue is a mean between two vices: ἡ μὲν ὑπερβολὴ ἀμαρτάνεται, καὶ ἡ ἔλλειψις ψέγεται· τὸ δὲ μέσον ἐπαινέεται καὶ κατορθοῦται· μεσότης τις ἄρα ἐστὶν ἡ ἀρέτη, στοχαστικὴ οὕσα τοῦ μέσου.

useful. Are you startled at this assertion? It is true, nevertheless. Just step into Exeter Hall, and see what is going on there. It is the month of May, and there is a crowded meeting within the walls in aid of one of our Home Missions. Listen: The Rev. Mealy Mincetext is on his legs, and addressing that large assembly. He is detailing his parochial experiences, as the Vicar of Hardansharpham. At this particular juncture he is giving an account of the manner in which he induced a widow and six children to attend his church. He describes the widow as having seen better days, and the children as pretty little dears, but left somewhat in a state of nature. He goes into detail so far as to particularise a patch on one of the boys' breeches. He recites the dialogue between himself and the widow *in extenso*, emphasizing his strong points; till at length, when he reaches his climax, and one of the little girls exclaims, 'Mammy, let us go to church,' white handkerchiefs and delicate bosoms begin to flutter, and subdued sobs are audible throughout the assembly. Now the Rev. Mealy Mincetext is a good man and a faithful pastor; but we think he might bring up with him, some two hundred miles from Hardansharpham, certain parochial statistics more of a measure with the human intellect. To us his matter and manner are equally humbug; but Mealy is acquainted with his audience, and the effect of a claptrap; he knows very well that he will get more money for the cause, and cheering for himself, by sending round the widow and her six children with their begging boxes, than if he

had appealed to the highest motives that can influence our nature.

Another day we enter the same building, and we find that the proceedings of a great Missionary meeting are going on. Do not suppose that we agree in the saying of the celebrated Mr. Anthony Weller, that 'the little niggers are little humbugs.' We entertain no such sentiment; we are zealous advocates of both Home and Foreign Missions, and if need be we can tolerate a little plausibility in the mode of urging their claims. But be still. A gentleman with an Irish accent is speaking. He has just returned from Hooluchoo. A capital fellow he is—'a broth of a boy'—brisk as a bee when he pleases, and sedate as one of his Hindoo crosslegged idols, when it is convenient. He has the ladies laughing, and he has them crying, and he has them both at once. And yet if you analyse what the Rev. Denis O'Flaherty is saying, you will find that it is little better than moonshine. It is some trivial dialogue between himself and an old woman who had the reputation of a witch at Hooluchoo. We sometimes think that these gentlemen who carry about with them 'the interesting information,' might as well leave it behind them; but in the main doubtless they are right; they administer a gentle dose of humbug, and it serves as a cathartic to the pockets of the people.

Is there never, again, any little charlatanry among our popular preachers? Is it all sterling talent that attracts? or is there sometimes an admixture, a trifling admixture, of that grosser material of which we are treating? Is

there nothing in the shape of affectation ; no promulgation of strong opinions for effect ; no assumption of peculiar sanctity for the very atmosphere of the building where the orator is delectating his audience, as though

The airs of Paradise did fan the place ?

Well, never mind ; all's well that ends well ; his little peculiarities, from whatever motive they spring, do good ; they bring those to public worship who might otherwise have stayed at home balancing their accounts or nursing the children ; and will not each paterfamilias, after attending his church, eat his Sunday's dinner 'a wiser and a better man ?'

And do we not sometimes hear of eminent men having to pass through a kind of catechetical ordeal, in which, with a sort of dubious sincerity, they have to return the answer, *Nolo episcopari* ? This reply might seem at first sight to have a mild flavour of humbug about it ; but then it is all for good. A plain reverend becomes a right reverend, a commoner is elevated to the rank of a spiritual peer ; in short, an excellent man, no doubt, is made a bishop ; and as for the willingness or unwillingness,—why, is not *nolo* all the same as *volo*, just as you exercise the privilege of a slight mental reservation, and use the word in a non-natural sense ?

Then, what are we to think of those numberless associations that spring up like mushrooms on every side ? We have secular education schemes, and religious education schemes ; we have societies formed for the

education of the people after every conceivable fashion; we have institutions for the advancement of sanitary reform; we have projects for free libraries, and for travelling libraries—for diffusing knowledge in mechanics' institutes, and on cart-wheels; we have plans for the establishment of model lodging-houses; we have here a company formed for the supply of patent muffins and crumpets at reduced prices, there another for wet-nursing infants after an improved manner, and a third for supplying Epsom salts and castor-oil at a nominal charge; we hear of one association for sending out nurses to the East, and we expect to hear soon of a second for the establishment of Lying-in Hospitals among the Hottentots, and a third for deodorising the skins of the blacks. Now, all these schemes are very good; their objects are capital, and the effects they produce often not amiss. But are the promoters never actuated by any other motive than the single one put forward? Oh, fie for shame, sir, to whisper such a question! Well—say what you will—we have a lurking suspicion that some of those gentlemen who, in technical phrase, are so much 'before the public,' have pleasing visions of place and power in the background. Look at that clergyman, who is apparently so much in earnest; and if you examine him narrowly, you will have reason to suppose that there is a bishopric, or a deanery, or a canonry, reflected on the retina of his glistening eye. When pamphlets full of benevolent projects begin to fall upon us, thick as the leaves in that much-quoted valley, do not profane men ask with a

chuckle, 'What high clerical dignitary is *in extremis*?' That layman, again, who is so anxious to carry out his project for the diffusion of universal brotherhood, may achieve 500*l.* a-year as secretary to the association. Some men rejoice to promulgate their theories in the public press; others to see their names on placards in capital letters, three inches long; F.R.S.es deliver lectures; and very reverends are advertised to 'address the meeting.' One gentleman of original genius has written four pamphlets, in which he has solved many abstruse problems by a string of interminable statistics, and travelled to Massachusetts and back for proofs and illustrations. Well, success to your projects, say we; and while you are lending a helping hand to the poor around you, we do not begrudge you a lift for yourselves.

2. But we believe the *harmless* humbug to be spread over a much wider surface in the economy of daily life, even than the useful commodity. Where can we turn without meeting with it? It is needful to our very existence; it greases, as it were, the wheels of society, and makes every axle, and lever, and cog-wheel, work as smoothly as a well-oiled piston rod. Step into this court of justice. What do you see? A grave-looking gentleman in robes, before whom are some twenty outlandish creatures in wigs. Well, is there aught wrong in that? Not in the least: if the wisdom lies in the wig, let them wear their head-dresses for ever; only it seems to us a very innocent species of humbug. Then, let us listen to the speaker: how he

repeats the expression, 'my learned friend!' Now, it is very well known that the person of whom he speaks is a great blockhead, and that, so far from being friends, the two have much the same feeling towards each other as they would have towards Miss Dinah's 'cold pison.' But so far from blaming, we highly commend Mr. Serjeant Bloater for his smooth words. Then, how he smiles upon the jury! How he addresses them as men of high character and clear judgment, all the while believing them to be so many noodles! And why not, pray? If every man told his neighbour what he really thought of him, the world would soon be the arena of a pretty general conflict, equalled only by that of the Kilkenny cats.

But let us enter a still more august assembly—that which is said to embody the collective wisdom of the nation. Mr. Punch, forsooth, has said that to 'take the sense of the house,' was to take the smallest homœopathic dose ever prescribed; but Mr. Punch is an ill-natured humpback, and nobody believes him. Surely, though, there is no humbug among men who constitute the great Legislative Council of the nation? Surely our fellow-subjects who are chosen from the common herd of mankind to make laws for the three kingdoms, must stand out conspicuously from the mass, by their exalted talents and straightforward bearing?

Let us then begin with the beginning. Let us see how members of Parliament are manufactured. Let us pay a visit to the ancient borough of Fudlycumpipes. It is election time, and several candidates are in the

field. The two principal aspirants are Ebenezer Gingerton, Esq., of Gingerton House, and Sir Grumbleton Growler, of Oxenholme Manor. Gingerton was baptized Ebenezer against his will; it is traditionally reported that he kicked on the occasion; he has no respect for the memory of his godfathers and godmothers; but his father, who was a handloom weaver to begin with, and a class leader among the Methodists, delighted in the name. Old Gingerton, however, got on in the world, and died leaving behind him several thousands a year in bricks and mortar and machinery. Young Gingerton aspires to represent the borough of Fudlycumpipes in the Liberal interest. Sir Grumbleton Growler is an agriculturist of ancient family, who, on true Tory principles, regards all change as but a step nearer to the brink of destruction. He resides within a short distance from Fudlycumpipes, and from his great influence there he is pretty sure of being returned. Gingerton, who is not quite so safe, makes desperate play. He coaxes the ladies, like a knowing fellow; he promises the wives of the ten-pound householders that he will bring in a bill whereby their husbands may have plenty to eat and drink, and little to do, their pretty daughters may get smart husbands, and their children may have brandy balls, Ormskirk gingerbread, and Everton toffy for nothing; he buys up, by his agents, all the old freemen that are purchaseable at 5*l.* a-head; he harangues at meetings over pots of beer, and on the hustings, about purity of election, vote by ballot, free trade, liberal measures, Englishmen's birth-

right, universal brotherhood of nations, and halcyon days of peace without end; he speaks of the operative as England's stay and England's glory—*grande decus columenque rerum*; he is 'free to confess' that some of his projects for the good of the poor are encompassed with difficulties—nay, seem to interfere with the laws of Providence and political economy, but his love for his fellow creatures expands beyond ordinary limits; he then dashes out into statistics, quotes from the Reports of Gaol Chaplains and the Returns of Poor-law Unions, ransacks the books of the Registrar-General, and draws certain conclusions on the average duration of human life; he next rushes away to central Africa for illustrative topics, and at length finds himself in the moon—in all of which excursions he trusts that he is 'germane to the matter in hand;' he has a pleasant smile for the facetious parts of his address, and a fine cambric handkerchief for the affecting; and after practising every species of chicanery, deceit, and humbug, Ebenezer Gingerton, Esq., of Gingerton House, is returned, together with Sir Grumbleton Growler, of Oxenholme Manor, as a representative of the ancient, loyal and incorruptible borough of Fudlycum-pipes.

And now listen to Gingerton in the House of Commons. He possesses all that modest assurance which, notwithstanding the Demosthenic dictum, is the first, second, and third constituent of popular oratory; and, on the whole, he speaks respectably as times go. As chairman he is bringing up the report of a committee

on an election petition. The member petitioned against has been unseated on the ground of treating and bribery. Hear Gingerton, how he enlarges on the demoralization of a constituency by such unconstitutional and disgraceful practices, and on the necessity of repressing them by the strong hand of the law! Listen to the responsive cheers of the House, as though every 'hear, hear,' came from a heart as guileless as an infant's, while probably the pockets of nine-tenths of the assembly would utter but a hollow wail on the question if they could speak. We remember, a few sessions ago, Mr. Reynolds, M.P. for Dublin, pronounced something or somebody to be a humbug, when a member rose hastily and appealed to the Speaker whether he had not used 'an unparliamentary phrase.'* Was it on the principle that the nearer the truth the more unbecoming the expression? A rough, unmannerly fellow, about two hundred years ago, pronounced the gold mace you see there on the table to be the emblem of humbug. But come along, for we catch a distant glance of the Serjeant-at-Arms, who is looking undeniably ugly and suspicious.

May we venture to slip into the more august assembly of our hereditary legislators hard by? How decorous

* 'He (Mr. Reynolds) stood there to impeach what, without meaning any personal offence to anyone, he must term an annual humbug' (laughter).

'Mr. Stamford rose to order: The honourable member for Dublin had used an unparliamentary phrase' (laughter).—*Morning Chronicle*, June 22, 1850.

are the whole proceedings in this magnificent hall ! No humbug here, you say. Well, there is probably a little of the innocent species, notwithstanding. You remember those malicious lines—

And here and there some stern old patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

We have a firm conviction that this species of the patriot is extinct, if he was not from the beginning purely an imaginary character; at least, you cannot detect him here this evening. So far really as we can perceive, these Peers of England are only very ordinary-looking mortals after all; they are no doubt the porcelain clay of humanity, so far as their parents had to do with the moulding and pottery; but positively many of them, in their external arrangements, might have been got up at a small expense in Monmouth Street. See, one ancient Peer rises with a bundle of papers in his hand. It is Lord Fumblebudget. He has spent more than a quarter of a century in the service of his sovereign, though we doubt whether he is now in office. He is said to be a man of great capacity and profound thought; but you will have to find that out for yourself. It is no easy matter to make out the purport of his speech; he fumbles with his papers; he corrects and recorrects his expressions; for one step forward in his address, he often seems to be driven two back, like a vessel beating against adverse winds; and it would require a professional reporter to disentangle his elocutionary knots. You cannot say, at all events, that there

is any humbug about my Lord Fumblebudget. Well, the humbug that attaches to him is certainly of a very innocent character. If he is really no longer one of Her Majesty's ministers, we strongly suspect that, in his amiable retirement, he is 'the right man in the right place.' Would that our public offices were as satisfactorily filled! Among the thousand and one placemen in our land, there may perhaps be found here and there a worse style of humbug than that of my Lord Fumblebudget.

But let us leave the Peers of this realm, spiritual and temporal, to their deliberations; let us descend to the more commonplace aspects of life. My lords have to make laws; ordinary mortals have to make a living. And what clever schemes will men devise for the laudable object of getting on in the world! 'It is quite impossible,' we heard a large tradesman say not long ago, 'it is quite impossible to get on now-a-days by plain dealing.' 'Without, that is,' we added, 'a dash of humbug.' 'Precisely so,' was the reply. To be sure of this, you have only to cast your eye over the advertisements in any leading journal; and you may depend upon it, that the columns which contain them are the mirrors of domestic life. The parliamentary reports reflect the sense or the nonsense of certain long-winded chatterers, but give us the advertisements for reflecting the indoor life of our country. Who, as he reads them, is not amazed at the inventive faculties of our people, and impressed with admiration at the benevolent objects towards which their skill is directed! Mrs. Johnson

comes forward with her 'Soothing Syrup, a real blessing to wives and mothers;' the 'Reversible Paletot' and the 'Magic Razor Strop' are intended to administer to your comfort. Are you bilious? Send at once for a box of Mr. Cockle's pills, which are so extensively patronized. Are you suffering from toothache? Be thankful for 'Tomkins's Succedaneum.' 'Parr's Life Pills' are within the reach of those who wish to live for ever; the 'Revalenta Arabica' is warranted to cure dyspepsia and to strengthen delicate digestions. Have you a weakness for luxuriant whiskers? Miss Emily Dean steps forward with her 'Crinalene.' Is your hair of a grey, or a sandy, or a fiery, or an indescribable hue? You have only to purchase a bottle of the 'Liquid Hair Dye.' Do we not read also of female professors who make a living by enamelling ladies' faces? Do you want a wife? Go to the 'Matrimonial Alliance Institution.' For the never-failing success of these specifics we certainly cannot make ourselves responsible; but if there is something of humbug about them, it is of that kind which may possibly do some good, and cannot do any great harm.

Our national amusements, again, are most of them innocent enough; but looking at them philosophically—and this is a philosophical treatise—they involve a considerable mixture of humbug. Reduce them to their abstract proportions, and they seem at the best but specimens of 'admirable fooling.' Our national sport of hunting—what is it? Some fifty human beings are galloping after some fifty dogs, and both are in

pursuit of a creature, the highest property of which is that its tail may be turned into a dusting brush. But it is a healthy amusement, you cannot deny. 'Well, they may call this a health-giving pursuit, if they like,' exclaims the man who is up to the middle in a brook, and emptying the water out of his hat; 'but give me roach-fishing in a punt.'* How can you regard angling but as a simpleton watching a float or an artificial fly? When Dr. Johnson described it as a rod and line with a fool at one end and a worm at the other, we admit that the surly fellow was a trifle too severe. What is cricket but twenty-two full grown men in flannel-jackets, banging a lump of leather with a piece of wood? Then as to boating—we have had the rashness ourselves to pull No. 4 in an Oxford racing boat in our hot-blooded youth, when William the Fourth was king; but that a rational being should read the 'Nicomachean Ethics' in the morning, and in the evening run the risk of breaking a blood-vessel, by merely endeavouring to shove a piece of wood in the shape of a boat before another piece of hollow timber, has been a marvel to us from that day to this. Dancing, again—'Now sir, not a word against dancing, if you please,' we hear a young lady exclaiming. Well, if ever there was a ridiculous operation for a creature with an intellect above that of a monkey it is the process of twisting round the body, and poking out the legs, and sprawling out the feet, to the squeaking of some vile instrument. What is the motive? *Cui bono?*

* See *Punch's Almanack*, 1855, December.

The Dancing Dervishes and the American Shakers have a religious object in their whirling motions, and we can understand what they mean. But for grown up men and women, in the nineteenth century, to spend their time till daybreak in shaking down their garters to the tune of a fiddle, seems to us the most inexplicable humbug that the wildest imagination can devise or conceive. Watch them through an aperture, and stop your ears to the music, and can you keep from laughing ?

Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici? *

Among our national professions we should select the medical gentleman as a fair illustration of the innocent species of humbug. Your lawyer is little better than a savage; he has to do cruel things, and he goes through his work with the insensibility of a cannibal; he is one of the ‘anthropophagi that do men eat.’ But your doctor is a gentle spirit: he walks delicately. With what sensibility of touch and courtesy of manner does he lay his finger on the pulse of that sickly lady! How sagacious he looks all the while! ‘Who ever really was as wise as he looks?’ it may be asked of him, as it was of Lord Thurlow; and yet we will be bold to assert that he understands as much about that lady’s complaint as he does about the digestive organs of the man in the moon.

But passing from professions to persons, we are bewildered with the various shapes and aspects in which this Proteus appears. We find it everywhere; turn where

* Hor., *Ars Poet.* line 5.

we may we meet it ; we have a firm belief that the *bonâ fide* traveller, if ever he can be discovered, will only prove a humbug. Look at those two tall men swinging behind that carriage, with their powdered heads and precise calves. They are doubtless got up at great expense, and with much care ; but what are all their trimmings and calf-stuffings but instances of harmless humbug ? Then observe that elegant young lady who is stepping out of the carriage. You are not surely going to charge so fawnlike a creature with practising any deception ? Come, then, let us strip her—so far, that is, as is proper for scientific investigation. Well, did you ever ? Mark to what miserable proportions she is reduced. Alas ! when disrobed of what the poet calls

These troublesome disguises which we wear,

she is found to have been a mere make-up of stuffing. Is it not a sad thing to discover that a considerable moiety of such a graceful creature has been manufactured in Regent Street ? She is like one of those Eastern birds, which in full plumage are rich in their colours and graceful in their proportions, but when stripped of their feathers are reduced to a miserable framework of skin and bone. Is there not a portion of a lady's dress called back-gammon ? What is this but another name for humbug on the obverse side of the human medal ?

'O these ladies' dresses !' we said to a silk mercer the other day : 'Is not this foolish fashion of dressing in balloons going out ?' 'Going out, sir !' was his reply, as he rubbed his hands gleefully, 'going further out every month—ha ! ha ! ha ! going further out every month.'

We always had a strong liking for Dugald Dalgetty, solely and simply because there was no humbug about him, or, if any, of a very innocent kind. The man who looked after his pay and provant, not caring who laughed—the man who had a filial longing for his ancestral lands of Drumthwacket—the man who showed himself to be merciful, inasmuch as he cared for his beast—the man who could make himself comfortable anywhere, turning even the angles in the dungeon at Inverary Castle into an imaginary elbow chair—the man who would not break his military sacramentum even in view of the gibbet—that man, depend upon it, was one among ten thousand for straightforwardness and a practical sense of duty. The charge of selfishness is brought against Dugald by an eminent reviewer.* Selfishness!—And who is not selfish? Had the Montroses and Monteiths no eye to self? It might not be that they cared so much for pay and provant, or looked with an envious eye on the barren lands of Drumthwacket; but were they not shooting their arrows at far higher game? Were they not leading on their bare-legged vassals to be shot like dogs at midsummer, while they would reap the reward? Why did not some unselfish soldado of the party undertake the embassay to Inverary Castle? No; the only difference between Dugald and his fellow-cavaliers was, that he was selfish according to nature—*secundum naturam*, as they would have said at the Marischal College of Aberdeen—and cared not who

* See Preface to the *Legend of Montrose*.

knew it; and that they were selfish according to conventionalism, and endeavoured to hide the cloven foot under the flaunting drapery of martial honour.

But, alas! we fear after all that Dalgetty was only an imaginary character. It is painful to be brought to this admission; but as the Stagyrite loved truth better than he loved his brother philosopher Plato, so must we postpone Sir Dugald to matter of fact.* The Soldado was manifestly a fancy picture: we do not find his counterpart *in rerum naturâ*. As Shakspeare in his dreamy visions portrayed his Ariels and his Oberons, so Sir Walter in his most imaginative mood sketched his Dugald Dalgetty.

Well, but look the truth fairly in the face; is not a dash of innocent humbug a sort of sugar-candy to the coffee of life? We are not now talking in a gown and bands, neither are we on the stage at Exeter Hall by the side of Mealy Mincetext; but we are applying the touchstone of philosophy to the incidents of every-day life. What is freemasonry but a humbug? And yet who ever heard of a freemason who was not delighted with his square and compasses after he had got over his initiative scarification? Our wives and families are humbugged every day, and yet what can be more agreeable than their delusions as they submit to the shampooing process? Mark that smiling shopman behind the counter as he is expanding his wares before the Countess of Cornucopia. His engaging manners

* Ἀμφοῖν γὰρ ὄντοι φίλοι, ὅσιον προτιμᾶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν.—*Eth. Nicom.* I. 6.

are palpably emptying her ladyship's purse ; but both are pleased with the interview. It has been said—

Surely the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.

Therefore the lady and the shopman go shares in the enjoyment. And have we not showmen as well as shopmen exhibiting their wares from Greenwich Fair to the Italian Opera? Are not caterers for public gullibility scouring the earth in search of varieties? One day a fiddler is introduced among us scraping his catgut to the tune of a guinea a minute: on another, some squealing foreigner warbling, as it is called, money out of the pockets of moonstruck simpletons, in a language of which they know no more than Hebrew: on another, some strong-legged jade 'louping and flinging' like Burns's 'Cuttie Sark,' and in habiliments quite as scanty. Well, such exhibitions may not be altogether to our taste; but they keep our daughters from turning sulky, and our wives from delivering curtain lectures. We fear that what was said or sung of lotteries more than a century ago, may be said of many things besides in our day:—

A lottery is a taxation
Upon all the fools in the nation ;
And, heaven be praised,
It is easily raised,
Credulity's always in fashion ;
For folly's a fund
Will never lose ground,
While fools are so rife in the nation.*

* *The Lottery*, by Henry Fielding, 1731. See Hone's *Every-day Book on Lotteries*.

3. We come now to that portion of our essay in which we have to treat of *the hurtful* species of humbug; and where can we find an apter illustration of it than in the notorious Phineas Taylor Barnum? Who can contemplate this Napoleon of entrepreneurs without a sort of sublime amazement? As a professor of humbug he leaves the Wizard of the North with his inexhaustible bottle far behind: he glories too in his science. At a public dinner he proposes the toast, 'Success to Humbug!' He lectures to agricultural labourers on 'the Philosophy of Humbug.' He inhabits a splendid mansion called Iranistan, which means, we imagine, Humbug Palace. He stares the public in the face, and, thrusting his tongue into his cheek, coolly says, 'Friend public, you are a mighty big simpleton.' Was it of him that his countryman Longfellow wrote:

He looks the whole world in the face,
And fears not any man?

Clever men sometimes outwit themselves: so with Barnum. He has published an autobiography.

O Barnum, Phineas Taylor Barnum, O!

What could have induced so acute a man to do so foolish a thing? We have no objection to pay a shilling for the sight of a Feejee Mermaid or a Woolly Horse; but we choose to be left to our own fancy in the inspection; we love, as Wordsworth calls it—

That modest charm of not too much—
Part seen, imagined part.

It is very true that he exhibited among us a minikin,

of a few pounds' weight, and carried away from our shores as many thousands as would build and endow a hospital or a cathedral; but if aristocratic ladies rushed forward with a maternal enthusiasm to kiss the wretch—Tom Thumb, not Barnum—it was their own look-out. The philosophy of the question however lies here. If a person afford us pleasure by imposture, why should he inflict pain by revealing to us the secret of it? If we have enjoyed a supper of potted beef, we are somewhat discomposed to find from a police report, the day after, that a dead horse, two flayed donkeys, and four skinless tom-cats have been lately found upon the premises of the man from whom we purchased it. It is no consolation whatever to reflect with Mr. Weller that 'it is the seasoning as does it.' We condemn without any reservation the dealer in preserved meats. But it is somewhat worse with Barnum. He has not been detected by a police officer in fraudulent dealings; he publishes a hundred thousand copies of his own exulting confessions. And when he ventures to inform us that he carries a Bible in his coat-pocket or carpet-bag, and studies it too, while he is itinerating with his Washington's Nurse, or his Mermaid, we are inclined to give Phineas up as an incurable.

But is Barnum alone in this autobiographical tom-foolery? Alas! since that mad Frenchman wrote his 'Confessions,' the world has been sadly pestered with these vanities. How this should be is a mystery to us, on the supposition that the autobiographers are of sound mind. If men do not purpose deliberately and fully to

write themselves down asses, why attempt this dangerous style of composition? Gloss over your own character, and you are a lying humbug: lay bare your failings, and you are a shameless humbug. And yet—sad it is to relate it—living men publish octavo volumes full of twaddle about themselves and their acquaintance. Is there no law against this? Can members of a civilized community be permitted to exhibit themselves and their friends like so many gibbeted murderers, at the meeting of four roads, and escape without being indicted at law? Will not the statute of lunacy reach the case? Have such gentlemen no relatives to take care of them? Not that autobiographers who leave their writings as *post-obits* are much better. True, they have not to look the living in the face; and so far well: but why should not executors prove a dead man's friend, and burn what he has written about himself? We always regarded the poet Moore with deference and respect till, in an unlucky hour, we read his autobiography. Then, for goodness' sake, do not throw open the saloons of great houses with traditional associations, and exhibit the inmates in their every-day costume and character. When we hear that these marvellous places have been the nurseries of politicians who sucked in statesmanship with their mother's milk—that they have been the hotbeds of philosophical sayings—that they have hatched poets like chickens by this new steam invention—we are like men looking at the sun through a slight haze; and though we know not exactly how much to believe, we regard such mansions with distant admiration. But let busybodies retail the

conversations and gabble about the goings on there, and we find out at once that it is 'distance' which 'lends enchantment to the view.' Giants are reduced to pigmies by a sudden process of pantomime; lions are transformed into very 'shallow monsters;' men who have signed protocols seem fitter for tying up brown paper parcels. Reader, are you writing your autobiography? Do you contemplate so rash an act? Then, in the name of yourself and your friends and common sense, we pronounce you a humbug. You are to be shunned as dangerous. *Fœnum habes in cornu.* If we had our way with you, we would pack you off to Bedlam instantly without taking out a commission *de lunatico inquirendo.*

Again, is Phineas Barnum the only Cheap John with defective wares? No later than to-day we took off our hat to Mr. Ezekiel Yarnspin—a man worth half a million if he is worth a penny. He sends goods over the wide world, and overstocks the markets at home. Well, where is the harm? None whatever if the goods were genuine; but the faculties of man are exerted now-a-days to produce the best-looking article at the smallest cost. The nineteenth century, viewed in the light of trade, is emphatically the century of devil's dust. And yet Mr. Yarnspin walks on 'Change erect, and with an untroubled breast. Fine ladies are lamenting over his deceptive cambries; servant girls are bewailing the flying colours of his prints; porters are cursing his cracking fustians; mothers are mourning over his rotten calicoes; house-keepers are sorrowing over his fading druggets; from the court of the King of Dahomey to the court of Queen

Victoria the cry of distress is heard; and yet we will answer for it that as we are now writing at midnight he is snoring soundly in the arms of Mrs. Ezekiel Yarnspin. What can you do with your conscience, Ezekiel? Do you lock it up in your Milner's patent anti-combustion box for safety during the week-days, and bring it out fresh as the carnation in your button-hole on Sunday, as you 'sit under' the Rev. Jonas Doldrum at Bethesda Chapel? You will hardly listen to the moral prolusions of a heathen poet, or we would quote for your edification a few lines from the *Æneid* of Virgil:

There Rhadamanthus sits in awful state;
 Around him, fresh from earth, the culprits wait:
 He sifts each sham, though cunningly o'erlaid,
 And makes each wight confess the tricks of trade;
 Then o'er their heads the scorpion-rod he shakes,
 And brings it down like fury on their backs.*

We have not much satisfaction in discussing this third division of our subject, but we cannot conceal from ourselves that the injurious species of humbug is multiform. It seems at intervals to invade our nation in the shape of some gigantic imposture. Sometimes it personates itself with the figure of a mammon idol; sometimes it

* Gnosius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
 Castigatque, auditque dolos; subigitque fateri,
 Quæ quis apud superos, furto lætatus inani,
 Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.
 Continuo sontes ultrix accincta flagello
 Tisiphone quatit insultans; torvosque sinistrâ
 Intentans angues, vocat agmina sæva sororum.

Virgil, Æneid: B. VI. 566.

clothes itself in a strong intellectual delusion ; sometimes it is enveloped in a blind superstition. Will anyone allow himself to wander back in memory some eight or nine years, and he will find himself breathing the malaria of a most fatal humbug ? It was the season of the railway miasma. Cheating, trickery, lying, were practised on an enormous scale, and held to be perfectly justifiable. 'Foul' was 'fair.' The very Spartan condition of concealment was eschewed. The moral sense of the country was debased ; its virtue was debauched. Provisional committees, scrip, engineers, rival lines—these were the only topics of discussion, turn where you might—at home and on 'Change, at dinner and in the drawing-room. Men of station and reputed integrity were accustomed to speak of jobs, frauds, deceit, as carelessly as they sipped their claret after dinner. The time was one of awful delinquency in the annals of our country ; and may it never return ! Last year delusion came over us under another aspect. Mesmerism, clairvoyance, spirit-rapping, table-turning—in short, all the humbug treated of by Joseph Ennemoser—seemed to invade us at once like a swarm of locusts. Education ! Professor Faraday, you may reasonably question its reality among us ; but you must not forget the great Samuel's dictum, that you may supply reasoning, but not brains.* Neither have we

* [What shall we say of the Davenport humbug in the year of grace, 1865 ? We do not blame the actors so much ; they are but following their vocation. But is it not melancholy to reflect that many educated persons could have seen a spiritual agency in such a very stupid imposture ? In the treatment of the Bro-

escaped the impostures that engender the most groveling superstitions. Talk of the nineteenth century, forsooth—its enlightenment and progress! Bah! it is an age of humbug *κατ' ἐξοχήν*; and it would be more satisfactory if we could say of it, as we say sometimes of our neighbours, that it was no one's enemy but its own. Let a man give five hundred pounds for a couple of Cochin Chinas, and we do not quarrel with him on that score: we have a shrewd suspicion that he is a fool, and we let the matter rest there. But when ecclesiastics coin miracles and establish 'immaculate conceptions,' we rub our eyes in amazement, like Rip van Winkle, and wonder whether we have not awoken in the dark ages.*

thers we find the characteristics of London and Lancashire broadly typified. London gaped, stared, and partly believed; Lancashire mobbed the fellows at Manchester, and at Liverpool outdid them in their own tricks.—1866.]

* We happened to be on a visit in the neighbourhood of Preston last year (1854), when a building, magnificent enough for a cathedral, was opened there for divine worship by the Romanists. We subjoin an extract from the sermon delivered on the occasion—delivered in the presence of most of the old Roman Catholic families in that division of the county. The preacher is showing how the erection of the edifice was first suggested. 'Many of them (his hearers),' he says, 'might have heard of a servant girl in this town (Preston) who lay dangerously ill, but who when apparently past all hope of recovery, had been miraculously restored to her accustomed health, by being anointed by a priest who visited her with the oil of the blessed St. Walburga, and that, too, in a manner almost instantaneous. Struck with so signal a miracle, two priests had conferred together, when one

We might find numberless individual personations of this species of humbug; but not to trespass too much on the reader's patience, we will venture to lay it down as a general rule, that the man who is desirous of parading himself as better than his neighbours, is in nine cases out of ten a humbug, hypocritical and dangerous to society at large. Now a person may do this in two ways: he may adopt a brusque manner, and a blunt style of address, evermore depreciating others, and holding himself up as the only honest fellow in the neighbourhood; or he may assume a snuffling, whining tone, affecting much humility, but never thinking it inconsistent to deliver a homily to those around him on their shortcomings and defections.

We very well remember a specimen of the art under the rough-and-ready guise. He was a lawyer: he styled himself Honest John, till people believed him; he described himself by implication as the only straightforward lawyer in the county, till his clients took his bluntness for candour. But unluckily Honest John took a trip to America one year in the pleasant season of summer, and never returned. Like a crafty humbug, however, he went richly laden: he took with him in charge some forty thousand pounds of other people's money. That

of them proposed that they should evince their gratitude for such a mercy by raising subscriptions, to be devoted to the erection of a church, dedicated to the saint by whose instrumentality, under God, so striking a cure had been performed. Subscriptions were commenced, and the fruits of them were the edifice in which they were then assembled.'

ancient again who, when met wandering through the city with a lantern in his hand, said that he was in search of an honest man, was an excellent type of this class. We venture to say that he would not have found the object of his search by turning the bull's-eye upon himself.

But we almost fancy that the very good man who is ever lecturing his betters in unctuous language and nasal cadences, is a more dangerous humbug still. We have here and there met with such an one in our time. Travelling together along the turnpike of life, he will cheat you out of the fourpenny toll, while he is enlarging on your carnal-mindedness; and should you venture to suggest to him mildly, that he had better confine himself to his own personal edification, he straightway stops your mouth by threatening to pray for you. Some months ago we were closeted with a Manchester merchant in his private office, when one of the principal salesmen knocked and stepped into the room.

‘Well, Jackson,’ said the master, ‘has that buyer been able to satisfy himself about the goods?’

‘It was just what I wanted to see you about, sir,’ was the answer.

‘Well, Jackson, what’s to do?’

‘Why, sir, to tell the truth,’ said the salesman with a cunning look, ‘I don’t half like my man. He has been lecturing me for the last ten minutes about my spiritual darkness though I never saw him before; he mixes up calicoes and Calvinism in the funniest way; besides, he snuffles through his nose fearfully, and declares that there

is no true religion but among the Baptists. I don't half like him, sir.'

'Any references ?

'Snuffle, Shufflebotham, and Whine.'

'Well, what do they say ?

'That he is truly spiritual.'

'Truly spiritual ! the canting humbugs ! but is he truly substantial ?'

'That's more than I know, sir. What am I to do ?'

'Well, Jackson,' said the master, musing, 'it certainly seems a doubtful case. Let me see. H'm ! Trust him for 100*l.* at three months. Not a farthing more, remember—100*l.* at three months.'

Reader, fare thee well for the present. We wish thee good-bye in the words of an ancient moralist. 'Lay the subject of this treatise to heart, if thou desirest to succeed in the world. Ponder over it, if thou wishest well to thyself. Employ this pleasant unction we have analysed with discretion, and it will serve thee right faithfully unto the end. Do not daub it on like an unskilful painter, for thus thou shalt spoil thine own handiwork ; but use thy colours moderately and tastefully. By what other means do our statesmen acquire distinction, our divines gain popularity, our lawyers attract clients, our physicians allure patients, our merchants and tradesmen amass riches, than by the judicious appliance of'—a little pleasing humbug ?

VI.

A WHITWEEK IN MANCHESTER.



THE world turns round bodily—so say our philosophers : no less true is it that it revolves morally and socially. Take the cycle of a century in our social state, and how marvellous is the revolution in all the habits, customs, and pastimes of our people ! Where are our May-poles and our Morris-dancers ? Where are our mummings and our maskings ? Where are our wassails and our wakes ? Where are the

Sports and pageantry and plays,
That cheered our eves and holidays—

of which Master Herrick sang ? They are for the most part dead and buried : if any remain, their passing bell is tolling. Sunlit skies have been hearsed in smoke ; May-poles have been superseded by tall chimneys ; flower-garlands are no longer woven, but cotton twist ; our ears are not now greeted with the carols of the lark at heaven's gate, but with the whizzing of iron throstles ; the language of poetry has been extruded by such terms as slubbing, roving, scutching, warping, and doubling.

Deities that preside over Parnassus, shut your ears !
The days of romance, in good sooth, have gone by ; the
iron age of facts, whether for good or evil, is upon us.

The last century has witnessed many revolutions. Thrones have been toppled over like nine-pins, and monarchs have been hustled off the stage like so many bad actors. But, so far as our country is concerned, the greatest revolutionists have been steam, machinery, and cotton. What wondrous changes have these mighty agents wrought among us ! Alas ! we know not how to address you, ye dread anarchs ! Are ye benefactors of the human race, ye soulless, self-moving agents, or are ye the reverse ? Ye have amassed gold into enormous glittering heaps for the few, but have ye blessed the many ? Ye have sucked into your frightful maelstrom the inmates of many a rustic cottage who from infancy had breathed the pure air and gazed on the green fields ; but have ye increased the aggregate of happiness among them ? Are ye three heavenly maidens scattering enjoyment, comfort, and plenty from your golden urns, or are ye the three weird sisters joining in the chorus,—

Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble ?

On the whole, it is probable that the sum of human happiness is proportionately about the same now as ever. There is a self-adjustment in the mind as well as in the body of man. The whole constitution, mental and physical, adapts itself to fresh scenes and circumstances with a wonderful facility. May there not then be as

much happiness and enjoyment in an individual heart as it beats beneath a murky sky and to the tune of a steam loom, as in another that thumps in a purer atmosphere to the jolting of a waggon, and the grunt of 'Who-up, Dobbin?'

At any rate, if you doubt, reserve your judgment till you have perused my Diary. I have just visited that county of Goths and Vandals called Lancashire. I have had a week's adventure among the wilds of Manchester. And why should I not chronicle my doings, darings, and sufferings? Whether a man now-a-days casts his shoe over the hill of Balaklava, or makes the Hellespont his washpot—whether he pays a month's visit to some Eastern monarch, or spends a few days at the 'diggings'—whether he joins in an Arctic expedition, or domesticates for a time with the Mormons—whether he has been deer-stalking in the Highlands of Scotland, or following the brutal sport of slaughtering wild animals in Southern Africa—straightway *parturiunt montes*, and a book is born. And why, pray, should my adventures be regarded as less perilous or interesting than those of more aspiring travellers? Indeed, I half fancy that some of them have never wandered very far from their own writing-desks. Now I have visited the scenes described, and joined in the incidents related; I have not drawn upon my imagination for my facts. An old college friend of mine is a resident in Manchester; he is a clergyman, passive and unrepining, who seems to have been born to inhale an oleaginous atmosphere, and to be kicked by cottonian autocrats. Having a desire to visit this rude

locality once in my life-time, I wrote to him, inviting myself to his house for Whitweek. His reply was to this effect:—‘Come, by all means, and stay as long as you please. But what do you expect? Do you intend to lie a-bed till ten, and struggle up to breakfast at eleven, after your ancient Oxonian fashion? As you have chosen Whitweek for your visit, you must do at Rome as the Romans do, and I fear that you will only leave your laziness and luxuries for hard work and lenten fare. During that week the spindles are mostly standing in Manchester, and the heads are spinning instead. Come, however, if you dare.’ Accordingly I went, saw, and recorded.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Hail, smiling morn! Bless your ruddy face! And yet I would willingly have waited awhile for your amiable salutation. Seven o'clock! Down to breakfast at half-past. ‘This week,’ said my friend, ‘is to our toiling, smoke-begrimed operatives what our holidays were in our school-boy years. It is the one sunny spot in their memory and in their prospect, amidst their dreary, mill-horse daily labour. You cannot conceive how anxiously it is anticipated—how much preparation is made for it in caps and bonnets, in ribbons and dresses: you may take my word for it, that the aggregate consumption of sleep in Manchester was less last night than it has been for the same number of hours during the last twelve months, if there was only a somnometer to try it; and at this moment—don’t think me too poetical and enthusiastic—there is many a young heart happy in its own

elasticity, and in the prospect of a week with but little toil and care. But come along, and judge for yourself.'

We start out accordingly for my friend's school, where the young people with their superintendents and teachers are assembling, preparatory to joining the general procession of Church Sunday scholars. After a twenty minutes' walk we dive into long narrow streets, not over cleanly or well-paved. On each side are dingy houses and cellar dwellings—*ἀνήλια δώματα*—reminding one of old Homer's description of a similar region, and Pope's bad translation :—

There in a cheerless spot and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells ;
The sun ne'er views the uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances or retreats.
Unhappy race ! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.*

Before us stretches a vista of tall square chimneys, and stumpy round chimneys, and large buildings without chimneys at all, far as the eye can reach. The most prominent figures we see of the human species are two women of matronly appearance, with greasy shawls over their heads, standing in the middle of the street. They have just sent off their children to the school, and from their earnestness and self-satisfaction, they seem to be fully convinced that their offspring will be ornamental in the procession. Then, look at that blackguard reeling from the gin-shop with a bruised face and a black eye, unwashed and uncombed, coatless and ragged, the very picture of an irreclaimable scamp. Now that vagabond

* *Odyss.* xi. 14.

—the very burlesque of a being with a reasoning mind—might, if he were sober and industrious, earn thirty shillings a week, and make his fireside and family comfortable ; and yet he staggers from the reeking vault into the blessed light of this sunny morning as if he were a character that need not be ashamed. Here we meet three or four little children who are looking pensive, poor things ! perhaps because they cannot join the procession. They have no clothes fit to appear in, or it may be that they have never been at a Sunday-school. Are any of them the children of that drunken brute, who is just now reeling into a house close by, with an oath in his mouth, and a threatening scowl at his starving wife ? Then a lurry, heavily laden with Manchester goods, rolls down the narrow street, disturbing the conference of the two ladies, and driving us up against the wall for safety.

‘ This is your school, is it ? ’ I inquired, after we had proceeded a little further. ‘ What a terrible hubbub and clatter ! Are you quite sure it is safe to go in without a body of policemen ? ’

We enter the room for the younger boys: there are some five hundred of them, dressed in a variety of fashions, and in every kind of material, from the round-about jacket to the square cut coat of the gamekeeper, from thick clogs to genteel highlows, from rough fustian to fine broadcloth, each with his cap or hat in his hand, ready to march out at the word of command. Here we have beautiful specimens of the juvenile operative under every aspect. They are all clean ; some are well-

looking; many have a keen, intelligent expression of countenance, as though they had begun to fight their own way in life at an early age. Mark there that sturdy-looking young tyke: his large head is round as a ball; his hair is of a vermilion hue, and might have been scattered promiscuously where it rests as with a pitchfork; he has a 'forehead villanous low,' an undeniable squint, and a mouth like that of a cod-fish; and he seems quite ready, from his dogged look, to have a turn-up with any boy in the class, and give him a stone. I have no great hopes of my friend: it is two to one that at some time or other he will ascend the steps of promotion on the tread-wheel, if he attain no greater elevation on the ladder of advancement. How I should like to place him under the tuition of our old friend, the Warden of St. Peter's College, Radley! Excellent raw material he would be for Sewell's experiments in moral discipline—a sort of free-born British Topsy! Ascending a flight of stairs, we come to the room of the elder boys. Here we have about the same number as below.

'From this body,' said my friend, 'you may select representatives of every trade in Manchester; there are mill-operatives, glass-blowers, painters, shoe-makers, tailors; there are accountants, salesmen, porters, railway officials, lawyers' clerks, packers; there are shopkeepers, mechanics, joiners, cabinet-makers. Fix upon a trade, and I think I can select a teacher or scholar who knows something about it.'

'Well, I rather like the look of the youths; they are

somewhat too sturdy and independent perhaps in their appearance, but many of them have very intelligent faces; they are seemingly men in habits of life before they are well out of their boyhood. Are they civil?’

‘Yes, as a rule, the Manchester operative is civil enough, in a rough way. I mean the boy or man who is working for his living, not your Irish vagabond or your skulking thief. A day or two ago I was walking in a low part of the town, when a lad of sixteen, quite a stranger to me, dashed a few spots of mud on my coat as he was rushing by. Seeing that it was an accident I said nothing; but when he observed what he had done, he turned back, gave the coat a rough wipe, blundered out by way of apology, “I could na help it, maester,” and hastened away again. In polite society it would have been, “I really beg your pardon, sir, it was quite unintentional;” but I am not sure whether there was not something intrinsically more gentlemanly in the rough wipe, and “I could na help it, maester.”’

We enter a third room. Here are some six hundred little girls, and a very pretty lot they are; many a mother has been proud this morning, after dressing her children and sending them off to join the procession; she remembers how, some twenty years ago, she had herself marched from the same school on the same day; and becomes a girl herself again for a while. Many of the little ladies certainly seem to have been got up with great care for the occasion, and, with incipient female vanity, are evidently conscious of their charms. One flight of steps more, and we are in the topmost room.

This is the show-room—the conservatory! Five hundred of the elder females, most of them young women, are here—milliners, bonnet-makers, dress-makers, waistcoat-makers, umbrella-makers, hat-binders, weavers, doublers, smallware-workers, and whatever else you can fix on in the feminine line of occupation. What a variety of faces and features! What countless fashions in frocks, mantillas, and bonnets! What numberless styles in the arrangement of hair and artificials!

‘A large and interesting family you have here on your hand,’ I said,—‘and, to my surprise, they are tolerably well-looking, on the whole. I had expected to find so many galvanized red herrings, just awaking out of pickle—smoke-dried, withered, blear-eyed old women in their teens; and positively many of them are rather attractive—all of them neat and becomingly dressed. How do they look so well and dress so well?’

‘Indeed,’ returned my friend, ‘I often wonder myself. The times have been somewhat pressing this last six months; wages have been low, and work has been scarce; provisions too have been high; and yet they generally keep up a respectable appearance, and many of them pay for their own sittings at church. I fear they have to pinch themselves severely, sometimes.’

‘I am surprised at their fresh looks.’

‘Yes, they are blooming now; but they soon begin to look old. They mostly marry young, and in a few years after they sink into aged women. You are a judge of a horse’s mouth, I know: now, if you would examine the teeth of these young women, you would

find them generally defective. Life in an impure atmosphere and long hours of work begin to tell on the mouth sooner than on the cheek.'

A PROCESSION.

Well, I declare, who would have thought it? Here am I, a layman—one who never before in my life saw a Sunday-school containing more than fifty children—here am I, in some square or other, surrounded by clergymen in canonicals, churchwardens with their staves of office, vergers in their gowns, and teachers and scholars innumerable. This is the gathering point for all the schools: fresh divisions are trooping up; banners are flying; bands are playing; bells are ringing. I never had a very earnest longing for the 'grinning honours' of the Crimea; but really everything looks so inspiriting around me, that at the present moment I should not shrink from a gentle tussle with a Cossack.* March! is the word; we fall into our ranks, and away we move, six abreast. Windows are full of peering faces, beautiful, no doubt; the streets are lined on each side with parents who were once Sunday-scholars themselves. Occasionally a mother will press forward as she sees her child passing, give it a hasty drink of milk, for the day is warm, and send it on again with a—'Bless its little heart, it's a hangel!' Now and then a mercurial lad rushes from his rank in defiance of

* [Written in 1856—1866.]

teachers, and makes a hasty purchase of a ha'porth of toffy from a greasy-looking siren with a stand of sweet-meats, and then joins again the main body.

Looking round from an eminence on the moving crowd, what a rolling stream of parasols seems to be before us! The sight, pleasing as it is to the eye, is not altogether unmixed with a sensation of sadness. Here are fifteen thousand young people, boys and girls, men and women, to whom life is in its morning, in health and high spirits now, it may be, but with the stern battle of a dark future before them. Many a hard day's work—many an aching head and a weary hand—many a combat with poverty—many a struggle with sorrow and sickness—await these toilers and moilers in the great workshop of the world. And many will sink prematurely, having crossed but a few arches of Mirza's bridge, and disappear in the stream below to be seen no more.

But on we move at a funereal pace, bands playing and banners waving: the sun is hot and heavy on our heads; the pavement is hard and rough on our feet. Is this pilgrimage of grace, I wonder, intended to have a penitential import? Now the crowd thickens; enormous luries are waiting on each side of the street till the procession has passed, while their burly drivers are looking on with a sulky resignation. Here large vehicles are filled with spectators who have paid a penny each for their seats. Well-a-day! To think that I who have ridden along Rotten Row on a high-trotting horse to the admiration of half the beauty and fashion in

Hyde Park should have lived to be made a penny show of! To suppose that I should be exhibited like a pickled sea serpent, or a stuffed mermaid, to a crowd of gaping factory operatives and country clodpoles at a copper a head!

YOUNG MANCHESTER LET LOOSE.

The suburbs of Manchester, so far as I saw them, are beautiful enough. If you expect to find a dingy, smoky, dreary neighbourhood, you will be agreeably surprised. Everything that wealth and taste can supply has been employed in decorating a district not unfavoured by nature, with all the attractions of architecture, shrubbery, and lawn. So rapid however is the building, that the suburbs are every year thrust farther out into the country; and where they will rest seems a problem. No one lives in Manchester proper; it is occupied by warehouses, shops, and factories; even the shopkeepers for the most part have their residences away. Innkeepers haunt the middle of the city, and some few medical men have their solitary habitations there; but the central part of Manchester may be said to be left, every midnight and every Sunday, to take care of itself with the assistance of a policeman here and there. I was greatly surprised at the aspect of wealth and comfort which these interminable suburban villas presented. Here is the mansion of a Turkey merchant, and by its side stands another belonging to a wealthy citizen in the gin-shop line. Here is the magnificent residence of

a whiskered foreigner, and close at hand we see the no less stylish one of a speculator in corn and flour, dealer and chapman.

‘Who lives there?’ I asked, pointing to a very splendid mansion, with its spacious grounds and blooming green-houses; ‘one of your merchant princes, I suppose?’

‘Yes,’ was the answer, ‘he was a merchant, and he is as rich as a prince. He was a pawnbroker, and dealt in second-hand clothes—probably he does still.’

‘The deuce he does! he must give 300*l.* a year for his house.’

Then Manchester has its parks for the recreation of its toiling inhabitants. There are three, situated respectively at different points in the suburbs. They are rather after the fashion of extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, but they have received the more baronial name. They are laid out with considerable taste, and contain all the paraphernalia for games and gymnastic exercises. They have labyrinths, or, as these are styled, puzzle-grounds, for the exercise of youthful ingenuity; they have lakes on which swans with rather dusky feathers sail majestically. The black swan is no longer a *rara avis in terris*. In one of them there is a very interesting museum, as well as a library of twenty thousand volumes. These parks, as I learned, are a great boon to the labouring population. On the half holiday of the Saturday afternoon especially, the young people visit them, and the artisan, with his wife and family, may be seen there, enjoying the fresh air after his week-

day toils, and admiring the summer flowers, while his children are romping on the grassy slopes.

Into one of these parks we are turned loose with Sunday scholars and teachers almost beyond number. Away they rush impetuously, like so many wild asses' colts, in a hundred directions after their several amusements, and in no long time they are in the midst of their games and romps. See those dozen girls of ten or twelve years of age dancing round the flag-staff, with their hair streaming behind them, and shrieking with laughter as one, more unlucky than the rest, measures her length on the ground. Some, less lively, are quietly gathering daisies, buttercups, and hyacinths, and hoarding them as a treasure. It is a pleasant thing to observe a love of wild flowers in the child that rarely emerges out of its dingy street. True to the instincts of our nature is that well-known simile of John Milton:—

As one who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages, and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight :
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

But to return to our wild flock. Here a party of lads, more robust, are as intent on a game of cricket as though their lives depended on it; there, is another set hot in the excitement of leap-frog; there again is another engaged at a match of football. Enormous

clusters of boys and girls are busy at 'Thread the needle,' and 'Prison bars,' and 'Stick in the ring.' The ground occupied is like the vicinity of a hive of bees in the act of swarming. I must confess that, however pleasing it is to see enjoyment in those who rarely get it, I look upon these wild gambols with a species of alarm. What would be my doom if a thousand young imps were to set upon me? I fancy I should come out of the fray a thing of 'shreds and patches.' What were Actæon and his hounds to a poor fellow hunted by a thousand frantic lads and lasses let loose from a factory? And more unlikely things have happened than such a chase. During Whitweek, and in the fields, authority is set at naught. It is the Saturnalia of ancient Rome: the young rascals claim the privilege of rolling you on the ground with your Bond Street coat on, and laughing at you into the bargain. Well, methinks these Whitsuntide merry-makings have been expelled from the country, and taken refuge in populous towns; for the only places I know where young folks at this season are accustomed to roll down grassy slopes, like so many hogsheads of sugar, are the Queen's parks at Manchester and Greenwich.

A TEA PARTY.

By my word, but this is a tea-party with a vengeance! A monster meeting, with monster tea-urns, and monster coffee-pots, and monster muffins! We are in number about six hundred; the assembly is made up of all

classes—clergymen, ladies, gentlemen, sunday-scholars, teachers, superintendents, and friends of those connected with the school; it consists of all ages, from the infant in arms to the grey-headed grandfather. The clock strikes six; all the viands are on the table; the waiters are in attendance; grace is sung; and six hundred persons commence an onslaught, fierce and terrible, on the creature-comforts before them. Mighty piles of bread-and-butter melt away like snow-heaps in the sunshine, only more rapidly; now and then you hear, amid the confused hum and clatter, some lively lads crying out for more currant loaf, and you see an animated scramble for it when it comes; here and there you may mark those who go to work in a business-like way, as though they were determined to have their full eight-pennyworth, with something besides; some few it may be, exhibit an increasing rotundity of person, or as Mr. Weller has it, ‘a visible swellin’.’ One thing is manifest, that all the faces in the room are pictures of innocent enjoyment and genial mirth.

The second grace has been sung, the tea-trays have been removed, the dessert has been arranged, and now for ‘the feast of reason and the flow of soul.’

‘What next?’ I inquired.

‘Now comes the oratory,’ was the reply; ‘after the guests have been satisfied with the sensual, they rise to the higher pleasures of the intellectual.’

Several sensible speeches were delivered, bearing upon the practical duties of daily life,—on the temptations of youth and the responsibility of parents. Some of the

orators seemed to me to be scarcely so happy either in the choice of their topics or in their mode of handling them. Take the case of the Rev. Mr. Sputterby. When he was called upon to address the assembly, there was a perceptible sensation among the guests. Evidently Sputterby was a popular character, for the knocking and cheering became unpleasantly boisterous. Now Brother Sputterby was powerful in the prophecies; and what with Sebastopols and Armageddons, cannons' mouths and fiery horse-tails, and the mysterious three sixes, he kept up such a martial clatter, that the lads, who did not understand a word of what he said, seemed ready, for fun's sake, to march to the tune of his 'drum ecclesiastic.' He fought battles, past and future; he twisted himself into knots, like an eel or a Merry Andrew; he distorted his features into the most apish grimaces; and he sat down amidst vociferous applause. Listen, again, to the lucubrations of a layman. Mr. Mompas was called up, and a most lugubrious and lengthened orator he proved; like a wounded snake, his speech dragged its slow length along, interspersed with pauses of unusual duration. Our condition was that of the *rusticus expectans* watching the stream. Mr. Mompas was grieved and sorrowful at everything and everybody; he seemed to grudge the young their small modicum of amusement, and was inclined to condemn their most innocent pleasures. He kept continually appealing to his conscience for comfort, and, I think, most would have been well pleased to let him enjoy it all without envying him his treasure.

The evening was enlivened with music and singing of a sacred character ; and all retired thoroughly satisfied with their entertainment, and, so far as I could judge, wiser and better on the whole for what they had heard.

‘ I know you are a great advocate for Sunday-Schools,’ I said to my host, after we had returned home ; ‘ but, in conducting them, have you always the round men in the round holes, and the square men in the square holes ? ’

‘ Few things, my dear sir, are perfect in life ; certainly not Sunday-schools, which are conducted gratuitously. But, notwithstanding this, the Sunday-school has wrought an incalculable amount of good among our manufacturing populations. Why, where will you go to escape from these mouthing Sputterbys and moping Mompasses ? Do they not abound on platforms, and haunt Exeter Hall ? Do they not thrive in the atmosphere of the House of Commons, and are they not found at select tea-parties ? ’

‘ The races held in Manchester during this week, were harped on to-night a good deal. Would it not have been better to have avoided all allusion to them ? Is it not like throwing temptation in the path of the young ? ’

‘ Yes ; it is better perhaps to say nothing about such scenes in a party like that we have just left. Still, Manchester is notorious for its gambling character at all times ; and it may not be amiss to warn the young against that fatal propensity. The betting mania is very general indeed here. Growing cubs in warehouses — lads in mills, earning eight shillings a week — salesmen with 300*l.* a year — shopkeepers’ apprentices — dashing merchants and mill-owners, the sons of industrious

parents—all alike have their betting books. Broken-down overlookers in factories take a beer-house and establish a sweep in secret. The gambling propensity has been the ruin of several young men of my acquaintance who seemed at one time to promise as fairly as those with whom we took tea this evening. If you were to see the crowds that gather in certain streets, when they are expecting the issue of some racing “event” to be there announced, you would perceive at once how low in the scale of society this infatuation descends, and you would wonder how men and boys, who cannot or will not afford to buy soap or to mend their clothes, should embark their wages in bets and sweepstakes. Indeed, I have seen blear-eyed old women whose whole wardrobe might be valued at eighteen pence, bringing their shilling or half-crown, to stake it on some race about which they knew nothing in the world. But to bed! to bed! and may Morpheus, alias Mompas, be with you!’

A CHEAP TRIP.

Time, half-past six o'clock. Place, Railway Station. Scene, crowds, hot-pressed and animated. What crushing, and elbowing, and scrambling, and shouting! Cheap excursion trains are receiving their living freight, and passing off, one after another, to their several destinations. Railway officials are bustling about in perplexity; guards are truculent; porters are swearig; whistles are emitting their unearthly screech;

crowds, thickly packed and waiting for their turn, are undulating to and fro like waves in easy motion; children are crying; little sisters are lost in the confusion; mothers are screaming; a few couples of lads here and there are having a boxing-match a-piece on their own account; 'chaos is come again.'

Our party, consisting of Sunday-scholars, teachers, superintendents, with their friends, amounting to some two thousand, are destined for one of the watering places on the Lancashire coast; we have engaged to travel fifty miles there and as many back for eightpence a-head. Nor to the bulk of our fellow-passengers will there be any expense in refreshments at the far end. See that stout lad with a heavy basket on his arm; it contains the day's provisions for himself and four little brothers and sisters. Look at the young people throughout; some are carrying reticules, which seem pressed out at the sides with their load of eatables; others have their food wrapped up in clean cotton pocket-handkerchiefs; here and there a young one, impelled by an irresistible yearning, has already begun to nibble at the pastry that was intended for his twelve o'clock dinner. 'Come here, John, and let us see what you have got inside that handkerchief! What kind of a baggin has your mother put up for you to-day?' First we lay bare a finely-developed rhubarb-pie, like in circumference and shape a soup-plate, with a certain look of acidity about its features, and with a crust to all appearance as impenetrable as granite; next appears a sandwich of extraordinary dimensions, or, as the lad

himself calls it, a piece of flesh-meat between buttercakes; then a stone bottle of milk completes the preparation for John's picnic repast. 'Well done, John, my lad, don't eat it all before you get to the far end.'

'Holla! forward there!' shouted to our party a railway official, with a sheet of instructions in his hand. The row, which for a space had failed, now recommences doubly thundering. Onward march the lads at a pretty steady pace, till they get a full view of their carriages, when there is a simultaneous rush for places. Woe to those who are caught in the living cataract! One school superintendent I remarked who had unfortunately taken up a position in advance. He looked in his white neck-cloth very like a Methodist preacher; and was apparently gazing into the blue heavens, oblivious of all sublunary matters, when the stream swept him off his legs, and rolling down a steep embankment, he was picked up in palpitations by a benevolent navy who was coming to his work. On rush the madcaps; many of them never think of waiting for a porter to open the carriage door, but over the sides they go pell-mell; legs and feet are seen twirling in the air like windmill sails, while hands and heads are plumping on the floor inside. Some of the carriages are uncovered, and have been used for the conveyance of cattle; the boys seeing this begin to low like oxen and bleat like sheep, and one of them, who is the wit of the party, asks a sulky porter how soon they are going to start for the butcher or the fair. Meanwhile the females, with due gallantry, are put into more commodious carriages; and we, who are

of the more fortunate order, have the privilege of seats in a first-class.

Whistle ! grunt ! bang ! bang ! off we go. What a strange sensation does your lie-a-bed experience, when by some accident he is brought to breathe the pure air of a May morning at seven o'clock, and to rejoice with the gladsome birds as the sun is shining in the clear sky and the dew-drops are glittering in its beams ! He wonders how anyone can possibly remain in bed while the earth is looking so fresh and young : and yet, O human frailty ! on the following morning he is found between the sheets at ten o'clock.

At length we arrive at our destination, when the unpacking of the train is as expeditiously accomplished as was the packing. At first the neighbourhood of the station is occupied by one dense crowd ; then the human stream begins to branch off in a variety of directions as from one capacious reservoir ; and by degrees the larger ducts separate into rivulets, each to flow in its own channel. Among the Sunday scholars and teachers there are generally sets and parties united by some bond of union ; and each of these has pre-arranged for itself the programme of the day's proceedings. They lose no time in fixing severally upon some lodging, to be theirs while they stay ; and then they unpack their provisions, which are mostly abundant enough in all conscience, and which they have in common. Then, after some refreshment, they sally forth, often subdividing into pairs : there will be no inconsiderable amount of love-making perpetrated to-day.

The watering-place proved to be a very interesting one: the coast lies open to the ocean, and the tide rolls up in great majesty. It was out when we arrived, and the multitudes that had come by the various trains were spread far and wide along the beach. As we stood upon a high cliff, we could see them wandering along for miles, snuffing the sea-breeze and watching the billows as they were rolling and tumbling head over heels at their feet. Probably fifteen thousand excursionists were there on that day—hard-working fathers and mothers from the inland towns of the county—young men and women who for ten hours each week-day inhale the oil-impregnated atmosphere of a factory—brawny mechanics who ply the file with dexterous fingers, or scatter the sparks from the anvil ‘like chaff on the threshing floor’—sickly-looking dress-makers who have to stitch longer than the factory operative has to spin—all dallying with the amorous sea-breeze, and holding up their faces to be bronzed by the mid-day sun. The fashionable visitors who stay their months at these watering-places look very contemptuously on us cheap-trippists, and probably such excursions may sometimes give rise to scenes of an unseemly character; but the heart of that man must be very torpid who cannot endure some trifling annoyance and pass by some solecisms in behaviour, when he reflects that thousands of his less-favoured brethren are enjoying themselves innocently for the day, and recruiting their toil-worn limbs and sorely-tried lungs for future exertion.*

* Lord Campbell, when he was excogitating the severest terms of censure on the arrangements for conveying our hereditary legis-

‘What would our grandfathers say, I wonder,’ asked my friend, ‘if they could stand in this crowd, and learn that all these operatives have come fifty miles for a day’s recreation at the seaside, and will return home to supper the same evening? Half a century ago a working man was a great traveller who had been ten miles from his own fireside. In so far as the daily life of the million is concerned, Watt and his fellow-inventors have exerted a greater influence than all your philosophers, from Aristotle to Bacon, and from Bacon downwards—than all your poets, from Homer to Shakspeare, and from Shakspeare to the present Laureate—and all your politicians since patriotism first broke its shell. For practical progress, the last hundred years may be weighed against the aggregate of the centuries that preceded it.’

Here we come up to four or five lads—hobble-de-hoys—each much as Æschylus describes his boy-warrior:

ἀνδρόπαις ἀνήρ·
στείχει δ' ἴουλος ἄρτι διὰ παρηίδων.*

lators to the naval review (1856), said that their train might have been one of Manchester excursionists. Excuse me, my lord, such things are managed better in Manchester. It is for our Government so to arrange a pleasure-trip as to thrust cabinet ministers and greengrocers, judges and fishmongers, bishops and twopenny postmen, into the same carriage; and to bring the satins and velvets of peeresses on to bare boards, warm from the corduroys of pig-butchers and cattle-jobbers. And then, countesses tramp through the streets at four o'clock in the morning, as though they were vendors of cabbages from Covent-Garden market. Manchester excursionists, forsooth!

* *Sep. Cont. The.* l. 528.

These youths clearly have never been at the seaside before ; they are wondering why the water is rising at their feet. Hear them. One sagely believes that the steamer which is some miles away is driving up the waves ; another attributes the fact to a gentle breeze which is blowing from the west ; a third has read something about the tides, but his stock of information seems about as confused as the stock of a dealer in marine stores.

‘ Well, my lads,’ I said, joining in the conversation, ‘ can’t you make out why it is that the waters are rising ? The question has puzzled greater philosophers than you are.’

Here I endeavoured to explain to them the common theory on the subject, and the youths seemed to listen with attention for awhile ; the lad of some reading was evidently interested in the lecture, when one of them, who was apparently the leader of the party, began to walk away, and, turning round, said to my pupil, with an assumption of acuteness, ‘ Come along wi’ thee, Bill ; the gentleman’s nobbut mak-ing a foo o’ thee.’ I wonder what their impressions were when, in three hours, the sea had covered the whole expanse of sands, and was rolling against the cliffs and breakwaters with its crested billows and moaning monotone.

The sands were dry and spacious, well adapted for walking and riding. Alas ! alas ! pity the poor little donkeys. For my own part I have an affection for the species ; whether it be from that ‘ fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind,’ I know not. But your donkey,

in my judgment, is an intellectual and faithful animal, notwithstanding some seeming inconsistencies in his conduct. I always feel inclined to fight the brute who is abusing his donkey. Poor toiling creatures! Ye have but little reason to look forward with pleasure to these cheap trips. Boys and girls, full-grown young men and bouncing young women—all are determined to take equestrian or asinestrian exercise once in their lives, though in most cases it seems anything but an agreeable operation. We came upon four or five young women of our party, who were racing like so many Chifneys: when unfortunately a cross occurred; donkey charged donkey, and down plumped one of the lady jockeys on the sand, and was dragged ignominiously for some yards by the foot. Euripides relates of Polyxena, the daughter of Priam and Hecuba, when she was immolated by the Greeks on the tomb of Achilles, that she made it a point to ‘fall decently.’

πολλὴν πρόνοιαν εἶχεν εὐσχήμως πεσεῖν,
κρύπτουσ' ἃ κρύπτειν ὄμματ' ἀρσένων χρεών.*

Now Miss Mullen either had not time, or did not care to take any such precaution. She had not been brought up under Hecuba.

What's Hecuba to her, or she to Hecuba?

She jumped up in great haste, shook herself down, dashed the sand off her clothes, gave the donkey-boy a ‘good saucing,’ and joined her party on foot with a sort of nonchalance, though evidently, from the sly

* *Hecuba*, l. 567.

wandering of her hand, there were sundry stinging sand-scratches about her which she did not please to divulge.

As we were walking along the beach, we fell in with a party of some twenty, apparently from Oldham, who were in a state of great perplexity. The tide had run up one of the creeks, and surrounded them. Some persons were shouting to them from a distance, bewildering them more and more, till they seemed quite as likely to rush into the sea as to make for *terra firma*. Coming up, we made the affrighted party understand their position; when, without more ado, the lads and lasses bounced into the water, and, though it ran nearly knee-deep, they seemed to care very little about their display of calves and garters. When they gained the safe side, they joined heartily in the laugh with the spectators, and some jokes, more sprightly than refined, appeared to create considerable amusement among them.

See there! some score who have just landed from a boating excursion. The sea has acquired the name of treacherous, and it seems to deserve it. Certainly to these ladies and gentlemen who are evidently from some inland town, the blue expanse of waters has put on a deceitful aspect. They came down for health and pleasure. Where could they be more likely to find these blessings than as they bounded over the billows of the deep? To them 'old Ocean smiled;' they listened to the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα of the tantalizing rogue, till they must needs mount upon his back in a pleasure-boat. Alas for human foresight! Look at that young gentleman with the turn-down collar, and the pretty maiden

by his side ! He is a poet, and embarked reciting the lines—

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free—

and apostrophizing Dickson's boat as a phantom that 'walks the waters like a thing of life.' Poor fellow ! *Quantum mutatus ab illo !* All his poetry has been pumped out of him ; his apostrophes have 'died into an echo ;' his rhapsodies are floating away upon the winds, now somewhere over the Isle of Man ; he is for the time being a very prosaic personage. Then how miserable looks that pale young lady, the idol of his affections ! Her long hair is dangling from her bonnet as if it had been dipped in salt water. O why should lovely woman tempt the treacherous deep ? Is it not a humiliating view of human nature, to see a seraphic creature rolled up into a heap like a bundle of dirty rags, while a villanous stewardess is pouring cold brandy and water down her throat as through a funnel.

Roaming along we fell in with a cluster of young men belonging to our party who were members of a Mutual Improvement Society, and were storing up ideas for an essay on their day's trip, or a poem on the wonders of the great deep. They were very intelligent, and rather gentlemanlike in address and manner, and from what I could observe they had gone through a course of reading far more extensive than I could have expected from any who are engaged in business through the day.

'How have those young fellows picked up their information ?' I inquired.

‘From Mutual Improvement Societies, Free Libraries, Mechanics’ Institutes, and such like sources. Some of them will write a better essay than either you or I could when we were undergraduates at Oxford.’

‘What are their employments?’

‘Various : most of them are in warehouses—bustling, active, pushing men of business, who will discuss with you on work-days the price of fustians, flannels, calicoes and “domestics.” With moderate luck some will get on in life, and become masters of establishments themselves. Who knows but that the smart youngster in the light-coloured paletôt may be one day mayor of Manchester?’

‘Have they really any poetical ability?’

‘Well, poetry is scarcely their *forte*. Manchester smoke is not an atmosphere in which that faculty can thrive, and the Manchester trade is too matter-of-fact a soil for its growth. Still, some of them will bring out smart thoughts and fine-sounding words in their poem on the ocean, as you shall see. If you will write for the prize yourself, we will elect you here on the sands a member of the Society.’

‘It is some time since I have exercised that poetic genius which I was supposed to have as a natural gift. My last effort was for the Newdigate ; but as I heard nothing from the Vice-Chancellor after sending in my poem, I fancy the adjudicators were too blind to recognise its merits. But I will try again, if it will please you.’

I venture to insert here the result of my marine inspiration. I believe that my sonnets smack of the

sea-breeze. If however they have gained the Mutual Improvement Society's prize, all I can say is, that it has not been announced to me; neither have I received the last edition of Tennyson's works, which was promised as the reward of merit.

SEASIDE SONNETS.

MIND AND MATTER.

By what a secret and electric chain
 Are mind and memory linked to outward things!
 How slight the causes whence each moment springs
 Unconsciously our feelings' varied train!
 Lo, as yon cloud its darkening shadow flings
 Athwart the spangled deep, an unknown pain
 Of loneliness around existence clings,
 As when some parting friend or dying strain
 Of music leaves us sorrowful. Again
 The light bursts forth as on an angel's wings!
 How the heart leaps! Into Thy secret laws
 And subtle agencies, Thou First great Cause,
 'Tis vain to pry; enough it is to feel
 The inward joys which outward things reveal.

NIGHT.

At this lone hour how many an eye is waking,
 On the still ocean, wet with memory's tear!

At this lone hour how many a heart is breaking,
While neither friend nor comforter is near!
Some wanderer now, forsaken and forsaking,
Laments her friends, her home, her parents dear,
No more her present solace;—ay, but most
Perchance her memory clings with hope and fear
To one fond image, now for ever lost—
Her heart of hearts—her light of virgin love.
Poor helpless wanderer! Thy heart is chill—
Chill as the star-bespangled heavens above:
'Tis vain to weep: bid memory be still,
And with a patient mind obey the Almighty Will.

SUNSET.

No cloud is to be seen; the western sky
Is crimsoned by the sun's infusing beams;
No breezes wrinkle ocean's brow, which gleams
With countless tints more beautiful than the dye
Of its own purple; yet—I know not why—
My heart is sad, as when some troubled dreams,
Some dark, vague fancies, cling to memory.
On such an eve I wandered on this shore
In happy mood with one beloved friend.
That voice is heard, that form is seen, no more;
Far, far away! O memory, how thy ties
Form our existence! but on man depend—
On him alone—thy various sympathies;
The thought of well-spent hours eternity defies.

THE FISHERMAN.

While rank and wealth in princely pomp arrayed
 Assemble here, by listless tedium driven,
 To waste the unprized gifts which chance hath given,
 Lone Fisherman, thou pliest thy dangerous trade
 To spur the jaded appetite, afraid

Lest thine own cot should want the simplest bread.
 Surely has Nature, with a partial hand,
 Scattered her bounties o'er this favoured land.

While thousands feast, and on the downy bed
 Repose their limbs, full many a wanderer
 Knows not whereon to lay his weary head.
 It must be so ; but would the rich confer
 On humble life some cherishing regard,
 'The thanks of grateful hearts would be a rich reward.*

MEMORY.

'Tis gone—I saw the tottering mass of earth
 Roll on the waves ; the gull, in search of prey,
 Rose from the mist of upward dashing spray,
 And screamed a pæan of triumphant mirth
 At its worn-out existence. I have stood
 Oft on its hanging brow, and watched the flood
 Consume its natural battlements ; to-morrow
 I shall not find it in my pensive way ;

* Ἡ κακὸν ὁ γριπεὺς ζῶει βίον, ᾧ δὲ ὁμος ἂ ναῦς,
 Καὶ πόνος ἐντὶ θάλασσα, καὶ ἰχθῦς ἂ πλάνος ἄγρα.

But memory with a mild, yea, pleasing sorrow,
 Will bid it rise from out the waters grey,
 Clothed in more beauteous dress. The things of sense
 Recede, but their departure or decay
 Gives birth to images more fair than they,
 Which constitute a being, lasting and intense.

A STORM.

Thou who are sheltered by a happy home,
 And cheered by conversation's social power,
 Feel for the mariner in this dread hour;
 O feel for him whose lot it is to roam
 On the tumultuous water's trackless waste!
 See how yon vessel strives to gain the bay!
 See how its labouring sides and bending mast
 Spring from the mountain-waves and howling blast!
 Now bounding high, now hidden by the spray.—
 Dread Power, how variously dost Thou display
 Thine attributes; and chiefly dost Thou show
 Their grandeur on the eternal ocean vast.
 But peace, be still! let no wild raptures flow,
 While the warm heart should feel for others' woe.

MORNING AFTER A STORM.

Slowly the sun from out its crimson veil
 Emerged, and from light's ever-spotless font
 Scattered its spangles o'er the Hellespont;

Far on its bank the gilded robe and mail
 Of countless warriors shone ; and on the gale
 Was borne the hum of millions ; in their front
 A monarch stood—no prouder form was there*—
 Who, eastward turning, to the Orient prayed,
 And to the deep his costly offerings made.
 But as this morning's sun, serene and fair,
 Rose on the dread and still deep-heaving wave,
 A purer offering moved the stilly air,—
 Thanks to that Power, whose arm is strong to save,—
 To Him who only hears the suppliant's prayer !

MOONLIGHT.

How still thou movest round thy starry throne,
 Pale wanderer ! the poet's pen of old
 Endued thee with a heart of human mould ;
 And as thou wanderest, silent and alone,
 Feigned that thy thoughts were with Endymion.
 And well—for on the silent desert-wold,
 Or ocean vast, no lonelier heart can weep,
 And longing yearn for home's forsaken fold.
 Roll on—roll on, as thou hast ever rolled ;
 Thy sleepless eye, which wakes while others sleep,
 Must yet unnumbered miseries behold,
 From pole to pole, on earth and ocean deep :
 O not from love thy heart is sad and cold—
 It feels for human woe, seen, pitied, though untold !

* For Herodotus's description of Xerxes and his army, see Book vii. 187.

FAITH.

O thou art happy, ever rolling ocean !
 How lovely too in thy bright, dancing mirth !
 And to the sounds of thy light-hearted motion
 In sunny smiles responds thy sister Earth.
 O could ye speak in concert your devotion,
 And tell us how at first ye darted forth
 From gloom and chaos at the Great Command—
 How still within the hollow of His hand
 Ye rest on firm foundations,—could ye tell
 How ye are roused before the Almighty breath
 In wrath and madness,—it might then be well
 For the proud heart and hardened infidel.
 But no, forgive ! O where were then the Faith
 That gains the prize by fight—by conquering unknown
 Death ?

.

What an age it seems since Monday morning last !
 What a week of weeks has this been in its duration !
 If Locke's theory be correct, that 'time is measured by
 the succession of ideas,'* what a pretty busy train of them
 must have been galloping through my brain for the last
 few days ! But is this theory correct ? I hope not : for
 if it be, most certainly the lives of some of my acquaint-
 ance will be very short indeed.

A moralist would close his diary with the self-exa-

* *Essay, &c.* ii. 14.

mination—What benefit have I derived from this visit? What addition have I made to my stock of knowledge? What clearer perception of moral duty have I acquired? Be it so: I am not afraid to meet this inquiry. I believe that I have gained in one week a more perfect acquaintance with the condition of our manufacturing people than I could have done in a lifetime from books and newspapers. Blue-books are all very well in their way; but they are only the dry bones of truth. I have learned that, though the toil of our operatives may be hard and long, yet are the enjoyments of many among them real and hearty. I have seen that, though among such populations there is much vicious self-indulgence, religion and virtue may yet flourish there, and the better feelings of our nature grow and expand. I have found that comfort is within the reach of most of our toiling people, but that it can only be obtained by a course of honesty, sobriety, and industry. And I have discovered that where misery dogs the heels of the man or woman, it is mostly a self-created monster. I return home, I trust, a wiser and a better man—with more knowledge of the world and more love towards my poorer brethren. It often requires an acquaintance merely with our fellow-men to remove our preconceived ill opinion of them. When we view persons or places from a distance through the spectacles of class prejudices, we mostly shut one eye to the good that is in them and open the other only to the evil.

VII.

AN ESSAY ON POPULARITY.



THE title of this Discourse looks somewhat unpromising, It may lead the reader to expect one of those sound, ponderous moral treatises which edified our grandfathers, and remind us of heavy dumpling without sweetmeats or suet; or it may call to his recollection a sermon on a special occasion preached from a University pulpit; or it may lead him to say, 'Here we have a rejected Essay from Oxford or Cambridge, only a few shades better than the one which carried off the prize.'

Some time ago we had the privilege of writing for 'Fraser's Magazine' 'a Treatise on Humbug.' To that essay the present one is a natural pendant. Between popularity and humbug there is a family likeness. There is a sort of moral affinity between them. Their colours often blend very pleasingly together, and melt into each other like the tints of the rainbow or the coruscations of the aurora borealis. Still they are not identical. Humbug is expressive of a more generic idea; it diffuses itself over a very large portion of rational creation; it is a sort of self-inoculator through-

out human society. Popularity—alas! that we should have to write it—is often a species or a correlative of humbug: it is one of the pimples and eruptions produced by the inoculating matter. What the great Stagyrite says of the relative sciences of rhetoric and dialectics, is true of popularity and humbug—the one is a sort of offshoot of the other; they grow up side by side; ὥστε συμβαίνει τὴν Ῥητορικὴν οἶον παραφύες τῆς Διαλεκτικῆς εἶναι.*

But to begin with the beginning—to commence, after the dialectic fashion, with the definition—*What is the nature of Popularity?* Let it be laid down to be ‘a species of reputation.’ But reputations are of various kinds: some are lasting, while others are short-lived; some are based on a solid foundation, while others have none whatever. How is it with Popularity? Can it be styled a reputation that springs out of a real cause, and will endure? This must be regarded as fame. Would any one speak of the late Duke of Wellington as popular? Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, are famous; but it would be a piece of humour to designate them as popular. Would the term be applicable to any of our great discoverers, like Newton; or any of our great inventors, like Watt? On the other hand, we seek for popularity among reputations of a different kind. Who were more loudly cheered than Father Gavazzi and Dr. Achilli? For whom were more hearty plaudits raised than for Grimaldi, tragedian Brooke, and Pablo Fanque? Barnum and Tom Thumb were

* Arist. *De Rhetor.* lib. i. 2.

celebrated characters in their day. Who have starred it more triumphantly than Charles Kean and Jullien? Have not Tom Spring, James Ward, Dutch Sam, and the Tipton Slasher been the admired of all admirers? Has not Sam Rogers, the horse-jockey, attained to greater distinction than his namesake the poet? But in cases like these, observe, the reputation rests only on a very insecure foundation, and is of the most transient character. The orator may prove a frothy fool or a designing knave; the fiddler's fingers may lose their cunning, or his catgut may be greased for the occasion; the singer may catch a chronic hoarseness, and the dancer may be stricken in the sinews of her calves; the prize-fighter may be laid up with rheumatics, or his small modicum of brains may be knocked out; the horse-jockey may strain his Sartorian muscle, or break his neck:—then the reputation of such characters vanishes quietly, like smoke before a puff of wind; *tenues evanescit in auras*. Here then we arrive at the *ποιότης*, or differentia of popularity. It may be defined as 'a reputation that springeth out of nothing substantial, and is in itself unreal and evanescent.' Such seem to have been the sentiments of Lord Bacon. 'The best temper of minds,' he says, 'desireth good name and true honour; the lighter, popularity and applause; the more depraved, subjection and tyranny.' And when Horace uses the expression '*popularis aura*,' he gives us epigrammatically his opinion of popularity and popular characteristics.

Such is the metaphysical idea or logical definition of

popularity. But metaphysicians are at a discount in these utilitarian times. The material sciences are in the ascendant, as beseemeth our gross and carnal age. What care we about Locke and Berkeley, and such-like refiners upon nothing? Your Herapaths and Taylors and Brandes are the men of the situation. They can tell you what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid; they can compound chemical ingredients for your dyeing, your calico-printing, and the various purposes of trade; they can summon as witnesses into a court of justice poisons that have lain twelve months in a dead man's stomach, and confront the murderer with the identical arsenic that he employed, after it has undergone all manner of modifications in the human system. Talk of raising the devil!—talk of alchemy!—talk of the philosopher's stone! These ancient dreams are beaten hollow by the actual achievements of our modern chemical professors. Now, if the physical sciences be so much in vogue, it is needful for us to bring the nature of popularity to some material test. This is a kind of definition unknown to logicians and philosophers; but in these days of chemical analysis we see no reason why moral characteristics should not be made to pass through the same ordeal of flame and fluid as corporeal substances. What then is popularity compounded of? After experiments carefully carried out, we should lay it down that out of ten parts, there are five of coarseness, three of self-conceit, two and a-half of cunning, and the fraction of ordinary intellect. Do not expect, whoever you are, to attain any eminence

in the popular line, unless you determine to crush within you all remains of refinement, modesty, and taste; you must boldly close with every extravagance, and, though it may cause you a few twinges of conscience at first, those silly qualms will soon be lulled to sleep in the pursuit of your lofty objects. Such seem to be the sentiments of my Lord Carlisle, who, amidst political turmoils, has ever maintained the refined and graceful spirit of the gentleman. 'Success,' he says, 'after all, in nearly every walk of life, from the aspiring statesman to the ambitious parish beadle, unless very carefully watched, very anxiously chastened, is apt to be made up of very coarse, obtrusive, vulgar ingredients.'* Have any of our readers a desire to run the race of popularity, and to become 'the cynosure of neighbouring eyes?' We hereby stake our credit that in six lessons, of one guinea each, we will so perfect them in the art that they have only to go in and win.

But may we not get a fresh insight into the kaleidoscope of popularity by viewing it philologically? This was a common mode of turning an idea inside out among the Academicians. We do not mean the members of the Royal Academy, but the Aristotelians. It is the custom now-a-days to sneer at the Stagyrite. If you venture to say a word in his favour, some booby straightway throws Bacon and his inductive system of philosophizing at your head. It seems singular to us that no friend of the ancient Greek has ever attempted

* Address to the members of the Manchester Athenæum, 1846.

to expose the inaccuracy of much that is said in disparagement of his mode of reasoning. Is there so much opposition, after all, between the Aristotelic and Baconian systems, keeping in mind the nature of their subjects? We are not speaking of Aristotle as dead and galvanized by the schoolmen of the middle ages, and made to grin for their amusement. This is not the man as he lived and taught, though this is the only view that many have of him in these times. We have no wish to disparage the mighty mind of Lord Bacon; but we do not hesitate to express our belief that he who sat beneath the shadow of the Academic groves was a greater philosopher than he who sat on the English woolsack.

But avast,—what is the meaning of popularity, philosophically considered? The Greek word for it would be *δημαγωγία*, answering to our ‘demagoguism.’ The Latin *popularitas* has sometimes a similar signification. But how cajole that many-headed monster, the people? This may be done in various ways, as history, ancient and modern, testifies. Our old friend Aristophanes makes known numerous pleasant devices whereby the *δημαγωγοί* were accustomed to humbug the Athenian Demus; nor are those sportive practices altogether abandoned in the more refined society of our own times. Still, the most effectual instrument of the demagogue has been, and ever will be, that little lively member, the tongue. The hill on which Popularity’s proud temple shines afar can scarcely be ascended but by the aid of winged words—*ἔπεα πτερόεντα*; just as the daring but unpractised swimmer is buoyed up by wind-

bags, or Mr. Green by the gaseous inflation ascends in his balloon over the low things of earth. Let us endeavour to illustrate this point.

In the popularity that is to be acquired by words and professions you have a fair chance of accumulating capital, if you adopt the political line. Your first object, of course, must be to flatter and cajole the people, and to persuade them that you would die in their behalf at a moment's notice. Some great orators have withstood the impulses of their fellow-citizens; but, as a necessary consequence, they have not found favour. It would almost involve a contradiction in terms to suppose a man combining the characteristics of popularity and candour. Then, again, popularity—that is, the genuine article—can only be acquired by a face-to-face communication with the multitude. Long speeches are delivered in the House of Commons; but the members are too far removed from their constituents to consult very nicely their tastes. It is only in the prospect of an immediate parliamentary dissolution that any of our representatives care to manufacture orations *ad captandum vulgus*. Then, occasionally, a legislator manipulates and manœuvres ‘a cry.’ Affairs begin to look gloomy with him; he has soon to appear before his constituents; he has not attempted anything to which he can point for applause. What is to be done? A bright idea scintillates through his brain. He determines to inflict a motion on the House, if only he can get forty members together. But what is to be the cry? If a Tory, he hoists the signal of ‘The Church in dan-

ger,' or 'Down with Maynooth;' if a Liberal, he hangs out the banner of 'Parliamentary Reform,' or the 'Big Loaf.' By talking a vast amount of fustian, Mr. Snuffleton Huggins may gain some cheers when he returns to the borough of Swallowsope. But, after all, it is only a hybrid species of popularity that a man obtains by addressing his constituents through the walls of the House of Commons; it is like speaking through wet blankets.

There are, or were, two political sections for which we always entertained a sincere respect; that of the High Tory, who disdained the name of Conservatism; and that of the old English Radical; both of which had the elements of popularity in them, and both of which are evanescing, or merging into each other like dissolving views, in these days of moderation and fusion. The High Tory hated everything like change; the old Radical hated everything as it was. Colonel Sibthorp was the last representative of the former class; and we hardly think that the latter is represented in the House of Commons at all. We know that there are some aspiring young men there who call themselves Radicals, but it seems to be in joke. Does Radicalism walk in satin waistcoats and scented gloves? Does Radicalism figure in purple and fine linen? Does Radicalism smell of Cologne water and Macassar oil? Does Radicalism patronise Stulz, and luxuriate in the boots of Hoby? Does Radicalism enclose itself in cambrics and corsets? Why, the puppies talk Radicalism, we presume, as an excellent jest. They go away from 'the House' to their

ball, and tell Lady Arabella in a lisp how they have advocated the cause of the 'great unwashed.' Out upon them! We have no patience with this finical, dandyfied, hypocritical Radicalism. Give me the unadulterated commodity; give me the Radicalism of the fustian jacket and hob-nailed shoes. How can a man advocate the rights of a Rochdale 'Jack o' Bill's' to become a Member of Parliament in the accents of an affected, lisping schoolgirl? We despise this 'Brummagem' imitation of the real character. For shame, ye paltry loons! Off with that womanish frippery, and mount a navy's coat and a wide-awake.

Thou wear a satin vest! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.

If the genuine old English Radical is to be found at all, it is in some of those towns in the northern counties that smell of oat-cake, cotton, flax, worsted, and train-oil. Probably fair specimens might yet be discovered in Manchester, Ashton-under-Lyne, Rochdale, Oldham, Bolton, Blackburn, and Bradford. If the old High Tory exists in creation, he is dreaming and vegetating among his bullocks and turnips somewhere in the south of England. Why don't our naturalists catch a specimen of each class, and stuff it, and deposit it in the Crystal Palace or British Museum for the enlightenment of posterity? These types of an extinct race, methinks, would convey a far better lesson than your ichthyosauri and megatheriums, and other bygone species of animals with long names, about which your men of

science deliver lectures of proportionate prosiness and length.

Of the two characters, the Radical was certainly the more popular. The old Tory was always crying out like the sluggard for 'a little more sleep and a little more slumber;' while the Radical was always in motion—bustling and earnest—haranguing, planning, pulling systems in pieces, like worn-out machinery, or setting them right side up, like so many overturned three-legged stools. Your Tory was a dull, stupid blockhead, by comparison, who cared less for applause than for his dinner. Your Radical was a cunning rogue; he was up to a trick or two in the way of popularity-hunting, which his opponent had not the inventiveness to strike out. He had been brought up under some crafty Old Fagin, who had instructed him carefully in the nimble-fingered trade of legerdemain. While John Bull—suppose, in the shape of some good-natured Mr. Brownlow—is gaping and staring about him, Radicalism, in the guise of the Artful Dodger, whips his purse out of his pocket and disappears. 'Holla!' cries Mr. Brownlow, turning round in alarm and indignation; 'there he is!' pointing to some Tory Oliver Twist. 'Stop thief!' is the cry, as Oliver takes to his heels, and a general scurry ensues. Out rushes the Radical Dodger from the entry, and joins vociferously in the pursuit. Poor Oliver is caught, and led away to the Bow-street station, amid thumps, and kicks, and abuse; while the Artful is haranguing the crowd, and calling heaven and earth to witness that he has cleared

the streets of a knave, and is the only friend in the world upon whom the people can rely.

If we had to define a true Radical, it would be as ‘an animal that everlastingly grumbles.’ Ever-grumbling is that which distinguishes him from the rest of creation. All other animate beings evince emotions of satisfaction, in a greater or less degree, at some time or other. The mighty leviathans of the deep waters have occasionally their surly fits; there are seasons when you would respectfully decline their acquaintance; but at other times they have their jolly romps and morris pastimes on their boundless playgrounds. Would you desire a pleasanter sight than the huge whale, as he spouts his foam, and smacks his tail, and lies lazily recumbent on his elastic couch, ‘floating many a rood?’ Again, the crocodile dozing in the sun! The rascal is as happy as a prince; he is dreaming of his last good dinner; he knows nothing of nightmares, though his first course consisted of an Indian damsel, bustle and bangles and all. Neither are the forest monsters always growling; they have their larks and wakes in due season; *dulce est desipere in loco* is their maxim. What alderman ever licked his lips with more unction than the boa constrictor after comfortably stowing away a fat buffalo? He is then at peace with all the world. He has freely forgiven the beast for any resistance it had offered. The hyæna has his grin of satisfaction as well as of discontent. The elephant is a noble fellow; that merry twinkle of his small eye pronounces him to be a creature formed for a social party; he is a lover of his species—a philelephantiaist. It is the

same throughout: go through 'Cuvier's Animal Kingdom,' and you will not find a single animate being which does not sometimes feel charitably disposed towards its kind. Now, the essential characteristic of the Radical is dissatisfaction with everything, with everybody, and on every occasion. He knows no rest, and allows no rest to those around him. He walks in a declamation fit, and sits down, as it were, 'on the five points.'* He leaves a starving family, and harangues about universal plenty; he is a negro-driver at home, and abroad he weeps over the black slave. He loves grumbling for its own sake. It suits his constitution; it relieves his secretions, mental and physical. And herein he is entitled to our respect: he is always consistent; you know where to have him. He has a universal panacea in Parliamentary Reform. If taxes press heavily, or his tooth twinges, reform is the sovereign remedy; if kingdoms fall out, or the corn on his big toe shoots, reform is the only specific. He has a vivid sense of even-handed justice; he would sponge the debts of the nation, and he mostly sponges his own.

Probably the most perfect instances of the popular man might be selected from this class of aspirants. There have been ancient Cleons, and there are modern Cleons, and there will be future Cleons to the end of time. Can we imagine a human being much higher on the ladder of popularity than Henry Hunt—the high priest of Radical reform, the Dagon of a million un-

* ['The five points' of the Charter, we presume, are here meant.—1866.]

satisfied Philistines—as he harangued his multitudes on the plains of Peterloo? Perhaps however he ascended an additional step as he took the shine out of the morning star of the house of Derby, at Preston, some five-and-twenty years ago.* And yet we fear that Orator Hunt, if we lay aside his coarseness and vanity, was but a very commonplace patriot, after all. So thinks Radical Bamford, at any rate, who, in the zenith of the orator's glory, was at once his idolater and dupe. In-

* [This took place some five-and-thirty years from the present time, when the Hon. Mr. Stanley, now Earl of Derby, was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland in Lord Grey's Administration. We happened, in early youth, to be on a visit at Preston when the contest took place. At a previous election, not long before, Mr. Stanley had excited the wrath of a bustling party by some withering sarcasms on their leader, whose name was obnoxious to an unpleasant pun; he was also reported, on one occasion just before, to have treated the Corporation of Proud Preston somewhat cavalierly, by not acknowledging them when in their robes of office and in procession, as he was riding through the town in his carriage. And thus by an odd combination of circumstances he was defeated by Mr. Hunt, to the unutterable and unalterable disgust of his grandfather, the old Earl of sporting celebrity. We heard the 'Orator' on several occasions, and even then formed the opinion that he was a mere charlatan and humbug. He hashed up tales from Joe Miller's 'Jest Book,' and attached them to 'young Stanley.' In one, we remember—neither the most delicate in itself, nor the most delicately told—where an old lady wearing an antediluvian garment excites an antiquarian's curiosity, he made this 'sprig of nobility' a chief actor. It answered its purpose, however: it threw ridicule on his opponent, and created merriment among a very promiscuous crowd of men and women.—1866.]

deed, the popular man, as we have shown, must always have a strong admixture of coarseness and selfishness in his composition; and not the least, we fear, is this the case with the popular Radical. We must speak the truth, even of those we respect. 'My dear sir,' was the address of some well-disposed persons to an aged man who had accumulated wealth to no useful purpose; 'My dear sir, do something, we beg of you, for posterity.' 'Posterity!' was his exclamation,—'posterity be hanged. What has posterity ever done for me, I should like to know?' Now we would lay a guinea to a shilling—a five-pound note to a China orange—that that man had spouted Radicalism in an ale-house, refused church-rates, denounced tithes, insulted the clergyman, brawled in a Board of Guardians, swaggered among Common Councilmen, catechized a candidate at the hustings, and been on the whole a popular man.

Circumscribing our range of vision, we discover how word-begotten popularity may thrive within the arena of a borough Council Chamber. Mr. Ephraim Rasherham is a provision-dealer, and his shop is celebrated for Kendal butter and Melton Mowbray pork-pies. His wife attends chiefly to the business department in life, and he to the oratorical; and both departments are well managed. His friends say that he ought to have been a Member of Parliament, and that he would have astonished the House—in which latter assertion some of his opponents agree. He has always been a chairman of a district committee at the borough election, and has gathered fresh laurels on each occasion. At public

meetings he has occasionally gained a hearing, and ‘fulminated’ over the assembled crowd. And now he has attained to the dignity of a town councillor, after a contest of unprecedented severity, and a profuse expenditure of oratory and porter, of magnificent promises and noggins of rum. We are not quite sure whether he is a Liberal or a Conservative in politics; he says he is independent of all party, and has but one object, the welfare of the people in general; he professes even an indifference

To popularity, or stars, or strings,
The mob’s applauses or the gifts of kings.

And yet he is generally found on the most oratorical side of a question; he sees at a glance which phase of the argument best admits of rounded periods and *sesquipedalia verba*, and he regulates his course accordingly. How he overflows with eloquence on the bursting of a water-pipe! How he fumes in rounded periods at an escape of gas! But his greatest achievement hitherto was on a late occasion when he proposed a resolution in council, that, if baby perambulators were allowed on the flagged causeway, it was but justice to the poor that hand coal-waggon should be also. He commenced as popular orators usually do, with strong asseverations of his own disinterestedness and love of fair dealing, and referred to many confirmations of this assertion in the records of his past life. He related with much grief of heart that a policeman had, before his eyes, permitted two well-dressed nursemaids to pass along the causeway

each with a perambulator, and that immediately after he had threatened to take a poor girl to the lock-up who was dragging in a hand-cart a little sister in place of coals. Here several common councillors went out to a neighbouring tavern to take a little refreshment, knowing that they would be in time to vote on their return,—one of them lighting his pipe, observing with a sagacious wink, ‘Ephraim’s the boy’, and never uttering another word till he rose to return. Ephraim then, following the approved fashion of public speakers, rushed into the ocean of statistics, and, like the leviathan, took his pastime therein for awhile. He proved that a poor man’s baby and a rich man’s baby are physically equal; he examined the question ethnologically, and showed that since the creation there has been a unity of structure in the human species. He then rose to the higher considerations of moral, intellectual, and legal equality; he threw in a flourish about infants born under the gilded dome of the palace, and those which first saw the light under the thatched roof of the cottage; and he closed his speech with a peroration on the magnificence of even-handed justice, sitting down amidst vociferous applause, not the least from his friends who had just returned from the tavern powerfully refreshed with beer. Ephraim is largely reported in the Saturday’s ‘Independent;’ he is the subject of much commendation—*volutans vivus per ora virum*; his shop is patronised by his admirers; his business flourishes; and altogether he is far the most popular person in the borough, not even excepting the Radical

member, who has acquired a fair amount of character by promising everything and performing nothing.

But here the expression 'popular preacher' suggests itself. Sooth to say, we do not much love the term—the idea gathers round it many ludicrous and some unpleasing images. Of popular preachers there are many species. Some choose the sentimental, cambric-handkerchief line, and quote much poetry, or rather the same poetry often, about 'infants clinging to their mothers' breasts.' We are acquainted with one good-looking fellow, with his curly hair parted in front of his forehead, who made his fortune out of a single verse from the writings of Mrs. Barbauld. He made his fortune in every sense, for he laid up an abundant stock of popularity, and he married a rich wife. We have known some get on remarkably well in the high Calvinistic line, rising in estimation the more fiercely they scattered damnation around them. In the race of popularity we would almost back that ugly black-muzzled tyke, with his grisly hair stroked over his forehead, and the pupils of his eyes lost under their lids, and with a general physiognomy suggestive of the Old Bailey, against your sleek-faced, Macassar-oiled, kid-gloved sprig, who mixes up religion and love ditties. In the favours of the fair sex, the handsome youth has but a few minutes' start of his dear ugly brother. Your Puseyite preacher has a select species of popularity. He wraps himself in mysticisms and cultivates abstractions; and he is popular with those who profess to be wiser than their fellows, and to be able to understand him. The

young ladies too have a fondness for his scenic exhibitions, and cast penetrating glances even through his double-breasted silken waistcoat. In that popularity however which springs out of words he never attains much eminence. He is a believer in the Horatian precept—

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
 Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*

These are several species of the popular preacher. View him however generically; take a glance at him in his abstractions. He must be a man of extreme opinions on some point, and he must have a dash of coarseness in his mode of making them known. Popularity and refinement of expression are neutralistic. We recollect an aged clergyman who was accustomed to give this advice to his young friends in the ministry: —‘Always remember,’ he used to say, ‘that there are some persons of sound sense in every congregation: preach to them.’ If you wish to be popular, adopt the converse of this advice. ‘Forget that any members of your congregation are men of good taste: preach to the vulgar.’ Take up an anti-something theory, and go at it like a Stentor. No matter whether you thunder in church, chapel, or conventicle, you must keep in view the necessity of combativeness. Your strong point may be anti-Popery, or anti-Protestantism, or anti-Puseyism, or anti-Dissent, or anti-Church-corruptions, or anti-

* *Ars Poet.* 180.

tobacco-pipes-and-cigars, or anti-alcoholic-drinks: any will do for the nonce. Speak with a loud voice, and thump with a heavy hand. ‘Split the ears of the groundlings’ without mercy. The big drum is always the most popular instrument in the band. Then if the pulpit begins to fail, take to the platform, as the highwayman of old took to the road, and at the point of the blunderbuss demand the applause of the crowd. The platform allows greater latitude of expression than the pulpit, without the liability to ecclesiastical censure, and more absurd assertions without the probability of their being examined, and a more determined stamping of the foot without the fear of sinking through the boards, and more violent gesticulations without the danger of grimacing delicate females into fits. It was said by the cynic Heraclitus that he valued the opinion of one man of common sense more than that of multitudes beyond number besides.

Εἰς ἔμοι ἄνθρωπος τρισμυριοί, οἱ δ' ἀναρίθμοι
Οὐδείς.

A very childish sentiment—if, that is, you wish to be popular—as foolish as that of the Athenian orator who, when loudly cheered, asked a bystander what puerile opinion he had expressed. The conceited fellow deserved to be ostracised. As for you, enunciate clap-traps with a confident air, and elicit applause, the more the better. See that your name is plentifully placarded in large and flaming letters upon every dead wall and conspicuous gable-end. Popularity, platforms, and placards

are not only alliterative, but allied. Your Irishman is generally a handy boy at this practice. He is pugnacious by nature, not with any bad intent, but simply for the fun of the thing. As was said of the winged minister of Jove's thunder, his mercurial temperament and native vigour urge him into battles.

Nunc in reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnæ.*

His *perfervidum ingenium* impels him into conflicts, no matter whether with the shillelagh or the tongue. Like Tony Lumpkin, he 'loves a row;' neither is he hampered with silly sensibilities. He has the two requisites for popularity given by Archbishop Whately—fluency and puzzleheadedness.

A sort of man (says the Archbishop), that is not only much talked of, but commonly admired, is a man who, along with a considerable degree of clearness and plausible fluency, is what is called puzzleheaded—destitute of sound, clear, cautious judgment. This puzzleheadedness conduces much to a very sudden and rapid rise to a short-lived celebrity.†

It is true that there are those who have a claim to popularity on other than *virâ voce* pretensions. We might enumerate the novelist, whose popularity lies in his grand descriptions and melodramatic situations; and the dancer, whose popularity lies in her muscular elasticity; and the singer, whose popularity lies in her windpipe; and the actress, whose popularity lies in her

* Hor. Odes, b. iv. 4–11.

† Annotations to Bacon's *Essay Of Honour and Reputation*.

appropriate contortions and becoming grimaces; and a score of other classes whose popularity has its origin in certain peculiar characteristics. Let thus much, however, suffice in explanation of the nature — the *τί ἔστιν*— of popularity. Following the approved method of the ancient philosophers, we proceed now to investigate this problem—*How far is popularity a thing to be desired?*

That popularity is agreeable no one can deny: at least, should anyone be rash enough to do so, regard him as a person unworthy of credit. It is classed by Aristotle among the ‘things pleasant.’ *Καὶ τὸ θαυμάζεσθαι ἡδύ δι’ αὐτὸ τὸ τιμᾶσθαι.** Even that old rascal who lived in a tub, and pretended to despise such vanities, only showed his love of them after his own fashion.

Man, and no less woman, may be defined to be a vain animal. Vanity is a universal characteristic. It has ever been a theory of ours that all men are equally vain, and that the apparent difference among them consists simply in the faculty of concealing the weakness. Here we see a giddy jackanapes strutting up and down, like a peacock as it stretches its neck and spreads its tail in the sun, and courting the flattery of every simpleton who comes across his path; here we meet with a surly mastiff of a fellow, who would snap off your nose, or pretend to do so, if you offered him a compliment. And after all, we have a suspicion that the one specimen of human nature has as much conceit in it as the other. The preacher harangues against vanity, while his jewelled

* *Arist. Rhet. i. 11, § 18.*

fingers glitter forth the sad truth that it is his own failing. The moralist gravely lectures us against the love of popularity, while every paragraph betrays his own. Dr. Parr, as he smoked his pipe of defiance against all conventionalities in the presence of George III., evinced his own personal autocracy and petty self-conceit. Neither is it ordinary mortals only who exhibit their vanity. Read the autobiographies of our eminent men. What are they but melancholy confessions of this weakness? Aristotle is supposed to have been a puppy; Alcibiades was a coxcomb; Cicero was an egotist; the Admirable Crichton was a swaggerer; Nelson was his own idol; Erskine was a childish boaster; Southey inflated himself with his own self-importance, as naturally as the crib-biting horse fills itself with wind. On the whole, therefore, it may be laid down that all men in their secret hearts are equally vain, or nearly so, but that all men are not equally discreet. Listen to that fellow whose tongue tinkles eternally like the bell of a commercial room; at every fresh jingle he is proclaiming his private opinion of himself, while that quiet sarcastic looking man opposite to him has no intention whatever that others should examine his private thoughts as if he were a lantern, though the candle of self-importance may be burning more brightly in him than in his neighbour. Our susceptibility to flattery is a mark of our innate vanity. Is there any man living insensible to the perfumed incense. 'Flattering unction' may be a more poetical expression than 'soft sawder,' but the name matters little; if the emollient be laid on with reason-

able tact, it cannot fail to give pleasure. 'Flattery pleases very generally,' said Dr. Johnson. 'In the first place the flatterer may think what he says to be true; but in the second place, whether he thinks so or not, he certainly thinks those whom he flatters of consequence enough to be flattered.'*

If we regard this intuitive love of popularity in its final cause, we shall see that it is not implanted without a wise purpose. The stoical *nil admirari* † system of morals was essentially a vile one. It was nothing less than an effort to reduce human beings, made up of flesh and blood and mind, into stocks and stones, or at best into vegetables. It strove after the extinction of every feeling that could incite men to a course of honourable ambition. We do not think much indeed of that love of popularity which feeds solely on 'the most sweet voices' of a mob; we are now supposing a species in which there is a mixture of some purer ingredient. Such a love of popularity may often lead us wrong; but without it we could rarely go right. It has its uses as well as its abuses. Many mighty deeds have originated in this feeling; and when an adventurous gentleman has 'plucked bright honour from the pale-faced moon,' he may employ this acquisition for the good of his fellow-creatures. The popular preacher, the popular statesman, the popular writer, the popular common councillor—each has obtained that moral leverage which the ancient mathematician desired physically—the $\pi\sigma\tilde{\nu}$

* Boswell's *Life*.† Hor. *Epis.* i. 6-1.

στῶ—and may lift, if not the world, some portion of it, out of the slough of ignorance, or error, or evil.

And have we not an illustration of our subject brought to our very door at the time we write? Manchester is at this moment ‘drunk with enthusiasm’—as it is sometimes said of popular toasts. Lord and Lady Palmerston are to-day leaving the metropolis of cotton, carrying away with them the good wishes of the citizens, and, we trust, pleasant memories of their own. We would wager a trifle that my Lord and Lady have had more hand-shaking to do this last week than in any twelve months of their previous life; but we understand they went through it with an affability and courtesy which won the hearts of our people.*

It is not every man in Lord Palmerston’s station, and at his age, who would come down to Manchester as a recreation. Many a younger person would think it no trifle to pass through the inevitable process of sight-seeing, speech-making, hand-shaking, banqueting, that awaits an eminent visitor. We are informed that his Lordship was at home, and spoke effectively in answer to addresses from town councils and commercial associations; and if he did not quite answer expectation in his speech to the members of the Mechanics’ Institute, it must be remembered that he appeared before them on the evening of a long and to him wearisome day. Neither was his Lordship aware probably of the kind of men whom he would have to address. Many of them,

* [October, 1856.—1866.]

young warehousemen and mechanics of the higher class, are very shrewd and intelligent, and have attained to a fair degree of literary proficiency. The faculty of extemporaneous speaking too is rated among them at a high value—higher than it deserves; and is cultivated to some extent in their Mutual Improvement Societies and Literary Institutions. They are, on the whole, a somewhat critical class.

Why, let us ask, do great people come down to Manchester ill-dressed? Is it that they may be consistent with the place? It is true that, as a whole, we are not a well-dressed class here; nay, we have seen a man worth a million swathed in clothes which might have been the sweepings of a pawn shop. But that is no reason why gentlemen who are ordinarily well-dressed should, on entering our city, assume an old coat and a shocking bad hat. The Queen rode through our streets in what seemed to be a black stuff gown; and Lord Palmerston, we were told, walked through the Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute in a hat of many indentations, and a costume of Jewish aspect. Why should his Lordship, the beau ideal of fashion, show himself among us in a rusty coat of invisible green?

Lord Palmerston is a good instance of the better style of popular man. He is not a favourite beyond all reason, but he is nevertheless a general favourite of the nation. He does not seem to have sought the good opinion of the people by any of those mean and slavish tricks which your intensely popular man employs. He has not, certainly, been without his errors and weaknesses;

but he is no ordinary man who for half a century can fill responsible offices in the Government of our country, ever moving onwards, and standing at an advanced age higher in position and popular estimation than he has ever been before. The secret of his success probably lies in his undaunted spirit. An Englishman always likes to see an exhibition of 'pluck;' and this is a quality which Lord Palmerston has ever manifested, and not the least during the last few years.*

But to return. This love of popularity too forms a

* [In illustration of the subject treated of above, Lord Palmerston may be regarded as a study. He is an instance, almost unparalleled, of popularity not only sustained, but increasing over a long life. For the greater part of sixty years he held an official position—that severe test of opinion; and yet he gradually rose higher and higher in the estimation of his countrymen, till at the age of eighty-two they accorded to him their all but universal good-will, and on his removal their all but universal regret. Neither was this produced by anything adventitious. Men who have died in the hour of victory have naturally received posthumous honours and applause in unusual measure. The melancholy death of Sir Robert Peel created throughout the nation a more than ordinary excitement in his favour. The unexpected removal of the Prince Consort opened more widely, in proportion to its suddenness, the floodgates of mourning. But in Lord Palmerston we have one who was neither taken away in the hour of some great achievement, nor by accident, nor by rapid disease; his life in the course of nature could not have been prolonged many years; his death might have been expected any month; and yet his departure was attended with sincere and general sorrow; and men are now looking into the future of their country with some misgivings, as though a pillar had been removed which tended to

sort of connecting link between the present and the future. It is very true that the celebrity of most men

sustain its prosperity and welfare. How are we to account for this? We answer, Lord Palmerston was the embodiment of those characteristics which Englishmen most admire. His intellectual powers were by nature of a high order, and these were enlarged and matured by long experience. We doubt whether his gifts of mind have been sufficiently acknowledged in the tributes which have been paid to his memory. Though not a fluent speaker, he was eminently a lucid one. What a marvellous example of clear statement on an entangled subject was his explanation in the House of Commons on the Schleswig-Holstein complications—and that at the age of eighty! Then how adroitly could he parry Disraeli's passes, and after doing so how effectively could he deliver his retaliatory thrusts! He had a ready store of humour too, without which no one can be truly popular among us. He had not Canning's wit—which keen-edged weapon was in truth his bane—but he had the more genial command of drollery and pleasant jest. His manner also was frank, honest, and without affectation. A man, though Premier, he said, need not be 'stiff as a poker.' Your reticent politician, like the late Sir Robert Peel, may be admired in his measures, but personally he cannot be popular. An Englishman, moreover, loves an undaunted spirit that will confront difficulties and dangers without shrinking; and Lord Palmerston had conspicuously this property. Whether dealing with a mighty nation or an individual member of the House of Commons, he could give and take without flinching; he entered with zest into a fair stand-up fight, and if he was sometimes hit hard he generally administered more punishment than he received. And in all his doings he appeared to have, and we doubt not really had, the prosperity and dignity of his country at heart. Though easy in joining successive Administrations, he was always true to his party; he would never give up a friend; he would stand or fall with the colleagues by his side. He was a man of moderate

dies before them ; but they do not themselves think that it will. How many thousand deluded mortals have appealed to the wisdom and justice of posterity, and been forgotten ! ‘ I protest ! I appeal ! ’ said Henry Hunt to the late Lord Ellenborough, after an adverse decision. ‘ Very well, Mr. Hunt,’ was the reply ; ‘ protest, appeal, and go about your business.’ So Time, that great Lord Chief-Justice, deals with the multitude. It bids them protest and appeal, and go about their business. Third-rate poets, politicians, novelists, orators, all flatter themselves with the idea that they will be appreciated by posterity : when Old Time, after allowing such characters to delude themselves for awhile, sends them, with their productions, about their business. The man who plants a birch tree has a fairer claim to look confidently and cheeringly forward as likely to make an impression on posterity, than he who writes an epic poem. Still this vain hope binds men to the future. Cicero introduces this fondness for posthumous reputation, as an argument for the soul’s immortality. ‘ But the most powerful argument is, that nature herself gives a silent

opinions also. The demagogue mostly outlives his popularity ; extreme opinions are generally found to have flaws in the long run, as well as those who hold them ; and the English tone of thought and feeling is, as a rule, steady and well balanced. We suspect that even with many of our advanced political orators, their hearts are by no means so hotly enamoured of change as their tongues would represent. We do not doubt, therefore, that the more you analyse Lord Palmerston’s character, the more you will find that it embodies those distinctive qualities which, as Englishmen, we naturally admire and love.—1866.]

judgment in favour of the soul's immortality ; inasmuch as all are especially anxious about what will take place after their death. " Man plants trees for the good of a succeeding age," as Statius says in his "Synephebi." With what view, except that he has an interest in posterity ? What mean the procreation of a family, the founding of a name, the adoption of children, the care about wills, the very inscriptions on monuments, and eulogies, but that we have an eye to the future ? '* Strangely enough, however, this longing for fame after death has been known to exist in some who professed to disbelieve in the immortality of the soul. David Hume derived considerable satisfaction in his last days from the prescience of his increasing fame. ' What is to be said but vanity of vanities,' writes an Edinburgh Reviewer on this subject, ' when a philosopher, who has no expectation of a future state, and who is contemplating annihilation with complacency, is found, notwithstanding this, busied on his death-bed about his posthumous fame, careful what men may be saying of his essays and his

* Maximum vero argumentum est, naturam ipsam de immortalitate animorum tacitam judicare, quod omnibus curæ sunt, et maxime quidem, quæ post mortem futura sint. *Serit arbores, quæ alteri sæculo prosint, ut ait Statius in Synephebis ; quid spectans, nisi etiam postera sæcula ad se pertinere ? Ergo arbores serit diligens agricola, quarum adspiciet baccam ipse nunquam. Vir magnus leges, instituta, rempublicam non serit ? Quid procreatio liberorum, quid propagatio nominis, quid adoptiones filiorum, quid testamentorum diligentia, quid ipsa sepulcrorum monumenta, quid eulogia significant, nisi nos futura etiam cogitare ?—Tusc. Disput. i. 14.*

histories, after he himself is sleeping in the grave, where all things are forgotten?' * By the way, how do Dr. Cumming and his followers regard popularity? According to their calculations the world has only some ten years longer to last. Then popularity, unpopularity, and the absence of popularity, will be all the same. People will not then purchase the publications of Dr. Cumming, nor refer to him as a great divine of the past. At this moment the Doctor has accumulated a fair amount of capital in the merchandise of popularity; but in his computation the investment is terminable in ten years. Does the reverend interpreter of apocalyptic visions still persist in entering into leases, begetting sons and daughters, reserving the copyright of his writings, and coaxing a prospective fame, when, in another decade, by his chronology, 'the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself,' and Dr. Cumming's reputation with it, will pass away like a dream, and 'leave not a rack behind'?

It was the practice of the ancient philosophers to say, A wise man, or a good man, is a king, according as they held their *summum bonum* to be wisdom or goodness. Now, a popular man, we maintain, is for the time being a king. He exercises royal functions. Was there ever a more undeniable monarch than Henry Hunt as he harangued his mobs in the hey-day of his glory? Did not Daniel O'Connell assume the symbols of royalty on some hill-side in Ireland, and feel himself to be 'every

* *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1847. Article on David Hume.

inch a king' ? Did not Feargus O'Connor frighten all London from its propriety by unfurling his regal banner one fine day near the Houses of Parliament? And if we leave the hill-sides and plains, and enter our drawing-rooms, we shall observe how the sovereignty of the popular man is exercised over a more select circle. When such authors as Scott, or Moore, or Wordsworth, or Southey, came to the metropolis from their rustic retreats, we read that they were saluted with royal honours over tea and toast. Could the vanity of man have received a higher compliment than to be pointed at as the lion of the day by fat dowagers and beflounced spinsters in West-end saloons?

In popularity, as thus exhibited, there must be something peculiarly intoxicating; we have ourselves seen how frail mortals can sip down draughts of adulation with their hyson. The authority of a sovereign is nowhere more distinctly observable than when a popular preacher is the presiding deity at a tea-party of his followers. How that unctuous, greasy, sensuous Methodist parson munches his muffins and turns up his eyes, while all the members of the party munch muffins and turn up their eyes in sympathy! How he groans out of his full paunch and wheezy throat, after the tray has been removed, and how all groan in concert! Nor is there less autocracy exercised here and there by a clergyman of our church. We well remember our juvenile visits to an aunt who resided in a populous town, and was held there very deservedly in high estimation. We expected a small fortune from the old lady;

but, peace to her ashes! she left three-fourths of her property for the conversion of Jews and Hottentots. Well, she used to give a large tea-party at a stated season to those friends who were members of the same congregation as herself; and her pastor—a man of great popularity in the place—conducted the proceedings of the evening. We have a perfect recollection of the favourite, of his patronizing smile, his affected humility, his self-complacent demeanour, and of his long exposition of Scripture, while the ladies sat in a semicircle, wrapt in delectable admiration. Every action and expression of the company were in deferential homage to the popular idol, and he in return sniffed up, apparently as his due, the idolatrous incense. We received a long lecture from aunt after the party had broken up, because we yawned at intervals throughout the evening, and had set one or two others yawning; and we have a shrewd suspicion that a very natural question we put to her on the following day—Who that ugly, disagreeable man was?—lost us a handsome legacy.

Thus far we have seen popularity in its brightest colours; let us turn it round, and examine it on its darker side. It does not follow, observe, that because it is desired, it is therefore, *per se*, desirable. It has its abuses as well as its uses, its dangers as well as its dignities, its anxieties as well as its pleasures. Man, we have seen, is a vain animal; but it is a problem to our mind, whether there is more enjoyment or pain in a spirit of vanity. It is no doubt agreeable to hear our own praises; but in proportion as you enjoy a com-

pliment, with so much the more acuteness will you feel the sting of mortified self-conceit. We are inclined to think that this love of popular distinction ought to be kept in due bounds, if life is to be spent in rational contentment. If we could have penetrated beneath the self-complacent smile, and patronizing air, and well-fed stomach of our aunt's clerical favourite, perhaps we should have found the inscription on his heart, 'Pity the sorrows of a popular man!'

There are probably few sources of truer enjoyment for the time, than the delivery of a successful speech before an educated audience. There is perhaps no higher honour than the homage of a listening or applauding senate. But the best orators often fail, or come short of men's expectations. 'Ah! Tinkertrope did not come up to the mark to-day; his speech was stale and flat; he was at a loss for words as well as argument; he must make a better hit the next time, if he is to keep up his popularity.' These remarks soon reach the ears of the Right Hon. Augustus Tinkertrope; and what tumultuous feelings do they excite within him! He shakes hands with his friends, blandly smiling, and he goes home straightway to abuse his wife and bully his servants. Old Dunderstone, the county member, who never spoke three grammatical sentences consecutively in his life, and whose talk is of bullocks, is the happier man of the two. Then in those cases of great failure which frequently occur, who can conceive the misery that attends them? When Sheridan first essayed to rise into the region of oratory and collapsed, he rushed

for relief doubtless to the brandy bottle. When Disraeli sat down amidst jeers and laughter, the pangs of Prometheus were within him.

We were once on an oratorical tour with two companions, and had an opportunity of observing how critical and delicate a thing is popularity, or the love of popularity, in its influence on human happiness. Our part of the daily performance was a very insignificant one: it extended no further than vociferating 'hear! hear!' when nothing was said worth hearing, and in cheering with great vehemence when the speakers were at fault or talking nonsense. Exercising our freedom, therefore, we had a sort of cruel amusement in tickling the self-complacence or stinging the vanity of each speaker after the proceedings of the evening; and it was curious to observe how a presumed success or failure in their oratory soothed or soured their tempers for the night. One evening, for instance, an old woman, who had evidently been drinking, fell asleep among the audience, toppled backwards over her seat, and awoke with a loud shriek: afterwards, we had no difficulty in persuading the speaker that it was his eloquence which had overpowered her. It is unquestionably a matter of great doubt how far the aggregate of individual happiness is increased by personal popularity; indeed, we have a private opinion that a very interesting novel might be written under the title, *The Miseries of a Popular Man*, in which our hero might be exhibited in all the trying positions and unhappy conjunctures which must ever fall to the lot of a celebrated character. We

commend the hint to the consideration of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

A popular character resembles very much the man or woman who dances on a tight-rope. The more the spectators applaud, the more energetic must be the dancer; and often when everything is going on briskly, and portending a shower of coppers, down plumps the unfortunate acrobat, and is greeted with more jeers than half-pence. 'Popular applause,' asks an old writer, 'is it not like smoke, which the higher it mounteth the sooner it vanisheth? '* All history illustrates the slippery footing on which the popular man moves. Look no further back than the last fifty years, and no further round than our own country, and you will find that every idol of the people has fallen from its pedestal and been smashed to pieces like the Dagon of the Philistines. Henry Hunt and William Cobbett died neglected, after a myriad throats had become hoarse with cheering their tomfooleries. Feargus O'Connor, poor fellow, sunk into a nonentity, and his schemes perished at Snig's-end. And if you are anxious to point a moral, contemplate the career of Daniel O'Connell to its close. Probably Dan was a more popular character, and retained his popularity longer, than any recorded in history, ancient or modern. But the day of gloom and misfortune came at last. The Nemesis he had long driven off seized him at length with a firm gripe. After spending a lifetime in exciting and guiding the passions of a nation that

* *Disce Moris*, § 35.

idolized him, he was outstripped by younger and more ardent spirits, and he sank into the grave a heart-broken and neglected old man. And now how little is remembered of that full, deep-toned, diapason voice, which awoke tears or laughter at the speaker's will! Is not his monument yet unfinished, on the very scene where his triumphal car once rolled royally along? Poor Dan! his career illustrates the fickleness of popular favour more strikingly than all the biographies put together of our early friend, Cornelius Nepos. Alas! the figures of men mighty in words sweep along and pass from our gaze like shadows on the hill-sides. How long will it be before the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is superseded as premier preacher of England? Well, it is of no avail to moralize: men pick pockets in sight of the gallows, and men will hazard their lives for celebrity, while the smashed, battered, shipwrecked hulls of many a tall vessel that once was borne onward by the popular breeze, are rolling water-logged before them down the stream of life.

Neither must we quite ignore the reflection, that the man driven onward by the popular hurricane, sometimes impinges on the breakwater of our laws. An occasional Cuffey* is landed on Norfolk Island at Her Majesty's expense, hurried forward by the gales of a people's applause; a patriot who loves his country, not

* [A high-spirited, patriotic tailor, of very diminutive proportions, who, when in the dock for his participation in the Chartist riots some ten or twelve years ago, demanded in a loud tone and with theatrical action to be tried before a jury of his peers. Unhappily the enthusiastic little fellow was transported.—1866.]

wisely, but too well, is here and there found domesticating with kangaroos in Australia; a spirited gentleman who has led on a vociferous crowd with musket and banner, is now and then put to work in those unpleasant restrictions on free labour called fetters, and seen perambulating in close vincular association with Cracksman Bob; a casual youth, too aspiring to live, has to pay his respects to that mysterious personage who haunts assize towns with a suspicious-looking cord in his pocket. By all means shun that species of popularity which is likely to bring you into conflict with the growling monster called Law; rather join Don Quixote in a tilt at the windmill. In the height of your aspirations after renown, never forget that there is an everlasting ladder called a treadmill: remember Botany Bay and the crank.*

* [Is not history re-producing itself, as we write, and exhibiting to us, in these Stephenses, O'Learys, Lubys, O'Donovans, and O'Connells, of the Fenian order, a class of men who are too patriotic to be at large? It would be as useless to argue with such fiery and dashing spirits as it would be with a flash of lightning. Your Irishman's nature is his own, and no one's else. Transplant him where you will, and it remains. If Horace's maxim be true generally, 'Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt,' it is especially so of the son of Erin. He is lively, and loves a skirmish; he is not particularly enamoured of work; he has the gift of fluent speech; he has been so long told that he is an ill-used man that he fully believes it, though few rational people can see how he is ill-used except by himself. He is fond of large schemes for giving freedom to his native land, which gradually expand by inflation, and at length blow up, when they are found to have contained, with some genuine ingredients, a vast store of trickery, deception,

We have our fears too that popularity is sometimes misused by its possessor. Patriots are but men, and 'young men must live.' Even orators who applaud the self-sacrifice of Quintus Curtius, love money and power. And this trade in popularity may bring for a time a fair return of creature comforts. Modern history would supply us with a few examples of men who have grown fat and jolly on their windy, jaw-rattling profession. Did not Wilkes—who, by the way, was never in his palmyest days soft enough to be a Wilkite—wisely retire from business as agitator, and step into a corporation office? A friend of ours once stopped in a crowded London thoroughfare, and began to look earnestly up to the third-storey window of a house close by: a crowd gathered round him, every one looking up with the same intentness as himself; when he slipped away, and left about a hundred people staring at nothing. So dexterously does your artful popularity-hunter now and then carry out his schemes.

Unfortunately however, as a rule, a love of popularity is insatiable. It grows by what it feeds on. The thirst of notoriety is more difficult to allay than the thirst of avarice. It cries out unceasingly, with the horse-leech, 'Give! give!' Then, if mankind begins to refuse to give, what follows? Pangs worse than the gnawings

knavery, and self-seeking. He is vain-glorious in words, while his deeds sometimes culminate in a cabbage-garden; instead of dancing with joy on the ruins of national bondage, he has too often, alas! to mourn in penal servitude for the term of his natural life.—1866.]

of starvation. It would have been far better if the poor fellow had never nibbled at the popular loaf at all. He is spoiled for ordinary food. Can we imagine a popular or ex-popular person a domestic being? Can we suppose such an one living as a dull, prosy, matter-of-fact man or woman of this world? The dancer who has won cheers and flowers by standing on tip-toe and whirling round like a spindle, must everlastingly move in a galopade, even though it be to that least romantic refuge for the weary, called, in plain English, bed. Mrs. Siddons could not ask her servant for the mustard, but in the high-sounding tones of Lady Macbeth. Elliston personating some powerful monarch on one occasion, forgot his part, and in the full belief for a time that he was a real king, said with a paternal wave of his hand, 'God bless you, my people!' and whatever was his condition off the stage, he is reported to have lived in his mimic grandeur of tinselled robes and pasteboard crowns.

We sometimes wonder what are the sensations of men or women who have outlived their popularity, and are compelled to exist after a common everyday fashion. Did not Betty, the 'young Roscius,' survive his brief enjoyment of glitter and footlights and unbounded applause for fifty years? How is it with singers and players who have retired from their profession or from whom their profession has retired? How is it with politicians and preachers and platform-orators who have sunk into the limbo of the forgotten? They must exist, we imagine, with two identities, their former selves and

their present selves. They must live in a state of constant distraction, their previous being contending against the one in daily use. Seriously, though, we frequently regard our friends with a sort of anticipative pity, even when they are followed by the cheers of the multitude; and we wonder how they will bear the deprivation, when the failing of mental faculties and physical powers must of necessity be accompanied by the loss of admiration and applause.

What then is the conclusion of the whole matter? Looking at popularity in every light, it has some points certainly that seem to render it a desirable property; but this view will scarcely be borne out by a closer examination of it. The possessor of it struts indeed a royal personage—*incedit rex*—but he walks amidst steel traps and spring guns. Would you bargain to incur the hazard of Damocles for his dignities? The theory of Sir Walter Scott's Rebecca on chivalrous fame is pretty applicable to nineteenth-century popularity. What says Sir John Falstaff? It has been usual to regard him as a sort of fat, witty, swaggering fool: he was a philosopher. Is not his soliloquy on honour a masterpiece of wisdom? Could either the Stagyrite, or Lord Bacon, or Archbishop Whately, have argued more syllogistically, or shown a clearer appreciation of moral truth?—

What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No.

What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

As a moral essayist, it is our duty to conclude with a few words of practical advice. The love of popularity is what the Greek philosophers termed a *φυσικὴ ἀρετὴ*—that is, a natural feeling which is desirable in itself, but which is capable of being converted either to a good use or to a mischievous abuse. Cherish it therefore after a becoming manner; strive after your object legitimately, and if you attain it in any degree, use it for the good of your fellow-creatures. Let your popularity be such as Lord Mansfield desired to attain—that which follows a man, and not that which he follows. Are you a young gentleman entering upon public life? Do not allow a trifling compliment from some old lady, or friend who is drinking your wine, to impress you with the notion that you are very popular in your position. Ten to one the compliment meant nothing at all. Do you fancy that you are an Adonis—'as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina,'—and that the ladies are all in love with you? Be assured they are laughing at you, and calling you a noodle behind your back. Are you an Irishman, astonishing the natives with your eloquence on either side of the Maynooth question? Do not attach too great an importance to your thunder: your celebrity will soon become vapid as the beer which the thunder has soured.

Are you an aspiring orator engaged in some popular agitation? Do not suppose that every cheer which is raised for the cause, is intended for yourself. Man! vain man! In the case of many a one we should illustrate those well-known principles of political economy about buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, if we could take him at his neighbour's valuation and sell him at his own. Remember too that popularity-hunting is a dangerous amusement: it has broken more necks than steeple-chasing. And, considered as a business, it is a 'dreadful trade'—more perilous than his 'that gathers samphire.' Dover Cliff is steep, and your footing is insecure. It is an old maxim, but no less wise because of its antiquity,—seek to travel that safe middle path which will keep you free from the dirt of meanness on the one hand, and of pretentious vulgarity on the other. This duty was often inculcated by those sage moralists of the Greek drama; and the Epicurean Horace, out of all his 'wise saws,' laid down no more judicious precept than that which linked contentment with the golden mean in life.

The tallest pines most feel the power
 Of wintry blast, the loftiest tower
 Comes heaviest to the ground;
 The bolts that spare the mountain's side
 His cloud-capt eminence divide,
 And spread the ruin round.—COWPER.*

* *Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
 Pinus; et celsæ graviore casu
 Decidunt turres; feriuntque summos
 Fulgura montes.*—*Od.* ii. 10.

VIII.

A DISCOURSE ON CROTCHETS.



ENGLISHMEN seem to have a peculiar liking for long words. All those terms that have been added to our language of late years are distinguished by their longitude and classical composition. A compound of three or four Greek words is the favourite manufacture. Take the substantive 'idiosyncrasy:' it has a full-mouthed sound about it; but it must be interpreted to be understood. Is it not more rational to speak of men's crotchets than their idiosyncrasies? No permission has been so much abused in our days as that of Horace for the manufacture of words. He allows men to mould one now and then, with a modest discretion and caution;* but he is addressing poets, not vendors of patent leather or dealers in marine stores. Would he not have stood aghast at the term 'antigropylos'? Would it not puzzle a Scaliger or Bentley? It is time, we protest, to put a stop to these vile coinages when every breeches-maker

* *Ars Poet.*, 58.

or blacking-manufacturer invents a compound word of six syllables as expressive of his wares. Ladies do not wear petticoats now-a-days, but crinolinas. What is their new name for garters? Men do not ride on horse-back as aforetime—they take equestrian exercise; women are not married like their grandmothers—they are led to the hymeneal altar. A bookseller, forsooth, becomes a bibliopole; and a servant is converted into a manciple. Barbers do not sell tooth-powder and shaving-soap as their fathers did, but odonto, and dentifrice, and rypophagon; hair-wash has passed away—it is capillary fluid. Can any one tell us what is the meaning of ‘diagnosis’ as applicable to disease? If it has a signification at all, we will guarantee to find half-a-dozen Saxon monosyllables expressive of the same idea. Medical gentlemen too talk of phlebotomy: we know that it has some connexion with bloodletting, and, for our own part, we always associate the term with a night we once spent between the sheets, all alive O! in an Irish hotel.

Δάκνει με δήμαρχός τις ἐκ τῶν στρωμάτων.*

Who would believe that ‘epistaxis’ means simply bleeding at the nose? Fancy one schoolboy doubling his fist, and telling another to ‘look out for epistaxis.’ The term ‘phonography’ frequently meets us. Is it a treatise on murder? Or is it the act of writing in letters of blood, as was old Draco’s practice? † What is

* Arist. *Nubes*, 37.

† [‘Phonography’ is a species of short-hand, according to the sound of the voice. The term is inaccurately compounded. The

meant by that fashionable word 'æsthetics? We take up the first book within reach, and open it at random. It is 'William Wordsworth, a Biography;' by Edwin Paxton Hood. Well, what do we read? 'By æsthetic biography,' he says, 'is simply intended a life in its ideal attitudes.'* Simply intended! Did ever mortal man listen to such verbiage run mad? What, again, are we to understand by the words 'objective' and 'subjective,' which every goose with his sham metaphysics has now-a-days on his lips? These Titanic Gilfillanisms will certainly be the death of us. O Immanuel Kant, why didst thou not spell thy name with a C? Then we read of 'Peter Winkelhelter, a Monograph.' Now, Peter, we do not doubt, is a very good fellow; but what is a 'monograph?' Does it mean that it was written at a sitting? That is scarcely possible, seeing that it covers five hundred weary pages. Or does it imply that the writer of the volume has strictly kept himself within the limits of its title? But these monographs are about anything else than the subject proposed—*de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis*.

Again, what a netfull of long names has been fished up by that natural history in salt water, which is now so fashionable! Theologians, moreover, write ponderous volumes which they entitle *Hermeneutics* and *Apocalyp-tics*. Do not the interpreters themselves stand in need

Greek *φόνος* signifies slaughter—*φωνή*, a sound. The word therefore ought to be either phonegraphy, or phoneography, as in geography,—where the 'o' is interposed between the *γη* and the *γραφη*.—1866.]

* P. 3.

of interpretation? Politicians do not 'discuss' subjects in the year of grace 1857: they 'ventilate' them. Why should men indulge their inventive faculties in spoiling a language, unless, as the French diplomatist alleged, words were made for the concealment of ideas? Why not stick to the old Saxon of our forefathers? We do not talk in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. We do not address our groom or the wife of our bosom in words of five syllables. 'I pr'ythee, now,' said the fat knight to his grandiloquent ancient, 'I pr'ythee now, deliver thy message like a man of this world.' Our housemaid—to recur to the idea with which we started out—has odd ways with her, especially in the matter of dusters and followers. These we call crotchets; but who ever thinks of talking about Susan's idiosyncrasies?

The term crotchet is of ancient lineage; it is evidently as old as music, which is coeval with creation. We never exactly knew what was meant by that common expression 'the music of the spheres;' but we presume that it is a symphony of worlds, beginning with time and still proceeding, and in it there must necessarily have been many crotchets. The word therefore had its birth when

Music, heavenly maid, was young.

It is to the plain, prosaic mind, what those pleasing ærial notes are that strike upon the musician's ear and awake the echoes of fancy in his brain. The term is expressive of a trifling perversity of thought, from which perhaps we may infer that music has always been allied to a slight twist of intellect or temper; after a like

musical metaphor we speak of persons 'giving themselves airs.' A crotchet is a species of 'bee in the bonnet' for the time being; and an enthusiastic musician has always some sound or other buzzing in his ear.

As a good harper, stricken far in years,
 Into whose cunning hands the gout doth fall,
 All his old crotchets in his brain he bears,
 But on his harp plays ill, or not at all.*

It is a good old word, with a genuine expression about it—one that Shakspeare found useful and Milton did not disdain. When Mrs. Ford said to her husband, 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now,' † what a picture of indoor family life does she suggest to us. How often had the restless gentleman teased his lively lady at noonday over their venison pasty! How often had he snarled out his jealous fancies in the night season, while the wicked minx was laughing between the frills of her cap at this Terentian self-tormentor! 'I'll carry no crotchets,' said the valiant Peter to the musicians; 'I'll *re* you; I'll *fa* you; do you *note* me?' ‡ 'This is but a crotchet of the law, but that brought against it is plain Scripture,' writes the republican Milton, in his 'Treatise on Divorce.' A fancy against a fact—a cobweb against a cart-rope! Burton, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' mixes up 'crotchets' with 'new doctrines, paradoxes, figments.' The idea con-

* Davies.

† *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 1.

‡ *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 5.

veyed by the word is not a ponderous one, if we may venture to weigh abstractions; it is rather one of those intellectual minims, or quavers, or semiquavers, which flit through the mind like an agreeable musical movement, and titillate the brain into some quaint line of thought.

Looking at crotchets *per se*, we are sometimes inclined to be annoyed at them, as abnormal divergences in the human economy. Looking at them however in their final causes, we do not doubt but that, like all other phenomena, mental and physical, their tendency is to the good of the human race as a whole. It was once thought that comets were travellers at random through the universe, and whisked along their aërial pathway, scorning all principles of motion; but we now find that they are subservient to laws as fixed as those which regulate our planetary system. So is it with crotchets. They seem sometimes to be unruly as the comet, whisking and frisking about as wildly and coruscating as brightly; but there is a design and a tendency in them, after all, or the benefit of society at large. Observe, if every man's ideas ran in parallel grooves, they might go on smoothly and uninterruptedly, indeed; but they would soon come to a standstill through sheer want of steam. The stoker would fall asleep, the water would run out, the coal would be wasted, and the train that carries us along the railroad of life would come to a dead stop on some Shapfell or Salisbury Plain where there was neither station nor hotel. What on earth would become of us if there were no such things as

crotchets? Life would become one Dead Sea—one wide, dull, stagnating Pacific Ocean. We should all sink into moodiness and insipidity; like the sulky lady in the play, we should soon be ‘sick of a calm.’ Reviewers would write smooth things. Drowsy authors would be no longer keel-hauled by critics with the tooth-ache or the bowel-complaint; political writers would lie down in peace, without the fear of being Wilson-Crokered or Babington-Macaulayed. ‘The Times’ would scarcely stigmatize the whole body of the clergy as a set of idle, useless drones; it would no longer pat these Spurgeons on the back with one hand, and with the other give a slap on the face to our clerical orators in Exeter Hall; it would be consistent, but prosy. Lovers would not be able to pick a quarrel at any price; the race of Mrs. Caudles would be extinct—those lively ladies who refuse to ‘go to sleep, like good souls.’ Lord Palmerston and the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli would repose in each other’s arms, as innocent as the babes in the wood, while robin-redbreasts covered them up, and the nation went to ruin. Mr. Gladstone and Sir Cornwall Lewis would pledge each other in the loving cup, and sing in unison ‘We won’t go home till morning,’ while the finances of the country were sinking into inextricable confusion. My Lords Cardigan and Lucan, Sir John McNeill, Colonel Tulloch, and the Staff Officer, would join hands, and sing with infantine unction, ‘Let dogs delight to bark and bite,’ while the military service was suffering.* The two Sheffield blades, Roebuck

* [Written in 1857—1866.]

and Hadfield, would lose their fiery edge and shut up, while abuses were wearing away our much-enduring constitution, and dissent was flickering like a farthing rushlight in its unsavoury socket. In short, we should become, one and all, so many Rip Van Winkles of the Sleepy Hollow. But now while we are moving leisurely on, and subsiding gradually into drowsiness in our respective carriages, whiz comes the crotchety idea, rushing across at right angles with the speed and impetuosity of an 'express,' smashing a few luggage vans, rustling up sleepy old gentlemen, astonishing timid old ladies, and causing all the travellers to open their eyes and wonder. Then follow lively sallies of indignation—objurgations on the head of the guard—anathemas on the signals—threatenings, loudly expressed, of writing to 'The Times'—all of which are symptoms of vigorous life. A whimsical fancy sometimes sweeps over a nation, and stirs it from its depths as the hurricane rouses up the slumbering ocean.

Indeed, we have a suspicion that if we were to examine the history of inventions, discoveries, and benevolent schemes, we should find that a majority of them have had their origin, directly or indirectly, in some crotchety idea or crotchety man. What was the pursuit of alchemy but a crotchet? It was a half-knavish, half-foolish one, it is true; but it led to certain discoveries which we could now-a-days but ill spare. While hunting after the philosopher's stone and the elixir vitæ, Roger Bacon stumbled upon gunpowder. In following some such phantom Van Helmont found out the prop-

erties of gas, Geber brought to light many hidden truths in chemistry, and Paracelsus discovered the medicinal quality of mercury. Bacon's system of inductive philosophy, if we recollect aright, was first suggested to him by some lecture-room badinage; Newton started the theory of gravitation on the impulse of a whim; and Watt caught his earliest idea of the power of steam from observing its action on the lid of a tea-kettle. Did not some Louis of France turn tinker and invent a lock? Did not Charles V., in his monastic retirement, indulge his whim for mechanics, and construct clocks on improved principles? Did not Edmund Beckett Denison, Esq., Q.C., design and superintend the moulding of 'Big Ben,' whose iron tongue is destined to wake our slumbering senators, and to strike the weary hours through many a pointless speech? What but a crotchet prompted Lord Rosse and the Rev. Mr. Craig to build their leviathan telescopes? Is it not a crotchet that induces such men as Bruce, Audubon, Bellot, Dr. Livingstone, and Captain Burton to imperil their lives in the exploration of the earth's darkest regions? Was not Howard under the influence of a crotchet—a benevolent one, it is true, but a crotchet still—as he devoted his life to the improvement of our prisons? Was it not a similar æstrum that sent Miss Nightingale to the East on her noble mission—a mission combining the chivalry of the knight with the tenderness of the woman? And if the term crotchet implies something unusual—something different from ordinary tastes,—what but the whim of self-denying humility makes her shrink from

shoutings and speech-makings, while many with heroism more equivocal seem to swallow their honours whole, and, like *Oliver Twist*, to come for a second helping?

The world at all times has entertained a strong prejudice against 'a crotchety man.' The expression is stereotyped with a sneer. This however is not altogether a correct mode of thinking. It by no means follows that a man of one crotchet is a disagreeable fellow. Crotchets are many and diverse—some peevish and prickly, others amiable and pleasing. Now a person who is under the influence of one genial crotchet may be a right loveable character. Who does not sympathize with *Uncle Toby* in his sham fights and real loves? Our friend however must not have many whimsies, or his fancies will become obscured, as the eye is dazzled with too much glitter of colour or brilliancy of light. The interior of such an one's brain, if it could be exhibited, would bear a strong resemblance to the inside of a kaleidoscope. But he who is possessed by one amiable crotchet may be a delightful companion, and the more so from his peculiar mode of thinking on a given point. All his mental and moral disorders, it may be, are absorbed into the one leading sentiment, and the rest of the system is healthy; just as a boil on any fleshy part of the body gathers into one point all the unhealthy humours and discharges them, for the relief of the patient. But in dealing with the man of one whim, you must be careful how you handle him. He is peculiarly sensitive if you stand in the sunlight of his leading idea. If your friend is determined to mount

his hobby, let him have his ride; if he is inclined to run a muck like a mad Indian, or to tilt at a windmill like a fanciful knight errant, keep out of his way. Urge him onward in his course, but with caution; work him on your hook, but mildly, as old Izaak Walton would have dealt with his fish or his frog. After awhile he will exhaust himself, like the knight-errant or the trout; and he will dismount from his hobby-horse one of the mildest and most tractable creatures in existence. You may lead him with a thread.

We remember a tutor at college who was a man of one crotchet—kind and amiable, and the very best fellow in the world, if you respected his whim. His name was Macfarlane; and the only thing in life he hated or resented was to be thought a Scotchman. We never learned ‘the reason why;’ but the fact was well known. Our conscience smites us at the recollection of a trick we once played upon the good-natured old soul. It was a cruel act; but we may as well make a clean breast of it. Two or three of us one day met in the street a hard-faced Scotchman, in a Highland dress, performing on the bagpipes. We conducted him to our college, brought him to the staircase leading to the tutor’s rooms, and gave him directions how he was to proceed, intimating that he would meet with ‘something to his advantage.’ In about two minutes after we heard voices inside the room in altercation ‘wild and high,’ and in a second rushed the kilted Scotchman with his bagpipes, and the long leg and thick shoe of the tutor were visible in hot pursuit. ‘The mad deevil!’ ejaculated the

musician, as he tumbled down stairs almost upon us, out of breath, in amazement, and apparently in pain—‘The mad deevil disains kith and kin!’—‘Well,’ we asked, ‘how did you go on? What did you say?’—‘I said, sirs, I kent weel his auld mither, Mrs. Macfarlane, o’ the Broon Coo i’ Paisley!’—immediately after which, it appeared, he got his rough notice of ejection. We allayed the Scotchman’s wrath by a couple of half-crowns; and later in the day we saw him again, moving about somewhat stiffly, as we thought, but still playing with a considerable degree of spirit, ‘The banks and braes o’ bonny Doon,’ to about a hundred admiring urchins.

In our younger days we used to stay sometimes with an old uncle who was under the influence of a single crotchet. He was a clergyman, and a very fine character in every respect; only you had to permit him to enjoy his whim undisturbed. Woe to the unfortunate being who stood in his way as he dashed forward on his hobby! His crotchet was, ‘Brandy and salt.’ It was in his estimation a universal specific; inwardly or outwardly applied, it had the same healing properties. Give it a fair trial, and it was an infallible remedy for colic, asthma, rheumatism, gout, burns, contusions, lumbago, influenza, erysipelas, heartburn, indigestion, headache, consumption, and the other ailments to which flesh is heir. Our uncle was himself a temperate man; but he hated the very name of teetotalism, simply because persons of this order applied reviling epithets to one ingredient at least in his cure-all. He regarded brandy as one of those providential gifts for which mortal crea-

tures have especial reason to be thankful ; not so much because it makes glad the heart as restores the body. He had a great objection to medicines generally. Parr's pills, Holloway's ointment, Bath plasters, pulmonic wafers, Locock's decoction, fluid magnesia, cod-liver oil, revalenta Arabica, and all such 'real blessings,' he religiously abjured. Epsom salts, castor oil, tincture of rhubarb, and black draughts he set at nought. Physic made easy, in the shape of homœopathy, he eschewed. He ignored the whole library of domestic medicines ; he pooh-poohed Doctors Buchan and Graham. Next to his Bible, he believed in brandy and salt. He held a country rectory, with a small population ; and, in all cases of sickness, he was ever ready with his panacea. One day, we recollect, an old woman came begging to the parsonage ; she was evidently a stranger to the locality, for she began to put forward some complaint or other, the nature of which we forget, as a plea for relief. She was the very subject he wanted ; he laid hold of her *vi et armis*, and poured down her throat, as he would have administered a draught to a calf, a powerful dose of his never-failing mixture. The old woman retired hastily, with her hand at her mouth ; and the rector returned to his study beaming with smiles and self-complacence, and in the genial spirit of one who has done a good action. Every night he pressed us to take a draught of this elixir vitæ ; but our aunt, who was a kindly old lady, invariably gave us the brandy in one cup and the salt in another, so that, as the latter never came into solution, we could indulge in the praise of our

beverage without any qualms of conscience. We won the old rector's heart by an acquiescence in his theories; and he invariably pronounced, with a sort of oracular gravity, that we were destined to make a figure in the world—a prediction yet to be fulfilled.

But who can catalogue individual crotchets in their number and variety? How many are attracted round the scientific theories of the present day! One philosopher will describe to you some operation of nature a hundred million years ago, with as much assurance of infallibility as if he was watching the process with his own eyes at the moment; and if any one should hazard a doubt on his dogma, he would regard him with something like scorn, or at best pity. On the other hand, the Dean of York takes his stand on the old ways; he maintains in the teeth of the whole 'British Association for the Advancement of Science,' that the sun, the moon, and the earth, stand still; and we honour the old dignitary for the bold avowal of his opinions, if not for his scientific constitution of mind.* No less chivalrous is the crotchet of Mr. Ruskin, who is ready to fight against the world in defence of his pre-Raphaelitisms. We meet with an ingenious fellow now and then who, like our old friend Monkbarne, is bitten with the maggot of antiquarianism, digging Roman remains out of dilapidated pig-sties, tracing Runic pillars in worn-out mile-stones, and discovering Druidical relics in broken chim-

* [When the Association met at York, the late Dean Cockburn startled the members by reading a paper in which he maintained these opinions with great determination.—1866.]

ney-pots. Another has the crotchet philological, hunting back words that were coined yesterday in the mill or workshop to the Anglo-Saxon or the Sanscrit. Again, how fiercely do our homœopathists and allopathists contend over their respective systems! Whatever their drugs may be, the allopathist's temper is not without acidity and bitterness, and the homœopathist's crotchets are by no means infinitesimally small. That is a less amiable weakness we sometimes hear of, which leads young men of business to dissipate fortunes, hardly earned by their fathers, in gambling-houses and on race-courses, and to ape aristocracy, like a monkey in a red jacket, at Melton Mowbray. Of all crotchets that come before us, we see none more pitiable than that of a young cotton lord deluding himself with the idea that he is an aristocrat, because he is spending his money like a fool.

As to the crotchet genealogical, we know not whether to regard it with amusement or indignation. Will any philosopher explain to us how the love of a pedigree has such a hold on many minds? Look at these two men: one stands six feet, and is a handsome and well-formed specimen of humanity; the other is a puny, misshapen minikin, who seems incapable of being turned to any profitable use whatever on this earth; it is a case of 'Hyperion to a satyr: ' now, is it not passing strange that the fine active fellow would give almost every thing he has for the fifteen generations of the queer little creature by his side? And what makes it more marvellous still,—the one in reality has just as long a pedigree as the other. It is not as though the finer specimen

had sprung up by spontaneous generation, and, according to the Darwinian theory, might be traced back to a fungus a given number of years ago : both have had a parentage since the deluge. Wherein then do they differ ? And yet there is an instinct within the unpedigreed man, however fine he may be in physical structure, which suggests to him the desire of seeing his ancestral tree on parchment. Hence originate those mythical genealogies which are drawn out in imagination and recorded in print : we are not speaking of heroes who have sprung from heathen deities, such as Hercules and Achilles,—but of families who profess to have descended lineally from bare-legged Britons and Roman generals. How can we bear with patience such nonsensical crotchets ? At one time reasonable people were satisfied with going back to the times of ‘the Conqueror ;’ and why should they not now ? What more would you have ? We fear indeed that our professional pedigree-compilers are not quite free from blame in conniving at genealogical sillinesses. We could ourselves point to certain names in Burke’s ‘Landed Gentry,’ associated with long lineages, which previous to their publication had been kept a profound secret from nearest relatives and closest friends. At the time we write we have an acquaintance whose leading, almost only, idea for the last twelve months has been the construction of his coat-of-arms. His father was once a butter-badger, and his mother took in clear-starching ; but the son, having been born not only with a silver spoon in his mouth, but with a whole service of spoons, has now several thousands a year, and his great

object in life is to trace back his pedigree, and to rescue from undeserved oblivion the shield of his ancestors. Of his grandfather and great-grandfather not a trace remains; but taking up the skein at the preceding generation, he makes his way easily to Charlemagne as his ancestor,—his name is Charlesworth. He has pestered Sir Something Somebody, Garter King-at-Arms, almost out of his life for the last year. We gave our friend mortal offence by requesting him, in a kindly spirit, to leave off such abstruse researches, and to adopt at once ‘three butter-kegs rampant and a clear-starcher’s bowl reversed.’

Mr. Robert Owen, at the age of eighty-eight, is following his ancient whim, and publishing a *Millennial Gazette*, in which he bequeaths to posterity his life-long schemes for raising the human race to its proper level. Sir Culling Eardley fancies that the regeneration of our species must issue from Exeter Hall and Evangelical Alliances. Sir Robert Peel’s crotchet seems to consist in telling all he knows about everything and everybody. ‘Extremes beget extremes’ may here be understood without a metaphor; for the late Sir Robert, who was the most reserved, reticent, and self-concentrated of men, became the father of one who is the most open-hearted, free-tongued and ingenuous of youths.

We occasionally see an acknowledgment from the Chancellor of the Exchequer of a bank-note which has been transmitted to him as conscience-money. Not long ago, we observed that a hundred pounds had been sent to him ‘from one who had often shot without a licence

in his youth.' Had the man been addicted to poaching? had it been his 'delight on a shiny night, in the season of the year?' Then perhaps he had taken a game and provision shop, and got on in the world. We often wonder what kind of a person he is who pours his money so recklessly into Her Majesty's Exchequer. We are not aware that we ever met with a man who put such a screw on his conscience. Is he a Puseyite awaking to a sense of the truth? Or a Methodist compounding for sanding his sugar and watering his tobacco? Or a Quaker who abjures all compulsory levies whatever? Or is the advertisement a deception *in toto*—a mere dodge on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to make the nation believe that our taxes are just—a decoy-duck for the slaughter of genuine tax-payers? If however a *bonâ fide* transmitter of conscience-money exists, we have a notion that he is a crotchety being. A person may be all conscience or no conscience, either of which conditions is a dangerous one. We pity the man's wife; she has a weary time with him, no doubt. My youthful lady reader, never marry a man who, to your knowledge, has sent conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if you value your future peace. Better take ourselves, an old bachelor subject to periodical fits of the gout. He may be, it is true, a well-meaning but crotchety fellow acting simply on the impulse of a freak; a pig-headed animal who determines to do like nobody else—as unpersuadable as the simpleton who adopts the maxim of 'every man his own doctor,' and coaxes for himself a chronic dyspepsy; as impracticable as he who acts upon

the principle of 'every man his own lawyer,' and leaves a snug lawsuit for his descendants to the fourth generation.

So far as we Northerns are concerned, we exhibit much of this latter kind of crotchet. We are energetic, combative, pig-headed. We ourselves have friends in these manufacturing districts who are never at ease except they be in contention. Julius Cæsar, it is said, would have been a good wrestler, if he had never led an army: combativeness, that is, will find a channel somewhere for its exercise. Last summer we took a trip through the Lake districts of Westmoreland. On arriving at the Birthwaite station, our attention was drawn to a desperate quarrel between an old gentleman with a red face, white whiskers, and a broad-brimmed hat, on the one part, and a railway porter, on the other. We felt inclined to side with paterfamilias, who evidently belonged to the same county as ourselves. The day following we met him at the 'Ferry,' when he was engaged in a fierce encounter with a boatman. The next time we saw him was at Newby Bridge, when he was in high altercation with our friend Mr. White of the White Swan, who is himself somewhat choleric, as befitting an old soldier. From the English Lakes we went on to those of Scotland, and, as it happened, the old gentleman and his party took the same route as ourselves; and wherever we came across them, we found him in furious strife with man or woman. We heard broad Lancashire in discord with shrill Scotch, while his wife and two rather pretty daughters looked on as if the proceedings were of a

routine character—quite a matter of course. It seemed strange to us at the time that old Square-toes should indulge in such vagaries while he was on a trip of pleasure, and the sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and lovely scenery was around him, and his pockets were full of money; but unquestionably he enjoyed his lively sensations after his own fashion.

We are energetic too with our combativeness. We must ever be pulling down something and building up something—it may be an educational system, or a church establishment, or a commercial theory—and we call our measure, by courtesy, a reform. We would undertake the three feats proposed by Sydney Smith, at a minute's notice, and never doubt of success. It is the easiest thing in the world among us to get up an association for any conceivable purpose. While your dull Southern is gaping, we form a committee, elect a chairman, fix on a secretary, call a public meeting, and launch our scheme *instanter*. The boat, it may be, is tossed about a little, lets in water and soon sinks, but what of that?—we forthwith launch another. Then if we have nothing else to assault, we attack the Pope, just to keep our hands in. It is an agreeable pastime enough to pelt his Holiness; but it appears sometimes to our feeble faculties that there is a vast amount of popes in life besides the old humbug in the Vatican. There is a physical combativeness too in our population. Does not our sturdy friend, Jack-o-Ned's, from Rochdale, consider that his drink is lost on him, unless he has a fight on the top of it? Young Lancashire, moreover,

has a crotchety *penchant* for deranging machinery and hearing the smash of windows. Not long ago we were walking a few steps behind two rough-looking Ashton youths, who were approaching our city, when we heard one say quite seriously to the other, as he pointed to a green-house in the shape of the Crystal Palace,—‘Loo’ thee, Bill, what a gradely nice place to clod a stean at!’

We have so far treated more particularly of the man with one crotchet. Some persons however are *made up* of whims. Now while the man of one crotchet may be an agreeable companion, your owner of many whims must *per se* be a detestable fellow. Occasionally it has been our lot to forgather with such a lump of obliquity. Dr. Collinson, late Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, and Provost of Queen’s, commenced one of his sermons at St. Mary’s in a broad north-country dialect, as follows:—‘There is a large class of people in the world who take an oblique view of things.’ This created a titter among the grave dons and giddier juniors; for the doctor’s eyes pointed outwards and apparently turned a corner, like the horns of a cow of the old English breed, and he seemed to be himself an apt personation of the species he was going to describe. But both the doctor and ourselves use the term metaphorically; we speak of a class of persons who have a moral obliquity of vision. If any object whatever be placed before them, they see it squinting-wise. It reaches their eyes darkened, distorted, and twisted into all manner of shapes, like a spoiled daguerreotype, or the reflection from a splintered looking-glass.

We sometimes wonder what is the material composition of a man who has many crotchets. He must be a conglomeration of snags and snarls, of pins and needles, of prickles and penknife points. Alas for the wife of his bosom! How did she ever consent to take him for better and for worse, when the only prospect was that it would be all worse and no better?* And yet you never see such a specimen of perversity without a wife. We know such an one who is wearing his fourth—the Blue-beard! Where could his wooing be done? Not under the milk-white hawthorn, while the warm breeze was playing around, perfumed with the scent of wild flowers. It must have taken place in a wilderness of thorns and briars and nettles, when the snow was on the ground, and an east wind was blowing. Alas, we say, for the wife of his bosom! You would no more think of embracing such a creature than you would of petting a porcupine, or nursing a hedgehog, or stroking a Scotch thistle.

We do not think that your genuine snaggy fellow

* Not long ago, as we were walking out in the country, we overtook a brisk-looking stonemason, who was apparently leaving his work for the day. ‘Good evening, sir,’ he said, respectfully. After we had returned his salutation, he added—‘But mayhap you don’t remember me?’ ‘Why, no,’ I answered; ‘I cannot exactly call to mind where we have met.’ He then reminded me of some concern we had in his wedding about seven or eight years before. ‘Well,’ we continued, ‘it was a case of better and worse, was it not?’ ‘Ay, to be sure,’ he said. ‘Then how has it turned out? You have given it a fair trial.’ ‘Why,’ he replied meditatively, ‘as near as I can think, it’s bin abaat hafe an’ hafe!’ Is the ‘hafe an’ hafe’ a fair average

belongs to any class in particular; he is found more or less in all sects and societies. A good specimen might be selected from among Radical Dissenters. The very principles of the party consist in opposition to constituted authority, and no doubt these are carried out into all the details of life. Your Radical Dissenter, we are assured, never lets his crotchets lie idle, as his wife and children and maid-of-all-work can testify; but he comes out pre-eminently at a vestry meeting. With what acid sanctimoniousness does he demand a poll when the church-rate is passed! With what spiritual unction does he condemn our ecclesiastical system, root and branch, as despotic, unjust, and destructive of souls! But we find this angularity sometimes in the High Tory churchman as well; he often regards his dissenting foe as not a whit better than a rebel to religion and his country—as a man who, out of pure love of railing, indulges in the cheap luxury of abusing the church and the clergy. Indeed, it may be affirmed as a general principle, that they who adopt views in opposite extremes on any given subject are men of similar characteristics. Still the character of the thoroughly crotchety man is found among all classes and ranks of society. Wherever you turn in life you meet with this species of cur, snarling and snapping at every decent man's trousers. He is now, suppose, sitting in committee, and the resolution to be passed is, that two and two make four. There seems to be a general unanimity on the subject. One gentleman, remarkable for his caution, has certainly wished to try the problem on the duode-

cimal principle. Another, who has the reputation of being a great logician, has argued the point at some length, and with much fairness. But all appear to be agreed that two and two make four. The chairman is on the point of putting the motion, when up jumps Mr. Jaggerson: he has reserved himself for a great effort. Two and two make four, gentlemen! Can anything be more absurd than to affirm this as a general rule? It is contrary to Scripture—downright infidelity! He thanks Providence that he has now been married eight years to his dear wife, Johanna—he had kicked her only the evening before—and did not Scripture say that they two were one flesh? Then, he had two darling children—he had sent them to bed without their supper, for no reason whatever, before he came to the meeting. Would any man say, in the case of himself, his wife and family, that two and two were four? He now turns his asperity on his fellow-committeemen. His friend, Mr. Gripeall—he is supposed to lend out money at a usurious rate of interest—makes two and two into twenty; then leaving the arithmetical question he launches out into bitter inuendoes and provoking allusions which may apply to some who are present, and many who are absent, and sitting down in a state of pious perspiration, he declares that his conscience will not allow him to remain longer a member of a committee which can affirm that two and two make four. Now, what annoys us most with the genus Jaggerson is, that the impostors are ever talking of their conscience—a property about which they know as much as a man born blind does of neutral tint.

If a highwayman comes up to you with a revolver and demands your purse, why, you do not love the man, certainly, but there is an honest dishonesty about him, after all. He makes no pretence to superior sanctity. He does not take high moral ground with you. He wants to finger your purse, and have done with the business, and so he tells you. But of your snivelling wretch, who is ever pinning a sham conscience on his sleeve, while he is robbing a neighbour of what is more valuable than his purse—your vile hypocrite who is concealing hateful lies under texts of Scripture, and cowardly slanders under a love of the Decalogue, why, why,—we say nothing: Carlyle would say—squelch him. And yet,—is it not illustrative of the Englishman's peaceable nature?—that kind of man will often snarl through seventy years, and die in his bed unkicked.

In these days when philanthropists and patriots are 'plenty as blackberries,' might not some of them turn their attention to the reformation of our crotchety people? Might they not, for employment's sake, try their hand at straightening the crooked sticks of society? Or, at any rate, might they not devise some means for keeping them quiet, and preventing them from being mischievous to their neighbours? But then the question arises,—Does not the majority of a community consist of crotchety people? There 's the rub. 'Must they all be hanged that swear and lie?' asks the son of Lady Macduff. 'Every one,' answers the mother. 'Who must hang them?' 'Why, the honest men.' 'Then,' the lad reasons smartly, 'the liars and swearers are

fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.* So we fear that, if the crotchety part of a population were to rise up against the uncrotchety, they 'would prove the better counterfeits.'

Still the idea of a reformatory for men and women under the influence of curable crotchets is not a bad one. The great problem of the day is,—How to dispose of our convicts,—a class marked by a certain whimsical confusion of idea in judging on the *meum et tuum*? This ticket-of-leave system is beginning to arouse the reflective powers of the nation. Mr. Lobbersley looks every evening to the priming of his old flint and steel blunderbuss, which has been laid up in ordinary since the expected invasion of Bonaparte; Mrs. Lobbersley sleeps with one eye open; and the Misses Lobbersley shriek out if a cat squalls on the housetop at midnight, and rush into the room of Mr. and Mrs. Lobbersley in their night-dresses. Then these gentry of the garotte-school respect neither person nor place. Not long ago a friend of ours, an alderman, who devotes his time to the good of his fellow-citizens, was taking what is called a 'promiscuous walk' at night-fall, when his eye rested on a spot that seemed somewhat darker than it ought to have been. Being a member of the Works' Improvement Committee, he takes a survey of the place, and in the spirit of a patriot determines on setting down two lamps and widening the causeway there, when three men rush from beneath the shadow of an adjacent

* Macbeth, iv. 2.

building, and, without saying 'by your leave,' whip a handkerchief round his mouth, thrust a knee against the lowest of his spinal vertebræ, rob him of his watch and purse, and, like unfeeling scoundrels, leave him lying on the scene of his good intentions with every breath of air pumped out of his body. We lately saw an account of an income-tax collector having been garotted; for him we have no anxiety—he was paid for it. But it is altogether different with a benevolent alderman. The question therefore is, What are we to do with our convicts? Surely we must not turn them loose on society to break into houses, crack skulls, and garotte aldermen and tax-collectors, according to their own merry fancy. Even a tax-collector is a human being.

Why should we not then attempt a solution of this relative problem,—What can be done with our crotchety people generally?—those, we mean, who are made up of splinters? Would it be possible to build a large hospital for their accommodation, or to take a farm surrounded by a ring fence for their exclusive residence? It would, methinks, act well in many ways. First, it would be a sort of social penfold for cooping up animals that are wont to damage fences and commit trespasses. Then, it would be an asylum well fitted for the moral discipline of the residents. A thousand persons, each with a strong prickly crotchet in his composition, living together on the same premises! The idea may seem startling; but upon the patients the effect must be good, either by blunting in some measure their sharp edges or by entailing among them a reciprocity of scratches.

It would enable scientific men also to investigate the various species of the disease, and to apply a remedy accordingly. We would stipulate that the Governor should be well remunerated; and we would have a Chaplain appointed, and make it a provision that he should never give them less than an hour's lecture. It would practically enforce on them the virtue of patience. A friend of ours, a Gaol Chaplain, is very fond of delivering long sermons,—not altogether to inculcate a lesson of patience, but because he can never satisfy himself that he has given all the good advice which he might. He writes his sermon for half an hour, but swells it by extemporaneous patches, and by parenthesis within parenthesis as explanatory; so that it stretches out like an elastic cord to an hour's duration. One day not long ago a Visiting Justice passing through the prison enquired, as usual, if the inmates, individually or collectively, had any complaint to make; when one man with a face moulded for a grievance stepped forward, and said that he had. The Magistrate immediately paused, took out his note-book, adjusted his gold pencil-case, and prepared himself to record any statement. 'Well,' he enquired, 'what is your complaint?' 'Why,' replied the man in grey,—'it's agen Mr. —— (the chaplain); he prayches us to death,—he's never done.' 'H'm,' said the official visitor, musingly, applying his pencil-case to his lips and giving them two or three gentle pats with the butt end of it,—'H'm—why, no—you see I cannot take down that complaint'—then with something like a tone of sympathy—'You see, my

man, it's a part of your punishment—a part of your discipline, you know.'

On reasoning upon the question of a fitting discipline for the crotchety with a friend, who has seen something of the world, he invariably lays down one recipe for their management; and that is, a sound ash-planting. But it is unchristian, some one replies. He takes the following line of argument: Unchristian! nothing of the kind; it is in the truest spirit of Christianity. It is an exhibition of your affection for the man, because you wish to beat the foul fiend out of him. Do you impugn the Christianity of the Primitive Methodists when they batter a [poor wretch black and blue, under the impression that they are driving the devil out of him? Handle then your supple twig briskly, and do not listen to any argument from Mr. Scrag—at least, take the wind out of him first, and argue with him afterwards. The favourite trick of such an one is to put the grossest insult on another, and immediately to adopt the pious dodge, and harangue upon the iniquity of retaliation. His notions of forgiveness, like the Irishman's system of reciprocity, are all on one side. Thus he claims a free warren of abuse, and makes one act of injustice but a stepping-stone to another. Is it not then a Christian act to restrain him with a walking-stick? How often has that self-same man inflicted cruel wrong upon another! How often has he wantonly wounded his neighbour's feelings, and created misery in families! And he has done all, to hear his own statement, in love. Therefore, ash-plant him in love. Do we not, over and

over again, hear religious controversialists—men who must act on Christian principles—heaping the foulest obloquy on each other's opinions and practices, and all in the spirit of love? Therefore, ash-plant Mr. Scraggs in love, and do it smartly.

Hitherto we have considered crotchets in reference to individuals only; had we space at our disposal, we might enlarge with benefit to the community on what may be termed class crotchets. Men are frequently drawn onward in packs by the scent of some whimsical project. A wild thought soon becomes a watchword.

Turn to the domain of politics. Peace associations, peace congresses, peace prophecies, dazzle us one moment, and the roar of cannon deafens us the next. We wish well to friends Cobden and Bright; but they have not lately shown themselves to be either prophets or practical men. The Repeal of the Corn-Law however serves them well—it is as effectual as Caleb Balderstone's fire at Wolf's Crag. After their first success they fancied that they had a mission to reform the world, and they have accordingly ever since shot their arrows out of mortal sight. They have propounded sentiments more appropriate for the millennial age than for the days of mills and machinery. They remind us of Count de Cabra, in Washington Irving's 'Conquest of Granada,' who on one occasion was lucky enough to take King Boabdil el Chico, and who could not be content till he had attempted the capture of another monarch, when unfortunately he was taken by surprise, and unmercifully peppered. Kings are not caught every day.

Then, lo ! we see, marching along the street, a crowd of people in procession, with banners bearing such inscriptions as ‘The Maine Liquor Law,’ ‘The United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of Traffic in Intoxicating Drinks.’ We love to see our fellow-creatures amusing themselves on a sunshiny day ; but if men and women determine not to get drunk, why make so much row and bother about it ? We hope that procession may not meet the burly members of the ‘Licensed Victuallers’ Association’ going to their annual gathering, or it might be a case of beer against water for the victory.

But a parliamentary election is perhaps the most effectual hotbed for the growth and development of political crotchets. In the full belief that ‘the proper study of mankind is man,’ we attended a crotchet-exhibition at our last general election. The large hall is densely crowded ; the candidate stands on the platform, supported by his friends ; his speech has been made, and he is now ready to answer any questions. ‘Would the honourable gentleman give us his opinion on the Maynooth grant ?’ asks a person in the body of the room, with a black muzzle and hair closely cropped. Mr. Smoothison perceives at once that he is standing on unsafe ground ; he begins to feel his way cautiously, like the boy on the ice, who is trying how near he can approach the board marked ‘dangerous.’ He goes back to the time of Pitt, confuses, mystifies, and wearies, till another elector in his impatience shouts out—‘What is your opinion, sir, of the duty on leather ?’ ‘There’s

nothing like it,' responds a wag from a corner; and the candidate, wishing to escape from the Maynooth question, declares boldly that 'the duty on so useful a commodity ought to be reduced.' 'Church rates?' shouts one; 'secular education?' cries another; 'the duty on tea?' roars a third; 'the income tax?' vociferates a fourth; 'the Jews?' halloos a fifth? 'taxes on knowledge?' demands a sixth; 'you'll not have much to pay, at any rate,' chimes in the wag from the corner. Now while Mr. Smoothison was felicitating himself on the evident fact that his opponents were smashing their crotchets one against the other, a grisly-headed, long-faced, fierce-looking fustian cutter, who from his sonorous voice was evidently a ranting preacher, asks him for his sentiments on the extension of the suffrage and the ballot. Mr. Smoothison then begins his reply by admitting 'the difficulty that surrounds the two questions;' he argues and haw-haws all around them; he talks about the intellectual development of the people. 'Intellectle development!' wheezes a very fat man who was puffing in the crowd; 'I'm blowed if either queen or parliament develop me.' 'Thou're too lusty already, Jem,' retorted the wag. 'Three cheers for Smoothing-iron and old Pam,' bellowed a blacksmith with a grimy face—'hurrah!' Mr. Smoothison bowed graciously, and smiled blandly; and amidst the cloud of opinions, jests, and cheers, the honourable member in embryo escaped like a Homeric hero. In the 'British Banner' of the following day it was reported that he had won all hearts.

We scarcely dare venture into the region of religious and ecclesiastical crotchets. What a strange phase of the human mind, for instance, is exhibited in Mormonism! and yet the whim is evidently gregarious. Are men attracted to this system of belief by the bait of many wives? The 'San Francisco Herald' lately informed us that the Legislature of the Utah territory consisted of forty men, and that the aggregate of their wives was four hundred and eighteen; that the President of the Council had fifty-seven, and that one member of the Government, who was a cripple and almost blind, had nineteen for his comfort. Look at the Agapemone, the abode of love, the scene of mental and moral affinities, where ladies and gentlemen have their games of hockey and ride out together in carriages and four. What a host of crotchets too do we meet with in the religious world, of a less offensive character! The Nonconformist weeps over Church idolatries and Church-rates; the Papist over heretics and unbelievers; the Evangelical over the advances of real Popery and counterfeit Popery; and the Tractarian over the removal of his wax candles and evergreen crosses. And even now as we write our ears are assailed with a hubbub about Sunday bands. The Sabbath League is growing into form and power. A knot of energetic men is springing up in all our towns, purposing to pipe virtue into the wayward with wind instruments—youthful philanthropists, who are under the amiable delusion that habitual Sabbath-breakers may be fiddled and tromboned into a moral frame of mind—original thinkers, who have struck out the idea

that the evil one may be expelled from his throne by the battering of drumsticks. Orpheus is expected again to visit us, and to tame savage natures with his clarionet. Such wonders are to follow from the concord of sweet sounds as the world has never seen since Arion sat astride of his dolphin.*

* [The salient clerical crotchets of the present day seem to consist in a hankering after Romish vestments and Church unions. We might laugh at this fondness for mediæval millinery, as we are amused at the whims of children, were it not for the dissensions and troubles that are likely to result from it. The section of the Church that has lately mounted this hobby, and is now riding it with so much vigour, is only a small and uninfluential one *per se*; but when we remember what disunions and distractions have sprung in former times out of these paltry contentions about black gowns and white gowns, we cannot but regard the agitation as charged with the elements of danger. It seems to us passing strange that men of intelligence, having in their hearts a love of the Church in which they are ministers, should raise a question so fraught with disturbance, on a rubric, which, whether literally in their favour or not, was assuredly not intended by its framers to have allowed any such permission as is claimed. Then, these agitators for promoting the union of Churches have even less excuse than the advocates of albs, copes, chasubles and incense. The latter rely on a rubric, which, though a manifest mistake, is still *litera scripta*. But how Dr. Pusey can recommend a union of the Romish and Anglican Churches, on the ground that their articles of faith are reconcilable, must be a marvel to any sober mind. The Doctor is unquestionably a devout and learned man; and one is utterly unable to account for that idiosyncrasy which could have faith in any such attempted fusion. Place our Articles by the side of the Decrees and Canons of Trent, and you may as reasonably expect to mix fire and water as to bring them into concordance.

Social crotchets, too, are legion. What strange fancies are observable in civilised communities on questions of dress? We think the New Zealander somewhat quaint in his apparel; the lady who luxuriates on the coast of Africa may seem rather scantily clad. But such exhibitions as these are not more ludicrous than the costumes we sometimes see in the streets of civilised London and Paris. Why blow up ladies like bladders or

Dr. Pusey has, we are told, but few followers at Oxford in this matter: he lives out of the busy, stirring world; and it seems to us that he can only have adopted these opinions under a species of self-delusion consequent on thinking long in one groove, and under a forgetfulness that there are in print copies of the Thirty-nine Articles and of the Tridentine Decrees. What, again, can be the meaning of this meeting in London, attended by more than one English Bishop, to smooth the path for a union between the Anglican and Greek Churches? Are any of our Bishops so far forgetting themselves as to join in this most absurd and visionary whim? Can they rebuke with authority, if any innovator among their clergy be brought before them, however fanciful may be his crotchets—however unfortunate his delinquency? What do we understand to be the exact purpose of this restless body? Are they the United Church of England and Ireland in their own persons? It is marvellous how Bishops may shut themselves in their Palaces, or listen only to the adulatory addresses of a few who surround them, till they forget that there is a world of clergy and laity beyond their own narrow clique. We do not hesitate to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred among the clergy would repudiate these silly notions of union between the three Churches, and that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand among the laity—members and constituent parts of our Church—are now looking upon all such projects with a scorn and contempt not safely to be trifled with.—1866.]

balloons? If the human form were by nature distorted and misshapen, this concealment of the real figure might be reasonable; but on what principles consistent with sanity ladies involve their graceful proportions in hoops that are fitter for herring-casks, and in petticoats inflated like a macintosh cushion, it is impossible to say. If your little daughter wishes to decorate her doll in a fanciful way, very well; if you determine to dress up your monkey in a red jacket and blue trousers, we have nothing to say against it. But that the divine image of a rational creature should, without sense or shame, be made the mere framework for bags of wind and hoops of whalebone, is an idea fitter for a chimpanzee than a human being. ‘Seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?’ ‘Where do the fashions come from?’ we have heard of a child asking its father. ‘From London, dear.’ ‘And where do they get them from at London?’ ‘From Paris, my child.’ ‘And where do they get them from at Paris?’ ‘Well from the devil, I think.’ We agree with papa, if absurdity is any proof of their paternity.*

* [Mr. Burke, Mr. Alison, and others, whose works we have read, tell us that there are common principles of taste, on which all minds of education and refinement must and in the main do agree. How account then for these strange aberrations from every recognised law of elegance and symmetry, which fashion even in its most refined aspect sometimes assumes? It seems that hair of a reddish hue is now coveted by the fair sex: we hear in ‘*Punch*’ the lady lamenting in melancholy tones that she is doomed to misery inasmuch as her’s is black. For our own part we have rather a liking for hair

That was a shocking social crotchet which many wives had some two centuries ago, for dismissing their husbands by a slow poison. We trust that the recipes of La Spara, Tophania, and Madame de Brinvilliers have been lost to the world. In our manufacturing towns however we have doses of 'quietness' wrapped in two-penny parcels, and sold over the druggist's counter as a matter of course. It is not many months since a wife at Rochdale administered such an effectual dose of this powder to her husband, that she gave him his *quietus*

which is crimson by nature, particularly if Miss Bouncer has an undeniable squint with it. There is something unique—out of the common order—in the combination. But we have no patience with those who cultivate the caroty colour by artificial means. Ladies even in our matter-of-fact city, we have been told, are seen with a species of gold dust in their hair, to give it, we presume, the fashionable tint. How account for all this, assuming that common sense is not altogether leaving us? Dr. Livingstone met with African belles who considered it the perfection of beauty and comfort to be profusely smeared with butter. Captain Speke, we remember, came upon a tribe in his explorations, where elegance was made to consist in fatness. The Chief's daughter, who was intended to be a paragon of symmetry and grace, had been made to sit and suck milk through the day so long, that she had become one lump of obesity—as disguised in features and limbs as a Christmas prize pig. Lady Blanche Powderhead laughed doubtless, when she read Captain Speke's description of the Chief's handsome daughter: but does it show any higher degree of wisdom or common sense to scatter gold dust on your head, Lady Blanche, simply because a giddy Empress of the French does it?

'Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.'—Hor. *Sat.* i. 1. 69.—1866.]

for good. It is only intended, so far as we understand, to subdue an uproarious husband when he is tipsy. It is a quality much esteemed at home among the female part of our population, when a man is ‘quiet in his drink.’ ‘Ay,’ a woman said to me not long ago, in excuse for her father, ‘he takes his drop o’ drink, I know, but he’s always quiet with it.’ ‘Well, how does he amuse himself?’ ‘He does nothing but sit in the corner, and sing the “Old Hundredth” and the “British Grenadiers.”’ The father was a pensioner; he had been one of the forlorn hope at Badajoz, and had fought in every main battle through the Peninsular campaigns; and yet, we grieve to say it, he valued his honours at a lower rate than a pot of beer: when the Queen visited Manchester, we redeemed his medal with twelve clasps from the pawnshop.

Commercial crotchets, again, abound. What was Law’s Mississippi scheme but a crotchet? So with our own South Sea bubble, and the thousand wild projects that gathered round it. Nor were our railway whimsies of a later date either more rational or moral. We never, for our own part, held any shares but once. A friend of ours, then on the velvet cushion of railway prosperity and rolling in his splendid equipage—now a porter at a union workhouse—came up, and told us in his bland, patronising way, that he had some ‘pet shares’ to dispose of, but only to his particular friends. ‘Take some, my dear fellow, and consider yourself in luck.’ We paid two pounds ten a-piece for thirty shares in the Bamboozleton Junction, as a deposit; we subsequently paid

the same sum on a call ; after which we never heard a word of Bamboozleton or its junction. We verily believe that there is no such place in existence.

A word of counsel at parting, kind reader, as becometh a moral essay. Try to find out what is your individual crotchet ; there are few men without some peculiarity of thought or temperament. It is not however so easy for them to discover it. That *γνώθι σεαυτόν* of the Greek sage is a problem few solve in life. The most fanciful blockhead in a Town Council does not know that he is an ass. The most unmanageable donkey in the House of Commons imagines himself to be the most easy, compliant being alive. The veriest chatterer in that baby Parliament called Convocation, is Sir Oracle, in his own estimation. The teetotaller, or the vegetarian, or the Particular Baptist, who condemns to the limbo of fools or reprobates all that do not swear by his individual whim, is totally ignorant that he is passing condemnation on himself. The man who gives a couple of hundred pounds for a tulip does not suppose that he has a crotchet in his composition. That 'giftie' of 'seeing ourselves as others see us,' is a rare qualification. Still, try, as the lady cook says, to catch your crotchet ; and then turn it to account. It will be your making or marring, according to the channel into which it is guided. *Nil desperandum* : 'never say die. *Macte virtute, puer* : 'go where glory waits thee.' Is not our schoolfellow, Goosey Gripeall, now a millionaire, a member of Parliament, and within sight of a peerage ?

Is not our old acquaintance, Bob Bounce, a secretary or under-secretary in some department of Her Majesty's Government? Is not that college dunce, Jabez Leatherhead, a popular preacher, and next on the Premier's list for a bishopric?

IX.

MORAL LEVERAGE FOR THE MASSES.



THE age in which we live has been singularly characterised by the anxiety it has evinced to benefit the humbler classes of society in our land, and to help those who are unable or unwilling to help themselves. Our legislature has not been neglectful of this duty; our congresses have endeavoured to inculcate it; our religious societies have devoted much time and labour to the fulfilment of it; private and personal efforts have been successful in advancing this good object. Wherever we turn, we hear expressions of sympathy with the toiling poor, and we find an earnest desire to ameliorate their lot in life. This zeal has sometimes developed itself in sound practical measures; sometimes it has expended itself in hollow demonstrations, and speeches that attain their end in popular applause: but the very imitation of truth proves the existence of truth; and the fact remains, that the period in which we live is distinguished beyond all others for its philanthropic

spirit and its kindly feeling, especially towards our less avoured brethren.

But while much has been written and spoken on the condition of our operative populations, only a small portion of this has been dictated by personal acquaintance with them. Members of both Houses of Parliament gain their information on such a topic mainly from Reports of Commissions and Blue Books; philanthropists who take up the cause of our working people see them and address them at public meetings, on exciting occasions, but their knowledge of them does not penetrate beneath this outer surface; speakers on platforms even, who may be assumed from their position to have mixed with the class, are not always those who have done so most intimately at their cottages and firesides; by a large proportion of our countrymen, again, the operative manufacturing population is an order scarcely known, and consequently but little understood. It cannot therefore be a matter of surprise, that much has been said upon this part of our community which contains with its truth a large admixture of error, and that much is done for its improvement which is dictated by the best motives, but is not carried out on the truest principles of practical adaptation.*

The question we shall now examine is,—By what moral agencies is there a likelihood of elevating our

[* This essay never appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, as a whole. It was engaged for by the editor, and for the most part prepared in draft; but owing to the ill health of the writer at the time, it was not completed.—1866.]

working populations generally, to a higher tone of thought and feeling, whereby their standard as reasoning men may be raised, the comforts of their households increased, and the welfare of the country promoted? There are doubtless many secular forces which may be classed under the head of moral leverage. The construction of a poor man's dwelling must necessarily act powerfully for good or ill on himself and his family; the sanitary arrangements of the neighbourhood in which he lives must have an influence beyond his material comforts simply; whatever gives facility for the investment of his savings, or offers to him inducements to save at all, will have an effect beyond the mere accumulation of pounds, shillings, and pence; the better regulation of gin-palaces and the total suppression of beer-shops would be a boon to the nation and a mercy to the working man, view the question in what light you may. These may be called secular forces; but moral ends of great moment are certainly, though it may be indirectly, attained by them. Our legislators and philanthropists have of late years awoken to a sense of their efficacy; and though in the control and extension of those agencies much more remains to be done, we cannot but be thankful, notwithstanding, for what has been already achieved by them, through the instrumentality of public enactments, and private efforts.

It is our purpose, however, in the present essay to confine ourselves to the consideration of what may be denominated moral forces, strictly speaking; and these,

in general terms, may be reduced to two—the Church and the School; or, enlarging the area in some degree, they may be described as agencies, religious and educational.

The Church.

In bringing forward our *National Church* into the van of our moral forces, we do not mean to say that it is the only religious power at work. We would ever desire to deal fairly with the various agencies that the several Nonconformist bodies wield for the diffusion of right principles and corresponding practice; and we always sincerely regret, for the sake of humanity, when we see them endeavouring to pull down or injure that Church of the nation which, notwithstanding all the swelling words of babblers, is assuredly the poor man's solace and defence. The minister of the chapel is the minister of the people who attend there, and no more: the chapel of one sect is in principle and sentiment as broadly divided from that of another, though they stand side by side, as each is from the Church: we find therefore so many isolated centres from which a certain amount of moral warmth radiates; but if they stood alone, the masses of our people most assuredly would be overlooked, and left in their degradation. Our Church however overrides all, and assumes the responsibility of dealing with those who are sunk the lowest in spiritual and personal destitution, as well as with those who move in the walks of luxury and affluence. Upon the presumed influence of Nonconformity, if left to itself, orators

often talk the loudest, in consistency with the general rule, who know the least about it; but we are quite sure that any one who has worked in a poor district as a moral or religious teacher, and is therefore practically acquainted with the matter, must from the very force of observation acquiesce in the truth of our statement. If we were a Nonconformist minister we should not attack the Church and clergy in their parochial visitations; but we should heartily rejoice that they removed so vast a labour from our shoulders, so intense an anxiety from our minds, so daily a danger of infection and disease from our bodies, as are involved in the ministerial supervision of the masses of our people.

Whoever is acquainted with our manufacturing districts, knows well how churches have multiplied there during the last forty years. In the previous half century the population had been increasing in an increasing ratio; but from some cause or other the Christian spirit of the land was asleep. Whether the minds of men were so swept along in the opening floodgates of commerce, or so absorbed in the portentous events that were surging furiously onward abroad—whether they were so engrossed in erecting an idol to Mammon at home, or in contemplating falling thrones at a distance—as to be incapable of spiritual concentration, they were certainly unobservant of the dangers that were gathering around them, and were only awoken out of their deep sleep or reverie by the heaving of human masses, guided by a sense of self-interest, but uncontrolled by moral or civil law. Nor was it till after many a shock that the millionaire

slumbering on his money-bags was aroused. Then by degrees the truth dawned on him that he was digging out riches to fall into the pit himself. A new era commenced ; a consciousness of responsibility began to leaven the hearts of the wealthy. Whether from self-interest, or from a higher motive, the working man was now looked upon as a brother, endowed with a reasoning mind and an immortal spirit. And, be the truth fairly spoken, since that time the efforts that have been made in the interests of the operative classes are stupendous ; the liberality that has been shown is marvellous ; and, amidst the many agencies for benefiting the poor, churches have sprung up, and are springing up on all sides, so rapidly as to repair in some measure the neglect of our forefathers, and to keep pace with the material growth and moral wants of our manufacturing districts.*

But the question arises,—How far have the churches, so munificently raised by voluntary contributions, been of such a character as to produce the greatest moral

[* A paper on the ‘Growth of the Church in Lancashire’ was read at the Manchester Church Congress, 1863, by the Rev. A. Hume, D.C.L., LL.D., in which the subject is treated in a clear, distinct, and compendious manner, and at the same time the fullest information is afforded. ‘During the first 30 years of this century,’ he says, ‘the population (of Lancashire) increased 89½ per cent., the churches 20 ; during the second 30 years the population increased 82, and the churches 82. Thus, during half the period under review, we have kept pace with the population in the matter of providing churches ; but sometimes the one moved a little faster, and sometimes the other.’—1866.]

effect upon the districts around them? Of those that have been built in our populous towns, during the last five-and-thirty years, by far the most have been consecrated under the Act that invests the patronage in trustees. This measure has given a great stimulus to church extension; for the laity, in manufacturing districts especially, are reluctant to spend their money on any undertaking, unless they have some power and responsibility in directing the issue of it. But the Trustee Act has not been an unmixed good. Its provisions may be suited sufficiently well for a church in a wealthy neighbourhood, where the poor are few and the pew-taking parishioners are many; but they are quite inapplicable to a locality of exclusively working people, where particularly a place of worship is needed. The endowment consists of 1,000*l.*, invested in government securities, or 30*l.* a year; this is the amount of settled income. Then two-thirds of the sittings are intended to be let, and these are almost invariably placed in the most eligible parts of the church, while the remaining one-third are in some dark and uninviting spot, and are soon filled by *Sunday scholars*.* A church built on such arrangements is adapted to a wealthy suburb; even in a middle-class neighbourhood it may flourish under the magnetic attractions of a popular preacher, or even the less conspicuous visitations of a faithful pastor; but it is on false principles entirely, considered as a place of worship likely in itself to gather

* According to the Act, even the one-third may be let at a low rent, with the consent of the Bishop.

the poor within its walls.* Sir Robert Peel's Act was dictated by a truer sense of what was required. First of all, an endowment of 150*l.* a year is provided under it, as a basis of the incumbent's income; then, a reasonable addition thereto may be expected from certain lettable pews; but it is provided at the same time that the best sittings in the church shall be free and open for ever to all who are wishful to join in the service. Thus the two-fold object is secured,—a fair income to the clergyman, and unrestricted worship for the poor.

The question is a prominent one at the present time,—How can an adequate income for the clergyman, combined with the freest use of the church, be most appropriately secured? There is a zealous and doubtless well-meaning party of ecclesiastical reformers who urge with a most indomitable persistency, that every sitting in every church should be open to all without fee or payment, and that the incumbent's income should be derived exclusively from the weekly offertory collections.† It is possible that this plan might be success-

[* This Act was obtained through the efforts of some gentlemen in Manchester, and the first church that was built under it was the one in Salford, of which the late Rev. Canon Stowell was for many years the highly influential and esteemed incumbent.—1866.]

[† The Association for Promoting Freedom of Public Worship had its birth, and still has its head-quarters, in Manchester. It is not a child of large dimensions; but it has thriven in some degree, and its operations have been characterised, if not by the soundest discretion, by a degree of perseverance which has been

fully tried in some districts; indeed, it is reported to have been so; but, as a general system, the adoption of

rarely paralleled in any cause. It has not been forgetful, we perceive, of that ancient saying about the influence of national ballads, and has attempted to turn the attractions of song to account—we know not with what effect. We give a few verses of a parody on the ‘Old English Gentleman,’ published by this energetic band of reformers; we have not heard whether the old gentleman in his new dress has made many converts.

I'll sing you a Church of England song, made by a Churchman's
pate,

Of a fine old Church of England man who toasted Church and State,
And went to Church on Sundays, too, though always rather late,
With notions of religion just a little out of date;

Like a fine old Church of England man,
One of the days gone by!

His pew was lined and carpeted to save his Sunday clothes,
His purple bound morocco books were ranged in goodly rows;
And there he'd worship at his ease, though sometimes he would
doze,

And wake the congregation with the echoes of his nose;
Like a fine old, &c.

All sorts of innovations he devoutly did eschew,
New Schools, new Churches, Services, whatever else was new;
Church restorations in his day, of course, were very few,
He thought them but an artful trick to rob him of his pew;

Like a fine old, &c.

But people grew and multiplied, he could'nt stop their growth;—
Those Welsh and Cornish miners, and those pitmen of the North!
To own that something must be done he still was very loth;
And Birmingham and Manchester!—oh, how he hated both!

Like a fine old, &c.

it could only lead to a disastrous failure. In every town of considerable dimensions a body of men may be found sufficiently numerous to carry out such a scheme with some show of success in a single church; but if it were applied generally, it would be most determinedly resisted by the laity. A father and mother naturally desire to occupy their own pew with their family; and is it not better that they should do so than that the several members should be scattered up and down in the building, as they must inevitably be, where every seat is free and occupied without order? It may be said that the exclusiveness and isolation of a pew militate against that righteous sense of universal equality which ought to prevail in the presence of the great Supreme; but we conceive that this is a fanciful sentiment rather than a real vital truth. If you seek for that frame of mind most conducive to a spiritual worship, you will find it, in the wealthier classes, when they have their families around them, and, among the poor, when they are surrounded by honest, well-behaved, well-dressed men of their own rank. It has been found too in certain churches, where the ceremonial attractions have been great, that from the influx of strangers the very parishioners have been excluded from the service. Then, would such a plan produce an adequate amount

‘Throw open all our Churches, sir? ’twill really never do! There should be some distinction made for such as I and you; What! ask me to sit cheek by jowl with Bob, and Bill, and Sue!—Oh, no!’ he cried, ‘I never will;—I won’t give up my pew.’

Like a fine old, &c.—1866.]

of income? In some few cases it might; in the great majority, we think, it would not. It would take years to test the scheme fairly: there may be a jubilant cry of success at first, but how will it be when the novelty has worn off, and the early blaze of enthusiasm has gone out? The clergyman must be a sanguine missionary of his idea who would throw himself upon the offertory collections in a poor manufacturing district. As Horace says of virtue, he might be praised, but he would starve. And viewing human nature in its ordinary phase, is it not found to be more agreeable to have to discharge your debt of conscience in one quarterly sum, than to be always unbuttoning your pocket and dribbling out a dole? Who has not experienced the irksomeness, at some of our watering places, of being compelled before leaving any place of worship you enter to contribute your shilling or half-crown? But the worst effects of the scheme would appear when the incumbent and the churchwardens proceeded to make a division of the sum collected. The amount of course must be appropriated to several objects, and the respective proportions would be a matter of consideration—might be one of dispute. If the incumbent and churchwardens were on very friendly terms, there might be no difficulty in the adjustment; but it not unfrequently happens that jealousies exist between clergymen and their officials. Churchwardens in manufacturing districts are not averse from the possession of power, and sometimes not backward in the exercise of it. We suspect therefore that, in conformity with the rubric, an appeal to the Ordinary

would be a necessity more frequent than might be conducive either to episcopal comfort, or official loving-kindness, or ministerial good-will. On looking over the names of those who advocate the scheme, it is amusing to see how many are entirely beyond the reach of its influence; some, wearing mitres, and sitting on thrones, and living in palaces; some, dignitaries paid largely each half year from a fixed revenue for labours popularly supposed to be not too burdensome for human nature to sustain; others, spending a *dolce far niente* existence in snug vicarages, and enjoying themselves on the proceeds of commuted tithes and glebe lands. They who are thus vegetating can afford to support the plan; they can look on it with complacency; nay, they can rejoice in a new sensation, as men who are regarding a battle scene from a safe distance. But how would it be with those who were in the thick of the conflict? It would be difficult to devise any scheme better adapted to place the ministerial body under laical control. Can this possibly have escaped the perception of the clergy? *

[* We may be allowed to place side by side the antagonistic opinions of two great divines on this subject. The Archbishop of York delivered an address at Sheffield on church-building in 1865; he is reported as avowing himself one of the 'well-abused' Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and then saying,—'I think it better not to let the pews, and for this sufficient reason, that we cannot get out of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners any endowment if we have pew-rents.' (Applause.) Would the members of this 'well-abused' body condescend to tell the poorer clergy what they mean? With the Archbishop's doctrine of 'the equality of man-

We conclude, therefore, that the best system of church building and endowment in our poor and populous districts will be found in the mean between the two extremes we have considered. First, let the endowment be never less than 150*l.* a year ; * by this means you raise the incumbent at once above the level of positive starvation, and so relieve his mind from many cares. As an equivalent for the endowment, let one-half of the building at the very least be set apart as free to the poor for éver ; and that, not in some back dismal corner, to be encroached on by Sunday scholars, but in the choicest part, where the humbler worshippers may have the privilege of seeing well and hearing well. Then the remainder may be let in pews for the benefit of the

kind,' Dr. McNeile thus deals. 'In York minster,' says the Doctor, 'his Grace sat upon a throne (laughter), conspicuously high above all the congregation ; the Dean sat in his stall, the Canons in their stalls, above the congregation. (Laughter and applause.) And amongst the congregation some sat in pews—raised pews along the aisles, with closed doors and soft cushions (laughter) ; others sat on benches in the aisles. Now he heartily approved of the practice in York minster, but he took the liberty of expressing his disapproval of the theory of his Grace the Archbishop.' (Applause).—1866.]

[* Since the above was written the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have bestirred themselves, and conferred a great boon on the poorer clergy by augmenting their incomes to a fixed sum under certain conditions. But surely they will be careful, that in all churches which shall henceforward be built, such restrictions be laid on them that they may not unduly absorb the funds available for the increase of small livings. That would be a great injustice to those old churches which have borne the burden and heat of a long and toilsome day.—1866.]

clergyman. By this arrangement all are accommodated ; the poor have their appropriate places ; the shopkeeper, the tradesman, and the merchant, according to their means, have seats which they may occupy with their families ; the incumbent has an income from the endowment which gives stability to his position, and he has a considerable addition thereto from his pew-rents. A clergyman so situated has a stimulus to his energies, without being worn down by anxiety and despondency. Our country vicars frequently become idle, because their income has no relation to their zeal ; our town incumbents are often dispirited and sink into apathy from the decrease in their pew-rents, the slight perceptible result of their labours, and the uncertainty of their prospects. The condition therefore to be aimed at is that wherein the pastor is raised above depressing cares, and his energies at the same time are stirred up by the hope of adding still further to his congregation and his income.*

[* 'But when cases occur, as of course they now and then will, of carelessness in a minister of an endowed church, the unthinking are apt not to consider that if such a man were stimulated to activity by his maintenance depending on it, that activity would be likely to do more harm than good. Such a man would be likely to court popularity, by flattering the prejudices and the faults of his people.'—Archbishop Whately's *Miscellaneous Remains*, 'Prevailing Religion' (note), p. 172. The Archbishop, powerful reasoner as he was, sometimes allowed himself to slide down a logical proclivity into a fallacy. His Grace would probably have admitted that it is more in accordance with human nature (*κατὰ φύσιν*) for a person to subside

In the collocation of churches too care, discretion and judgment should be exercised. It cannot be asserted as an invariable rule that our buildings for public worship originate in motives of unmixed purity. They sometimes spring out of parochial contentions and personal disappointments: they have their rise in a species of zeal, but that zeal which is compounded of self-glorification and self-will; and hence they are occasionally hastily got up, and their arrangements are settled with a view rather to present contingencies than to their permanent fitness and effects. Thus, taking an area with 30,000 inhabitants in a manufacturing town, it is not beyond possibility to find three or four churches for that locality, but so situated relatively to each other as to be mutually counteractive of influence,—as, at any rate, to leave no doubt that all cannot answer the ends for which they were designed. By these means useful energies and good money are wasted; and the beneficial influence of our Church, in its continued and ultimate action, is sacrificed to the impetuosity of a few persons who combine a stubbornness of will and a determination of purpose with a clouded mind and a perverted judgment.

But after building your church on correct principles, and in a locality where it is most needed, the next requirement is a suitable person for its minister. What is the class of clergy most wanted as pioneers of religious truth in our rough, untamed manufacturing districts?

into a state of gentle ease than to arouse himself to the exertion required of one who hunts after popularity.—1866.]

And how are they to be obtained? These are problems more easily propounded than solved. If you could point out the want, and then show how it might be supplied, you would be achieving a great triumph in practical discovery. A difficulty meets us here which has never yet been surmounted. It would doubtless be an incalculable blessing to these uncultivated localities, if a clergyman were placed in each, competent to meet and overcome his peculiar obstacles; but the man exactly fitted for the work is not to be obtained at a moment's notice. What we want for such districts is a body of clergy, not necessarily highly educated and refined, but strong-headed and ready; not classical in their learning and tastes, but good practical theologians; not polished in elocution and diction, but capable of expressing themselves clearly and forcibly in their native way; making no pretensions to aristocracy of family or gentility of bearing, but zealous and energetic in duties that would be discouraging to the sensitive mind; indifferent whether they be invited to the tables of the great, but determined to reach the hearts of the poor; not seeking rapid advancement, but willing to spend and be spent among the order from which they are sprung. But this is a class not easily obtained. Our Colleges for the economical training of clergymen do not send us men of this stamp, as a rule. It was undoubtedly the object of their institution, that clever, active, Christian-minded youths, of humble means, and intellects not highly refined, might gain admission to Holy Orders; but so far as our observation

and experience go, this purpose has only been very partially fulfilled by them. The clergy that have passed through them are not, generally speaking, the most devoted to work ; neither are they the humblest in spirit nor the most prudent in action.

Indeed, not only is it difficult at all times to procure the exactly fitted incumbent for the peculiar locality, but in the present day it is by no means easy to meet even with curates at all for our populous manufacturing parishes,—curates at least who have any aptitude for their work. It is stated in the Exeter Diocesan Calendar that of those admitted to deacons' orders for the ten years ending 1863, the number was less by 647 than that for the previous decade ; and this decrease, we must remember, is concurrent with a vast increase of population and a large extension of church-building. In short, the experience of every incumbent in the swarming, smoky districts of England testifies to the great difficulty of obtaining active, faithful, and intelligent colleagues in the ministry at all. It is painful to write this, but the fact is beyond denial. Is it that the warmth of zeal, and energy of purpose, and strength of will, which constitute the inner life of the soul, and are the motive power which sends our missionaries to their self-denying labours at home and abroad,—is it that these kindling soul-vitalities are going out like an expiring taper within the breasts of our young men ? Is it that they love cushioned ease better than kneeling at the bedside of the cottage, and drawing-room small

talk more than serious conversation with the poor? We cannot believe this.

But, whether as incumbent or curate, it is assuredly no easy task that he takes upon himself, if he devote his powers to the evangelisation of a poor district which has been growing in population and left destitute of spiritual supervision. Consider for a moment the scene of conflict that is before a clergyman who is placed over a newly formed parish in the lowest part of a manufacturing town. A large proportion of the population there is sunk in deep ignorance, mental and moral; parents, indifferent themselves, have allowed their families to grow up in the same indifference; young men and young women are regardless of the decencies, not to speak of the amenities of life—working by day, and spending their evenings and Sundays in some unbecoming occupation or pastime. Not that ignorance reigns supreme over such a locality; there are generally institutions to be found in it, for the purpose of sharpening the intellect on political questions and speculative opinions in religion. The mental faculties of our manufacturing operatives are for the most part quick and apprehensive, being whetted by much attrition; subjects of discussion, economical, political and religious, are constantly brought before them, and are freely handled, producing a certain degree of intellectual acuteness, if not of logical accuracy. And when it is taken into account that a sense of hardship and oppression is rooted in the hearts of many, it is to be expected that their conclusions, when left to develop themselves, will not

be on the side of order. Infidelity in religion and disaffection in politics prevail to some considerable extent among such a populace. Then dissent of a certain eccentric kind has generally gained a footing there; probably there is a variety of religious denominations in the neighbourhood, but extravagant fanaticism is the type that prevails in all. A bold-hearted warrior then must he be who is willing to advance into that unpromising region, with the sword of the divine Word and under the banner of the Cross! Yet will he not be without success, if he be fitted for the warfare. He will gather the young into his schools; he will collect a congregation into his church; he will find willing helpers among the people. There is a heartiness among our manufacturing populations which we seek for in vain in our country parishes; and it only wants drawing out. Who can wonder if the streams slumber in the rock, or are turned into a wrong channel, when there is no prophet to elicit or control the heart's affections?

He therefore who would make an impression on such people must not be of the easy, self-indulgent, white-kid-glove school, but a hard-working, God-fearing, self-denying man. He must be intelligent and decided, as well as kind and conciliatory; he must be resolute and unwearied, as well as cautious and discreet in his operations. Above all, he must be free from silly crotchets and idle whims: whether he rush into High-churchism with its pageantry, or into Low-churchism with its exclusive dogmas, or No-churchism with its negation of all positive

faith, he is leaving his appointed work behind him, and mischief-making to humour his own fancies. Let him follow out in a broad and comprehensive spirit the evangelical duties he undertook when he bound himself by his vows as a minister of our Church; and he will not have to regret the estrangement of many from his fold by reason of his turbulent follies or doctrinal exclusiveness. Surely he has enough on his hands without the gratuitous creation of troubles. He is engaged, if a faithful workman, in visiting his sick and indigent people some hours each day; he is liable to fever from infection, and at all times to sickness and prostration from the ill-ventilated rooms in which he has to read and the noisome atmosphere he has to breathe; he has to superintend his day-schools assiduously; he has his cottage lectures to deliver; he has to attend to numberless calls upon him for numberless small objects; he has to be from home much and late in the evening, attending his night-schools, classes, lectures, committees, religious services, and meetings for various objects; he has to start many projects, and often to carry them out in the face of opposition; he has to encounter rebuffs and reverses with a bold front; he has frequently to labour on in anxiety about the temporalities of life, balancing the increase of his family against the uncertainty, perhaps the decrease, of his income; and amidst these worrying and incessant cares he has to prepare his sermons and lectures for Sunday and week-day. How very different is it with the clergyman who has to breathe the pure air and do the easy work of a country

parish ! And yet, if a sincere and earnest labourer, the town pastor has much to cheer him which his rural brother lacks : he is encouraged by the support of many a strong will, gladdened by the sympathy of many a warm heart, and urged on to a further career of self-devotedness by the very presence of those whom he has won from the slavery of sin to the freedom of a Christian life.

How far an extension of orders in our Church might increase its efficiency in operating upon the masses of our people has engaged, and is engaging, the attention of thoughtful and pious men. It is maintained by some that the appointment of suffragan bishops over the whole country would infuse a vitality into parochial ministrations, and give a cohesiveness to our ecclesiastical system.* Our present bishops, it is said, are too remote from their clergy generally to lend them any material aid, and to encourage them by their countenance and active co-operation. We very much doubt whether any extension of the episcopate would have such an influence. The incumbent of a parish must ever be the centre from which spiritual life throughout it either waxes or wanes ; and no suffragan bishop need infuse an additional glow where the fire is burning,—no suffragan

[* We remember that this project of suffragan bishops was the staple idea at the meeting of the Church Congress in Manchester, 1863. If a clergyman undertook to speak on any topic whatever, there was a *primâ facie* probability that, before he had travelled very far on his oratorical path, he would encounter the suffragan bishops.—1866.]

bishop can impart life where there is the stillness of death. It is here as everywhere,—vitality must have its rise within; it can only be very slightly acted on by extraneous influences. We mean not to say that a suffragan bishop might not be a kind and encouraging friend,—though we are far from certain that he might not be the reverse; but, be this as it may, we see not what especial want he is to supply, or of what great advantage he would be found. If an incumbent is to make himself felt in the management of a parish, he must be self-reliant; he must not shrink from responsibility; he must not have to run for advice on every trivial emergency; he must have mind to think, and decision to act. Thus, we think that Church congresses, decanal meetings, and clerical societies, are useful as bringing men together who are engaged in the same high calling, and enabling them to offer to each other the word of encouragement, and to draw closer the bonds of friendly intercourse; but we do not think that a clear head and a strong will ever carried home a new purpose from such gatherings: decrepit minds, it is true, want mental crutches; but we never could find out with what line and rule, and chisel and plane, it is possible to construct these much-needed supports.

On the revival of lay orders in our Church we look with much more favour, for in it we see a definite use and the supply of an obvious want. We hear the clergy sometimes speaking exultingly on platforms of their persevering parochial visitations; and we give them great credit for their vigorous action, though their descrip-

tions, addressed *ad populum*, may be somewhat too rose-coloured. But what we want to understand is this, in its plain, ungilded matter-of-fact,—Can a clergyman with a population of six or eight thousand visit systematically from house to house? Can he hold regularly his meetings in schools, cottages, and appointed rooms, in order to collect together small congregations for prayer and exposition of Scripture, as a means of inducing them to attend the larger assembly at the church? He may with a new-born zeal do it for a time; but he cannot continue it very long, except it be to the injury of his health or the neglect of his other duties. We have seen already how fully his time is occupied; and if he can visit in succession the members of his congregation, call upon those in his parish occasionally who might be expected to join his congregation, attend assiduously his sick, and look to those requiring his immediate care, he must be content with this, as a rule of daily action. Our clergy ought to be mindful not to neglect their preparation for the pulpit. It may please an editor of the ‘Times’ to say that the composition of a sermon involves no more trouble than the scribbling over two or three sheets of note-paper; but this is not correct. It is very easy to write a sermon, we know; it is by no means easy to write a good one, we also know. The subject matter being so trite and common, if it be treated after a trite and common fashion, the manufacture is necessarily a very thin and threadbare kind of article; it is consequently needful to write with much thought and careful study, that if there must needs be platitudes they

may be disguised, and the dry bones may be raised up into fleshly form and beauty of colour. The clergyman, therefore, ought to have some time at his disposal throughout the week for study and writing, and a too heavy burden of parochial work ought not to be laid on his shoulders.

And now lay agency comes into requisition. The Scripture-reader has done good service in working among the lower classes of our populous districts, nor in any case should we wish to dispense with him; but he is, after all, without any definite status in the Church system, and bound by no guarantee that he may not change his occupation at any time. We can therefore discover no reasons against, but many for, a revival of the order of subdeacons in the Church of England. We would confine them to the specific duties of house-to-house visitation, reading and expounding the Scriptures to the poor, and conducting religious worship in rooms appointed for the purpose: we would be careful to give a definiteness and distinctiveness to their engagements. When a workman has frequently to leave one employment and attend to another, he rarely succeeds in both, and he has ever an excuse for neglect in the distracting character of his occupations. Lay down a plain, undeviating, circumscribed rule of daily labour, and there is no excuse if it be not faithfully performed. Then, after a certain number of years, let the subdeacon be eligible for the higher orders of the ministry, if he has been faithful in his subordinate office, and has prepared himself sufficiently for taking part in celebrat-

ing the public services of the Church. The institution of such an order would be simply the revival of an agency which the Church recognised and found useful, in those early times when Romish doctrines and practices had not as yet begun to make encroachments on the primitive simplicity of the Christian faith.

The School.

In considering the influences that can be brought to bear upon our working classes, the educational ones must be ranked side by side with those more directly religious. As an auxiliary to the Church, or rather as one of its subordinate agencies, we must give the *School* the most prominent place. For many years back the subject of education has been much discussed—in parliament, in the press, and in popular assemblies; various are the schemes that have been propounded for its advancement; royal commissions have been issued to make enquiry on the question; so that many entertain an apprehension lest the thriving stripling may be stunted by the pressure of too many parliamentary wrappings and personal endearments; and they almost imagine that it would expand into fuller growth, if left with freer limbs, fewer appliances of clothing, a less formal dietary, and reduced doses from the state physician.

But, be that as it may, the progress of education among our working classes has been undoubted, since we last wrote on this subject in 'Fraser's Magazine.'*

* February 1849, vol. i. p. 41.

That was a happy idea, with whomsoever it originated, out of which were elaborated the memorable 'Minutes of Council,' sanctioned by Parliament in 1847. The measure was violently opposed by the dissenting interests both in the House of Commons and in the country; but never was there a more judicious and impartial one: to Churchmen and Nonconformists it spoke the same language and offered the same terms. Nor can it be denied that these 'Minutes,' as the mainspring of the system, have been all along carrying out the object and achieving the purpose for which they were intended. Let any one, not as a theorist but as an eye-witness, compare our schools now in their number and efficiency with their condition twenty years ago, and he will not require the aid of Blue Books or statistics for his enlightenment. Not that the educational stream has flowed on altogether unruffled; the blasts of controversy have swept along its surface; the battle of the Codes is yet ringing in our ears. Still we have faith in the issue: indignation gatherings and stormy discussions are but the electric flashes that purify the atmosphere. When we take a survey of our manufacturing districts, and visit the National schools there, and when we find, wherever we ramble—in the crowded town, in the straggling village, in the lately formed colony stretching along the hill-side or the valley—well-managed day schools, with their certificated masters and mistresses, their neat, intelligent, industrious pupil-teachers, their scholars disciplined and orderly, we cannot shut our eyes or darken our minds to the

truth, that a great agency has been and is at work—that it has been exercising an increasing influence—and that, in all moral probability, it will not lose its vigour, but advance onward as a young giant rejoicing to run its course, an embodiment of blessing and power.

The question of a free education by means of a rate is one which has divided public opinion for some years back, and has elicited considerable warmth of expression. When the 'Minutes of Council' were introduced into the House of Commons, they were opposed by the Non-conformists on the broad and intelligible principle, that voluntary efforts were quite sufficient for supplying the educational wants of the people, and that any interference of the government was constitutionally wrong. The measure however passed; and the wheel of time had scarcely completed another revolution when a new and startling scheme was propounded, one to which we have previously directed attention in these pages.* It was entitled 'a Plan for the establishment of a general system of secular education in the county of Lancaster.' Voluntary efforts were ignored as utterly insufficient; the necessary funds were to be supplied by a county rate. Now, whence did this scheme originate? Comically enough, it emanated from the dissenters and liberals of Manchester. There was a dash of pleasantry too in its regulations, scarcely consistent with the grim and severe temperaments of its framers. 'A county board of education shall be established,' it was stipulated, 'consisting of twelve persons, of whom *not more than three shall be*

* Vol. i. p. 57

members of any one religious denomination.' Then comes the committee for selecting the school-books, to be appointed by the county board,—a commission consisting of nine individuals, '*no two of whom shall be members of the same religious denomination; and in order that the peculiar tenets of no religious sect may be favoured, the unanimous concurrence of the commission shall be required in the selection.*' That select party of nine never met: if they had, we might have chronicled their proceedings. What exciting scenes would have enlivened that committee-room! There the Unitarian merchant would have sat side by side with the Muggletonian baker; there the Independent manufacturer would have shouldered the Jumping dealer in pickled herrings; there the Swedenborgian chemist would have jostled the Johanna Southcotian greengrocer; there the Ranting vendor of those miscellaneous wares called marine stores would have greeted fraternally the Dipper tinman; there Socialist and Chartist, Anythingarian and Nothingarian, Quaker, New-connectionist, and Particular Baptist,—all would have met together to agree upon a scheme of instruction, and to direct a machinery which was to influence millions for good or for evil, in time and in eternity. We suspect, forsooth, that an assembly composed of such materials would either have evanesced by spontaneous combustion or been self-devoured like the Kilkenny cats. What should we have found in the committee-room as the *reliquiæ Danaum*? Perhaps the broad brim of the Quaker might have been strewn in fragments in one

corner, the beard of the Johanna Southcote might have lain dishevelled in a second, and the thigh bone of the vigorous Jumper might have been scattered promiscuously in the third; but we fear the *disjecta membra* would scarcely have supplied recognisable materials out of which the Borough Coroner could have extracted his guinea.

The measure, we need hardly say, was violently opposed by the members of our Church generally; and when Mr. Fox's Bill, which was the Lancashire plan dressed up in a decent suit of clothes, was brought into the House of Commons in 1850, several city meetings were held in Manchester, which were signalised by their turbulence. The bill after no long time was decently buried; and the days of mourning for it were scarcely over when another educational scheme was born, having its parentage among the Church party,—at the first sight a more pleasing specimen of its order than the former. Besides, it came into the world with fairer auspices; its accoucheurs were practitioners of higher status; its baby linen was of finer texture; clerical dignitaries with aprons on assisted in performing the christening ceremony; and its sponsors pledged its health in champagne. The principle, however, of the two bills was the same,—a free education by means of a rate: the Church egg was genteelly laid in the Dissenting nest.

It would not be worth while to dissect a measure which has been so long dead; it is enough to say that it contained most of the conflicting elements of the

Lancashire school plan. A rate was to be laid; and a sub-committee, chosen from the town council, was to have the distribution of the money collected. Then followed the inevitable confusion in matters of management and inspection, and in the subjects of instruction, the chief powers being vested in committees and sub-committees appointed from the municipal body. A somewhat amusing idea, through whosoever brain it first scintillated, to make the members of a town council the presiding deities over the practical working of our National schools! We would back the members of our Corporation against the world for the performance of those duties with which they are conversant. One of them has a keen discernment in opening out thoroughfares and pulling down obstructive gable ends; another is skilful in the art of paving and on the merits of Derbyshire flags and Welsh 'sets;' another can put his regiment of scavengers through their exercise as scientifically as a field-marshal; another will illuminate you on the properties of gas, and discourse wisely on the subject of meters; another is deep in the subterranean mysteries of tunnelling; another is a keen detective of a nuisance, looking black upon the dense volumes of smoke that issue from our lofty chimneys, turning up his nose at a manure heap, threatening with the rope the innocent but unprotected poodle, and waging an unceasing war on the pigstye with its happy, unoffending inmates; another has a discriminating scent, even from afar, for those Stygian, odoriferous streams which flow sluggishly down the sewers, over which in

conjunction with Cloacina he so ably presides. We give them all due credit for the exercise of those gifts which undeniably they possess; but we doubt much whether their antecedent occupations would have afforded them sufficient experience in the special character of educationists, or imparted to them that keen sensibility of feeling which would have been needful in carrying out a delicate process of school-management.*

The problem, therefore, still remains practically unsolved—How far a free education by rate or otherwise would be a boon to our operative classes and a blessing to the country?

To any one who has attentively observed the condition of our dense town populations, the question that presents itself is—What can be done with the lowest and most degraded classes among them? Are you to give them up as hopeless? If the old and hardened be impenetrable, can you not do something for the young? The reply is ready—educate them. The advice is very

[* We mean no disrespect to the members of the Manchester Corporation; they devote themselves, almost universally, with great energy and zeal to their duties; and the warmest thanks of the citizens are due to them for undertaking what is often only a thankless office. Still, we would not intrust to them the management of our National schools, as now existing. We should be glad to give up to them the control of that order of school, if it should ever be established, where the attendance was without payment and at the same time compulsory. Here the civil power would have to be summoned into exercise; and we know not in what body it could be more fittingly vested than in the Corporation of a borough.—1866.]

proper ; but the further question meets you—How get them within your schools ? Give them a free education, some one answers. But even if you offer that inducement, will the most neglected of the young be brought under instruction ?

We are ourself by no means the advocate of a free education, as a general measure. However we look at it, as applied to our present system of National schools, we can discover but little advantage in it, while its points of inefficiency are palpable enough. Would it increase the aggregate of instruction imparted ? It may seem to some almost a paradox, but we believe that the number of scholars gratuitously taught would scarcely exceed that at present in our National schools, unless some further influence were brought to bear on negligent families. If boys and girls between the ages of four and eleven be not at a school when trade is in a normal state of prosperity, it is as a rule from want of will rather than of means, on the part of those whose duty it is to send them. In connection with most schools there is at present a provision for admitting gratuitously those whose parents are very poor ; but such free scholars are invariably found to be the most irregular in attendance and the most unmanageable in behaviour. Is a system of eleemosynary education, again, consistent with our English tone of feeling ? Our firm conviction is, that the well-ordered, honest operative would rather pay a trifling sum weekly for the schooling of his sons and daughters than claim it like a pauper's dole ; and he would certainly value it more highly. What can be more unwise

than to lessen, even by one element, a parent's interest in the welfare of his children? What more influential for good than to encourage and foster those feelings of watchfulness and forethought which are brought into exercise by the provision he makes for their mental and moral improvement? It is through the instinct of parental affection that the father and mother are to be disciplined no less than their family. In reference also to the subjects of instruction, a system of free schools would involve endless discussion. For our own part, we have often regretted the pertinacity with which distinctive creeds and formularies have been fought over; but a gratuitous education by rate precludes all religious subjects whatever; according to the plainest logical conclusion, it must be purely secular. The Romanist, the Jew, the Socialist, and other parties, would object *in toto* to instruction from the New Testament; nay, some would not be permitted to attend where scriptural topics were introduced at all. And would not such a scheme also involve much confusion in the management of the schools? The clergyman or minister now exercises a personal and active superintendence over his own, and may be supposed to visit them regularly; but his interest would certainly diminish from the frequent and troublesome interference from without to which he would be subject. Viewed too in relation to the householders, we believe that an educational rate would be found a grievance. The rich would not suffer, for probably they now pay voluntarily more than the amount at which they would be rated; but the smaller shop-

keepers and thriving workpeople would feel it. Many parents in this station of life now send their children to private schools, or those of a higher class than the National, where the weekly payment varies perhaps from sixpence to a shilling; and many more would most likely do so, if a free system were established. The complaint of such therefore would be, that they had to pay out of their industry for what they could not share, and to provide for those who might be equally respectable as themselves, but have neither the same prudence nor self-respect.

But while we would discourage any attempt to engraft a free education on our present system of National schools, we are confident that there is a certain class in our large towns upon which no moral impression whatever can be made, unless its younger members be brought within the influence of discipline; and we are equally sure that no plan for that purpose can be in the least availing, unless the school be free and at the same time the attendance compulsory.* A stranger who saw no more than the surface of our populous cities could have but little conception of that dense mass of ignorance, vice, and crime, which is sweltering and festering in the lowest layer of the community. He would see evidences of wealth under every aspect—in the palatial warehouse, the gigantic factory, the magnificent public building,

[* Many years ago we pointed out in *Fraser's Magazine* (vol. i. p. 82), the impossibility of attracting to our schools by persuasion the children of many among the poor in our large towns.—1866.]

the gorgeous shop, the attractive suburban villa with its tastefully arranged gardens, greenhouses, and lawns; he might descend to a lower grade of society, and mix with the warehousemen, clerks, and retail dealers; nay, he might visit at their homes the mechanic, the artisan, and the decent mill-operative; and after all he might gain no insight into the wretchedness that lies lower still. Few seek to penetrate this sunless abyss of misery, when not called upon to do so; and they who do so professionally strive to forget as soon as possible the scenes they have witnessed there. Enter that noisome room in this back alley. It is Sunday morning, about eleven o'clock. What do you find? You see a man and his wife—if she be his wife—and some four or five children from twelve years of age downwards. There is scarcely an article of furniture in the place for the most ordinary convenience; the household stock consists of a few stools, a table without a leg, some broken pots, a damaged kettle, and a litter of flock covered with a kind of rug in one corner, on which the family lie at night. The father is just recovering from a drunken carouse, and the mother, with a child at her breast and a black eye, seems half-intoxicated; the children are rolling or running about, apparently unconscious of the wretchedness of everything around them. Is this misery the result of unavoidable want or of downright vice? Instances may be met with, it is true, where destitution is beyond human control; but here, and most frequently, it springs out of positive mental and moral debasement. The father and the mother are lost to all shame; the fierceness

of brutalized humanity is engrafted in their character on the sensual propensities of the brute; no ray of moral sensibility seems to glimmer into their hearts; conscience is obliterated; all idea of parental responsibility has passed from their mind and memory. How do these beings, scarcely human, spend their days? The father is a hawker, it may be, or engaged in some such irregular employment, and makes by his calling enough to keep his family in decency; but he drinks his earnings, often in company with his wife, when they fight like savages. The children go out for a livelihood, and employ themselves in begging, picking pockets, selling matches, thieving from shops and stalls, tumbling by the side of omnibuses, or some such professional avocation. Why, here you see a nest out of which the young crime of the country is fledged and wings its way in various directions. Vice, unillumined by the faintest ray of moral sense, is stereotyped upon the hearts of those children before they are ten years of age. They are not ignorant indeed that they are doing something contrary to the laws of society, when they steal; for the sight of the magistrate and the policeman, of whom they are especially observant, teaches them that truth; but the child who has spent from his fifth year to his tenth in begging, lying, pilfering, and eluding the police, has no more sense of right and wrong for their own sake than the monkey, which thinks everything its own, if it can escape the lash of the keeper.*

[* But this, it may be said, is a solitary instance of domestic wretchedness and parental neglect? By no means; households

Now, to offer a free education to this lowest class of children is simply an absurdity; indeed, restraint in any of this kind may be reckoned by hundreds—may we not say, by thousands?—in our largest towns. Manchester has of late been deluged with discussion on the number of children in the city who are too young for work, and yet attend no day school. It has been computed that of those between three and thirteen years of age, in Manchester and Salford, more than one-half are to be ranked in this category. We do not pin our faith implicitly to the returns of education agents and amateur statistic gatherers; but the number is certainly large enough to startle any one who has never seriously reflected on the question. The Royal Commissioners on popular education also, in their report published in 1861, arrived at a similar conclusion, when the enquiry was extended over the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire. Some twelve months ago the Manchester Statistical Society selected, as an average specimen of a low district, a certain area of the city covered with about 800 inhabited buildings, including cellars, and undertook to visit the families that lived there. In the whole district there were 1,977 children at home, of whom 774 were over twelve years of age, and 1,203 under; of these, 438, or about 22 per cent., attended a day school, and 691, or 34 per cent., a Sunday school. The number of those over three years old, who were found to be neither at a day school nor at work, was 577, or 29 per cent. In this promiscuous mass of human beings, it must not be supposed that all were very poor; many no doubt were extremely so, from one cause or another; but the statistics of the society show, that of nine families the earnings severally were 2*l.* a week; of 255, 1*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*; of 228, 18*s.* 0½*d.*; and that the average weekly income of the whole district was 16*s.* 1*d.* In such a locality as this there will be found, it is true, a great variety in the character of the households; but these statements only confirm the testimony of our personal observation, that the family picture drawn above would, with some slight modifications, find very many counterparts in this section of the town alone.—1866.]

shape would be as intolerable to them as to the Arab of the desert; and any curtailment of their freedom would be equally obnoxious to their parents, who profit by their depredations. But, by compelling them to be educated, you benefit the father and mother as well as their family. You deprive them of ill-gotten gains, and you bring them also within the observation and control of the law. When we hear men of advanced sentiments denouncing compulsion in such a case as an abstract injustice, we can only regard their assertion as one of those flimsy, self-conceited dogmas which, if carried to their logical conclusion, would entirely dislocate society. If a man is breaking the laws of the land and inflicting injury on his fellow-creatures, you restrain him; if with a settled purpose he is bringing up his family to do the same, why should you not compel him to desist? If a father is brandishing a carving knife, and on the point of thrusting it into the hearts of his children, you stay his hand by force; if with his eyes open he is urging them on to perdition, why should you not interfere by legal enactment to prevent it?

That a scheme might be devised for bringing the lowest class of children within the range of a free and compulsory education we do not doubt; nor do we believe that the ratepayers generally would be reluctant to contribute their quota towards this object. The Reformatory would operate most effectually for good upon our juvenile vagrants. At present the young can only pass into such an institution from the gates of the prison; but why should the door of the Refuge be closed to all

but those who have graduated as convicted criminals? To remove the child from the demoralizing influence of home would be the first step towards reclaiming it. But where the Reformatory could not be provided, let there be schools set apart exclusively for the lowest grade of the juvenile population, and let there be a strict supervision over their homes. By such means crime would certainly be prevented to a great extent, and many a child entering on the path of ruin would be turned into the way of honesty, industry, and usefulness. In speaking of such schemes, people talk about the 'religious element' as a stumbling-block before their feet. The 'religious element'! Would any one with a mind ranging above the asinine, battle about a form of worship over a sample of brutalized humanity which he wished to humanize?

Indeed, with our present educational machinery much more might be effected in the way of indirect compulsion than is now done. The law might enforce a more vigilant supervision over the schooling of those who are working short time in our factories; it might be made imperative on the Guardians of the poor to see that the children of out-door paupers were not only taught, but well taught; a certain proficiency in the rudiments of learning might be made a condition for each boy or girl before admission to many employments in our large towns. It is time the difficulty should be bravely met; for 'until direct compulsion be brought to bear sternly on our most degraded families, and an indirect pressure of a stricter kind than is now applied be laid upon

others immediately above the lowest, our educational efforts will never head and stem the surge of demoralization which is ever sweeping onward down the stream of time into a darkly looming future.*

[* In 1864 an Association was formed in Manchester, called 'The Education Aid Society,' which has ever since been pursuing its useful course. It is under the direction of laymen alone—laymen of various religious denominations; its funds are raised from personal contributions; and it dispenses them in supplying a free education to such children as come under its regulations. It is entirely unsectarian, and it engages to pay the school fee of any child where the weekly earnings of the family do not amount to 3s. a head, after rent has been deducted; it makes no stipulation about the school, only it must be in connection with some recognised religious denomination, and be approved on inspection, as being equal to its work. The society is now paying for the education of several thousand children collected from the very poorest class, and is so far supplementing the ordinary action of our day schools. Still, so far from disproving, the experience of the Association seems to us rather to confirm the propriety of the suggestions we have made above. We subjoin a few extracts from its last report, 1866, premising that its statistics are confirmatory of Government reports—that, of the youth of our country who come under instruction, a vast majority are found in the Church of England schools.

'The results of this investigation (a canvass for scholars carried on through a certain portion of the town) hitherto obtained are singularly uniform. Everywhere a majority of the children between the ages of three and twelve years, are found to be neither at school nor at work.'

'Another most important fact ascertained in the course of this canvass is that in many districts the number of children who are not sent to school, but whose parents are able to pay school fees if they were willing, approaches very nearly to the number of those who are neglected in consequence of poverty. Indeed,

On a former occasion, but now many years ago, we stated our opinion of the *Sunday school* in these in one exceptionally prosperous district, where there were found 142 children not at school, there were only 31 whose parents could be considered as unable to pay fees; the remaining 111 were children of parents able to pay fees, but there was no school very near, and the parents were careless about education. From this investigation, so far as it has gone, it appears that the number of children who are not at school, but whose parents could pay school fees if they would, is 2,175; while the children of parents who are unable to pay are 3,612.'

'Altogether 7,650 families with children have been visited in the course of the canvass. These families consist of 37,975 persons; the number of children of all ages living with parents or guardians was 23,988. Of these there were—

7,804 above twelve years of age;
11,086 between three and twelve years of age;
5,098 under three years of age.

'Of the 7,804 above twelve, there were only 112 at school. There were 6,424 at work; and 1,268 neither at school nor at work.

'Of the 11,086 between three and twelve, there were 762 at work; 4,537 at school; and 5,787 neither at school nor at work. Taking the total of children of all ages above three, living with parents or guardians, there were only 4,649 at school; while there were 7,055 neither at school nor at work. The remainder were at work. Thus in every 100 children living with parents or guardians, who are not at work, there are 40 at school, and 60 not at school.'

'Not more than a tenth of the area of Manchester and Salford has been canvassed as yet. Some of the worst and most populous districts have been hitherto avoided, because so large a proportion of the people are below the reach of the Society's means of influence. In the lowest districts only a small proportion of the children could be got into schools by any agency which we

pages,* and we have never found reason to withdraw what we then wrote, in any essential matter. Against the Sunday school there was at that time, as we said, a degree of prejudice in some minds ; and now we regret to say that it is regarded perhaps with still less favour. Among the clergy even, many speak disparagingly of it—they especially whose notions verge towards absolutism in management. And we are far from meaning to say that circumstances do not occur in connection with it, which are calculated to try the clergyman's temper and shock his feelings. Some empty-headed, conceited, noisy young man may gather a party around him and create much dissension. Some conductor, instead of working with, may work against his pastor. In institutions carried on altogether by voluntary agency, such embarrassments from time to time can hardly be matters of surprise ; but when prudence and caution prevail in the management they will be very rare ; and even when they do occur they may be suppressed without much difficulty. If an aptitude to control and guide be united in the clergyman with a delicacy and gentleness in the exercise of it, he will always have adequate support. He may not himself, however, be always free

could use. There are few schools in the localities, and parents and children are alike unimpressible. In canvassing a tenth part of Manchester and Salford, however, as has just been stated, there were found 7,055 children of all ages above three, who were neither at school nor at work, and 5,787 of these were between three and twelve.'—1866.]

* Vol. i. p. 64, February 1849.

from blame : while some turbulent manager or teacher may occasionally produce mischief in his school, it is by no means improbable that he may himself provoke opposition at times by harshness of tone or want of judgment.

A Sunday school, we admit, is far from being a perfect institution ; but in our manufacturing districts especially it supplies a want which without it would be unsupplied. It has its weak points ; but even these are fewer and less damaging than its opponents would allege. Your older scholars, it is asserted, do not come together so much for instruction as for a pleasant pastime. This is far from being correct as a rule, though unquestionably many look to their school as a place of agreeable recreation among their companions. The poor have but few opportunities of social intercourse at their homes, and they are consequently driven to seek them abroad. But your young men and women—and this is brought forward as a grave charge—only come to school to catch wives and husbands, and to carry on their courtships. There is some truth doubtless in this statement, and the amatory propensities are never unattended by danger ; but youths and maidens, we presume, do court in all grades of society, and among our working classes it is better that they should make their selections from a Sunday school than a singing saloon. But how many of your scholars turn out bad characters ! Out of every hundred from the poorer children in our manufacturing districts ninety have passed through a Sunday school, though a considerable proportion may

have attended only two or three times, and all are classed in prison registers as scholars. Is it strange, then, that many such are found in our gaols? Do the children of the higher classes, with all their advantages, turn out without exception respectable characters? But your scholars, as they marry and leave school, are never seen within the walls of your church. This is true frequently, but it is by no means universally so. Many are Confirmed from the Sunday school, become Communicants, and remain steadily attached to their place of worship after they are married, living in respectability and comfort, and doing their duty conscientiously in the state of life to which Providence has called them. Some exalt unduly the influence of the Sunday school; others ignore it altogether. This wide diversity of sentiment may spring out of individual experience or idiosyncrasy; but, amidst all discussions on the subject, it must ever be taken into consideration as the main element in the problem, that the success of each particular school is in a great degree dependent on personal management: if it be judiciously conducted, it will be an instrument for good; if loosely, neither in itself nor in its results can it be contemplated with unmixed satisfaction, if with any satisfaction at all.

Indeed, we scarcely doubt but that the Sunday school might be made to achieve a greater amount of good than it has yet done. It should be under the management and control of a single person, whether clergyman or layman—a man of sound judgment, of kindly temper, and at the same time of firm purpose. Unless he

maintain a strict, while courteous, discipline, the machinery will soon get out of order. The school should not be unwieldy in size; it is far better to perfect its organisation than to collect into it crowds disproportioned to the population of the parish. The main difficulty of the governing superintendent lies in the inaptitude or incompetence of teachers. He must therefore select the most promising scholars, form them into a class, and instruct them in the art of teaching; he must show them how necessary it is to interest the young, and to stir up their minds by putting questions and soliciting answers, rather than to hum them asleep by a prosy sermon. The teachers too must be examples; they must be punctual in their attendance at school, seen in their seats at church, present at the Lord's table; they must consider it a duty to visit the homes of their scholars, to enquire into their wants with delicacy, to cheer their families with sympathy, and to aid them as far as their means will allow. The school hours ought not to be long, and no time should be frittered away in tedious prayers, in prosy addresses from the desk, in a needless interchange of compliments, or in a promiscuous shaking of hands. The work of instruction must be carried on, mind to mind and heart to heart, between the teacher and the class—herein lies the touchstone of success. Avoid all childish hymns, except for the very young—they raise and perpetuate ridiculous notions in minds advancing to maturer thought. Let the services of the school be as much as possible assimilated to those of

the church with which it is connected, in the hymns and prayers, as well as in general sentiment and tone. Only take those scholars to public worship who are old enough to enter into its spirit. Be careful to dissociate, so far as you can, everything of a secular nature from the operations of the school. We doubt much whether such Associations as Bands of Hope, Mutual Improvement Societies, Singing Classes, Building Clubs, and such like, do not distract the minds of teachers and scholars from the one simple object they should keep in view. Sick Societies, Funeral Societies, Penny Banks, Free Libraries, are useful adjuncts to a Sunday school; but let the business to be transacted in connection with them be kept carefully distinct from the hours and work of teaching. Let there be no loiterers, no supernumeraries—for one idle loungee makes many. Let your teachers' meetings be useful and practical—not merely opportunities for the pouring forth of dull speeches and irrelevant talk. If a clergyman were to devote himself fairly to the perfecting of his Sunday school by these rules, and had an aptitude for the undertaking, he would certainly be repaid for his labour; though we know well that it would involve a strain on his energies almost too great to be expected from one who is engaged in so many other harassing duties.

The *Ragged School*, mostly held on a Sunday evening, is now very general in our manufacturing districts. It is opened for the lowest class of scholars—the young peripatetics of the streets, and those who may be too ill-clad to attend during the day. Contrary to what might

have been expected, schools of this kind fill abundantly. A well-lighted room, warm and comfortable in winter, with the prospect of some lively badinage at the gathering, is a sufficient attraction to many of the wandering Arabs who are unemployed on a Sunday evening. And certainly the scenes that are sometimes enacted at their meetings are amusing enough. 'Now, boys,' we once heard a consequential superintendent say to an assemblage of these youthful rovers,—'now, boys, be still—ahem!—look at my watch!' Here he held it up to their view, and was beginning to draw a moral from it on the value of time. 'By George, but it's as big as a warming-pan!' said one rough-headed, bull-necked lad. 'He geet it out o' pawn last neet!' was the characteristic suggestion of another. 'I'll lay a tizzie he prigged it!' was the less charitable supposition of a third. How far the moral drawn from the debatable article had much effect, we could not judge. Institutions of this kind, when well conducted, have doubtless a considerable influence on the class for which they are intended; but the great difficulty lies in procuring fitting managers and teachers for them. A superintendent here and there may be found who has a singular aptitude for subduing and civilising these outlaws of society, but the faculty is very rare; and if in the ordinary Sunday-school success be mainly dependent on management, the truth applies with far greater force to one where some hundreds are assembled, whose manners have never been subjected to restraint, and whose moral principles have been formed on a negation of the decalogue.

In connection with the day and Sunday school *that on the week-day evening* ought never to be wanting. Most of the boys and girls in the manufacturing districts go to employment about thirteen at the latest, and at that age they can have merely mastered the rudiments of education. Indeed, what they have learned would soon pass from their memory, unless it were resuscitated and invigorated by some further course of instruction, however irregularly continued. The subjects taught on the week-day evening are mostly confined to writing, arithmetic, and sewing for girls. The first two are essential requisites, if youths are to improve their condition in life. In our bustling mercantile towns sharp boys have many openings whereby they may, slowly doubtless but surely, advance step by step to wealth and eminence; but unless they can write a fair hand and go through the ordinary arithmetical calculations, a barrier is raised at once against all progress.

Of late years the *Mechanics' Institute* has almost been given up in public estimation, as a failure; and certainly it has not answered the end for which it was designed. We have known indeed some of the purely mechanic class who have made their way to a good position in life through the aid they received there; but as a rule such institutions can only be available for those who are of a grade above that of the artisan or the operative. The students who attend there are fonder, as we have generally found, of skimming over the surface of a subject than of mastering it from its rudiments; still we

have met with instances, where youths by their own energy, in connection with evening classes and Mutual Improvement Societies, have attained to a very remarkable standard of literary and scientific ability. Besides, these Mechanics' Institutes have been brought into much disrepute by the inflated representations of their committees and conductors: celebrated characters have been induced to come from far and deliver jubilant harangues and congratulatory addresses over their prosperity and health, which ought really to have been funeral orations over a decomposing carcase. *Working Men's Clubs* seem now to be in the course of formation on all sides, and to be superseding the Mechanics' Institute, as more congenial with the habits and tastes of our operatives. We do not profess to have any great admiration of them for our own part: it is better doubtless for a working man to spend his evening at such a club than at the beer-shop; but we prefer to contemplate him, as he is taking his glass of ale and his pipe by his own fireside, with his wife and family around him, before they retire to rest.

Such is the moral leverage that has been, and is now, brought into action in raising the masses of our people to a higher social position; and we are assured that it has not been wielded so energetically without producing an effect in some degree corresponding with the power employed. With mechanical forces, there is more precision in their application and more certainty in their results than with the moral; but the weight of resistance

must gradually yield to that leverage which is exercised on the human mind and heart, as well as to that which is brought to bear on ponderous substances in the material world. The moral progress among our people may not be so strikingly observable as we might desire; but we believe that it is decided and real. Growth in both the natural and spiritual world is an onward process, but so slow that it cannot be marked from day to day. Leaven among human masses can only work silently and imperceptibly; but it may notwithstanding be still fermenting and expanding. If we were to compare the present condition of our operative class with what it was forty years ago, the improvement in moral tone and domestic comfort would be found to be very decided. Not but that much still remains to be done before their state can be contemplated with satisfaction. There is a large body of them that seems to be beyond the reach of any force, except that of positive compulsion. Still, in one way the most degraded of our town populations will come under a moral influence, indirect and unobserved though it be. Morality descends as by a law of gravitation, and each class must have an improving influence on the one immediately below it in the social scale. Thus, we may expect that the personal example and daily life of our more decent operatives will leave some trace on that lowest grade of our people which seems to be almost hopeless of amelioration. Class must act upon class, individual upon individual, with a certain degree of

moral power; and we are not without hope that, however imperceptible the process may be, the dews of grace and truth, transmitted through the superincumbent soil, may percolate in some small measure to the lowest stratum of social life.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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THE SECOND VOLUME.

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I.

THE MANCHESTER ART EXHIBITIONS OF 1857.



MANCHESTER, of a truth, attracts at all times its due share of observation. It brings forward great and comprehensive measures which startle timid easy-going gentlemen; it propounds mighty theories on many subjects. It has long been famous for its political school. Educational projects too spring up among us, and 'come like shadows, so depart.' But during the present year Manchester has been the centre of attraction from an undertaking of a less debateable character. It is pleasing to reflect that our citizens could lay aside their combative characteristics for a time, and unite in promoting the success of a project which must of necessity have contributed to the enjoyment of millions. In the spring of the year the hurricane of political excitement swept over our city, stirring up from their depths the muddy passions of men; but in admiration of our great Exhibition which was opened soon after, political differences and social jealousies were merged; and we

believe that hands and hearts which had been for a while estranged, joined cordially around this grand trophy to the Genius of Peace.

On a passing glance at our Lancashire characteristics, some might imagine that the people of Manchester would be the last to get up an Exhibition of Art Treasures. The Manchester merchant sets a high price upon his time; he rides in cabs, and says that it is to save time; he eats his dinner in haste, and gives as a reason that it is to economize time; he looks shy upon any lounging visitor in his warehouse, because such an one is threatening to waste his time; he loves not to hold a conversation with you in the street on promiscuous topics, such as the state of the weather or the health of your wife and family—it is a loss of time. His very spring-carts along our thoroughfares, laden with his goods, seem to know his tastes; they are driven, certainly with a view not to the safety of life, but to the saving of time. Holla, there!—round the corner the vehicle steers at full trot; down goes that old woman with her market-basket; away drives the van, and the anile fragments are either taken to the infirmary or put down to the bill. If the proverb be true, that time is made for slaves, it is equally true that men may become the slaves of time. Or is it, that the effort and aim of our friend is to become its lord? He cannot delay it, we know; he cannot stay or put back the finger on the dial of time; but he can make it bend to his will and further his wishes. More than any other man, he realises that abstraction called

time ; he invests it with a material mould and figure. Every beat of the chronometer is measured by current coin or bills at three months' date.

Then the ordinary employments of our Lancashire men of business are hardly such, we might imagine, as to foster a love for the fine arts. The manufacturer spends his days in a routine of duty that would not seem to nurture an elegant taste. His engines are rumbling within hearing ; unsavoury smells of oil and cotton greet his olfactory organs ; looms and shuttles are rattling around him ; bobbins by myriads are whirling before his eyes ; young females in long pinafores are exercising their nimble fingers in the various processes through which his raw material is passing ; and men with dirty faces and paper caps are engaged in their respective departments of the work. We can suppose the master studying the action of a newly-patented spindle, or testing his last purchase of cotton, or examining the quality of the manufactured article ; but it would require a stretch of the imagination to picture him as imbued with a taste for those mere ornamental trickeries called the fine arts. Look, again, at the occupation of the merchant—the man, say, who is engaged strictly in the Manchester trade—the occupier of one of those palatial warehouses that decorate our city. He lives and moves and has his being in the midst of calicoes, and blankets, and flannel petticoats, and corduroys ; or if he be in the fancy trade, his eye is refreshed by gayer articles and more brilliant colours ; he is surrounded by artificial flowers, thunder and lightning

silks, rainbow ribbons, and volcano prints. Still, whether he deal in domestics or lighter goods, we do not see at once that his thoughts are likely to wing their way from his place of business on any aerial flight into the atmosphere of imagination. That serious, long-headed individual, as he paces his warehouse, you may depend on it, is musing not on a Titian or a Rubens, but on the state of the markets. And if we turn to the proprietor of coal mines, we can scarcely conceive a person engaged in a more unpoetical occupation, unless he were intending to outstrip our great epic poets, Homer, Virgil, and Dante, in a description of the Tartarean regions. He, again, who works in iron and the baser metals, and walks amongst his blazing forges, and ringing anvils, and brawny Vulcans, may be assumed to be a practical personage. The man who lives within sound of a Nasmyth's hammer may be excused from indulging very much in flights of fancy.

And yet this, on the whole, would be an inaccurate estimate of our money-making traders, in reference to their occupations and associations with art. Many of them are brought by their business into a closer connection with the fine arts than we might on first thoughts suppose. An aptitude for designing or judging upon design is essential in the trade of a calico-printer; and he cannot be a proficient in his business, unless he has a perception of correctness and beauty in drawing, and a fair taste in the application and harmony of colours. The merchant purchases these prints, and he has to exercise his discriminative faculty in the selection of the

most eligible patterns. The machinist has his drawings and models; not indeed of the human face or the pleasant landscape, but of suspension and tubular bridges, engines, iron roofs, and steam ships; and out of his rough and shapeless materials he constructs his works of gigantic magnitude with as much precision and delicacy in the modelling as is required in a miniature statue. In like manner, the dyer and the bleacher have to handle their chemical preparations and their colours; the pattern-card manufacturer has to study the principles of taste; * the weaver of fancy patterns has to cultivate the faculty of design. Our men of business, therefore, are all more or less brought into a close connection with art, under one aspect or another; and though we cannot answer for all entertaining any love of it for its own sake, yet they must, we should imagine, be predisposed by their occupations for appreciating it in some degree when it is embodied and exhibited in its highest form. Indeed, it is no paradox to assert that a huge workshop like Manchester is in reality more likely to cradle a love of the beautiful in art, than the fairest scenes of rural seclusion, or even the quiet retreats of philosophic study. Nature, in her beauteous aspects, may evoke a spirit of admiration and

* Manufactured goods are exported in very large packages; and to prevent the necessity of opening these for sale at the end of the voyage, samples are pasted in a sort of scrap-book. The arrangement of these, in order to set them off to the best advantage, requires considerable taste. This is a trade in itself and is called 'Pattern-card designing.'

love in refined and sensitive feelings; our seats of learning may foster and mature the highest cultivation in some intellects; but, in a bustling city like Manchester, the very million are, as it were, tossed upon the stream of life, and would be left to sink, unless their skill in some occupation were cultivated, and their inventive faculties industriously exercised.*

We do not however put forward refinement of taste and manner as the leading characteristics of the Manchester man. His distinctive quality is energy. Your genuine Manchester man knows not what it is to be beaten, even by bad times. If he has not openings for his trade, he makes them. He persuades the Queen of Timbuctoo in a friendly way that her men and maidens would look all the better for a covering of his calicoes. He will not be far behind Dr. Livingstone in his perilous explorations. No sooner does a coral island spring up, and get a few naked South Sea natives on it, than he establishes a trade there. If you are a physiognomist, you will agree with us. His countenance carries on it the mark of purpose and decision, for good or evil. You see nothing of that effeminate twinkling of the half-closed eye which augurs irresolution; you discover

[* Some of our Lancashire merchants and manufacturers have their galleries stored with very valuable paintings. They have mostly been judicious enough to select those of the modern school, about which there can be no mistake. Our late friend, Mr. Miller of Preston, who has recently been cut off in the prime of manhood, and in a career of distinguished usefulness, has left behind him a very costly and high-class collection.—1866.]

nothing of that receding mouth which is somewhat indicative of high breeding, but betokens vacillation and want of will. We are far from meaning that many of our citizens are not characterized by sensibility and refinement; but as we consider the type of a stirring tradesman, we must fix upon energy and strength of will as his leading qualities.

We have sometimes heard such a remark as this— If the biography of our Manchester merchants could be severally written, what strange incidents would be revealed, illustrative of the proverb that truth is stranger than fiction! We do not ourselves believe in these romantic passages. The times of Whittington and his cat will never return. It is true that most of our wealthy citizens have risen in the world from a comparatively humble beginning; it is undeniable too that some have owed their first spring in life to a lucky accident; but, as a rule, we have no faith in the romance. If each life could be traced, we should discover the man simply toiling on with slow, steady, plodding progress. Commercial men, so far as we have been able to judge, do not get on in business from any special superiority of intellect, but from early economy,*

* About sixty or seventy years ago, when the manufacturing trade was in its infancy, a canny Scot settled in Manchester, and by degrees laid the foundation of a large business. We were speaking a short time ago with a very old woman who knew him in his early struggles. His landlady thought he paid too little for his room, and was determined to raise his rent from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. a week. This the Scotchman stoutly resisted, and was resolved to pack up his baggage and be gone, rather

undeviating application, and an aptitude to seize upon opportunities and occasions—in a word, from a well-regulated and well-applied energy. About seven years ago, a boy called upon us; he was the son of a small farmer in our native neighbourhood, and had come up fifty miles to Manchester, with his copy-book in his pocket as his only testimonial. We recommended him and his copy-book to a merchant with whom we were on terms of intimacy. He happened to have a boy's place then vacant, and he engaged our young friend for a few shillings a week on trial. We occasionally see the youth now; he has become a dashing, energetic salesman, with a fierce look and determined whiskers; he is no doubt in receipt of a good salary at present, and has 'excelsior' notions floating through his brain for the future. Such, we apprehend, *mutatis mutandis*, is the history of many of our wealthy citizens.

than pay a fraction more than eighteen-pence. After gaining his point, he concluded the dispute with this maxim, which ought to be remembered by our young men,—'It isn't that I mind so muckle for the odd tuppence; but, ye ken, Betty, it's the breaking into a fresh piece o' siller!'

We met ourselves with a similar illustration of Manchester prudence in connection with our great Exhibition. 'Why did you not take two-guinea tickets for yourself and family?' we asked a gentleman of considerable property; 'the guinea investment, you know, does not admit you on the gay promenade days.' 'Listen to me, young man,' he said; 'don't talk without thinking. It is not that I care for four two-guinea tickets; but'—dropping his voice as though he wished to impress on me, as a secret, a new truth—'don't you see, it would have involved a twenty-guinea dress a-piece for my wife and two daughters!'

Energy of purpose has perhaps been the most conspicuous characteristic of our citizens in getting up the Art Exhibitions of which Manchester has been the scene. The aid of artistic taste and decorative skill in carrying out your intentions is easily purchaseable, if you have money wherewith to purchase; but that determination which fixes on the attainment of an object, and pursues it undeterred by obstacles, is peculiarly Mancuniensian. We have not much acquaintance with our sister city at the mouth of the Mersey; but so far as we have seen, the races that populate Manchester and Liverpool are essentially different. Liverpool, it must be owned, produces a better-dressed class of men, and more showy equipages with more flaring crests. Liverpool dines regularly at six, dresses for dinner, drinks champagne, and rejoices in tall footmen with red plush breeches and dropsical calves. Liverpool flutters gaily as a butterfly at midsummer, but, by report, does not keep in mind as steadily as Manchester that a 'winter of its discontent' may come. Liverpool would get up a gorgeous fancy-ball in that magnificent building called St. George's Hall; Manchester, true to its solidity of purpose and will, grapples with the bolder project of an Exhibition of Art Treasures.

The Exhibition of Art Treasures is not the only one in Manchester that deserves mention in the year 1857. That on the inauguration of the Mechanics' Institute was in every sense successful, and deserved to be so. It was of a very miscellaneous character; it included machinery, specimens of furniture, Indian products and

manufactures, paintings, photographs, statuary, armour, articles highly wrought in the precious metals, illustrations of the ceramic art, bronzes, iron castings, decorated textile fabrics, antique remains—indeed, every species of curiosity that the imagination can conceive. Besides the dealers in works of arts and *vertu*, many contributed to the Exhibition out of their private stores. To the Emperor of the French the directors of the Institute were greatly indebted. He sent some magnificent articles of French manufacture—specimens of Sèvres porcelain, and of Gobelins and Beauvais tapestry—one of which, an enamelled painting on Sèvres china, a copy of ‘Titian and his Mistress’ in the Louvre, was of great value and exquisite beauty. Her Majesty’s Government permitted a large collection of firearms to be sent down from the Tower, illustrative of the history of our military weapons. The Directors of the East India Company contributed a miscellaneous assortment of native Indian goods—shawls of costly embroidery and golden needlework, as well as the coarse calico from the rudely-constructed loom. The Duke of Devonshire lent his ‘gems,’ in which the Countess of Granville appeared at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander. The late Earl of Ellesmere added some valuable pictures to the stock of art-treasures. So that the great people of the earth came out of their stately reserve for a time, and fraternized, as became them, with the rough, hardy, grimy-faced, but high-spirited mechanics and operatives of Manchester.

We were present at the Mechanics’ Institute Exhi-

bition on the night of its close : the charge for admission was so low as to come within the means of working men ; and we were delighted to see so many with their wives and families taking a last look at so magnificent a spectacle before it passed away for ever. With all their faults, there is a large share of the better feelings of our nature in these sons of toil ; and it is a pleasant thing to see them happy in any recreation which is at once pure and elevating, whether it be in watching from our parks the sun sinking to his golden rest, or in examining the less glorious exhibitions of human workmanship. Their lot is a hard one at the best, and it is, alas ! often made harder by their own imprudence ; but if they are willing to lead a life of honesty, sobriety, and industry, they have many enjoyments within their reach. On this evening, we saw fathers and mothers with infants in their arms, and young children romping around them as though they knew no sorrow. We saw a pretty little girl of three years old pressing pertinaciously an orange upon Omphale in marble, who as obstinately refused it. There is something melancholy in the close of an exhibition ; it is the extinction of the beautiful, as a whole, though its elements may exist in their separate spheres and forms. But the time had appropriately arrived for the dissolution of this fair creation. Our grimy atmosphere had done its work on many of the articles. The golden brocades and embroidered cloths had lost their freshness ; the gilded furniture had become dim ; naked ‘ Sea Nymphs ’ might very properly have dipped themselves again in their native element ; ‘ Crying Boys ’ in

marble had dirty faces, as snivelling urchins generally have; 'Peace' was smiling through its soot; 'War' was dirty and befouled, as became it; and 'Godiva,' 'wife to that grim earl who ruled in Coventry,' had no reason whatever to 'shower the rippled ringlets to her knee,' and, 'like a creeping sunbeam,' slide from human gaze.

But from another and more prevailing cause the time had arrived for closing this exhibition. When the sun arises, the lesser stars 'pale their ineffectual fires;' and the great Exposition of Art Treasures was now on the point of shining forth, and absorbing in its blaze the light of all smaller constellations. In the spring of 1856 the thought scintillated through a Manchester brain, that as London, New York, Dublin, and Paris had succeeded in getting up their respective exhibitions, there could be no great obstacle to the success of Manchester in a similar undertaking. A committee was formed, the usual preliminaries were gone through, and a guarantee fund of 70,000*l.* was secured in a short time; the work was undertaken with spirit; and so business-like were the calculations, and so energetic were the contractors in carrying them out, that on the week originally intended for the opening, the whole arrangements were complete, and the Exhibition was inaugurated with unusual *éclat*.

We will not venture into the province of the daily and weekly press by attempting a full description of the inauguration scene: it was unquestionably a magnificent spectacle, one that would bear a comparison with the

proudest pageant of the grandest capital in Europe. On the morning of the fifth of May, some three or four hundred thousand people lined the way to Old Trafford, expecting the Prince Consort, while ten thousand were waiting for him within the building. And in truth it was a brilliant sight inside. Looking from the gallery, the eye rested upon a flower-bed of beauty—not still life, but ever-changing, like the figures of a kaleidoscope, into fresh forms of elegance and harmonies of colour. What diverse characters and costumes were there! Ladies, slim, well-developed, and corpulent—juvenile, mediæval, and antique—beautiful, passable, and, breathe it gently! somewhat plain-looking—adorned with glittering jewels, and resplendent in every colour of the rainbow—peers and prelates arrayed according to their order—lord mayors, ordinary mayors, and lord provosts, in their golden chains of office—statesmen and diplomats in stars and ribbons, sheriffs in their robes—aldermen in red, councillors in blue, and clergymen in black—knights of the shire in their State costume—celebrities in Court dresses—general officers in scarlet and gold, decorated with medals and orders, mighty men of valour in their pinched hats and well-filled coats and trousers—and lo! towering above the surrounding heads, and moving through the crowd in an atmosphere of mystery, the awe-inspiring Wizard of the North, in full Highland costume. Listen! cannons are booming and drums beating; every eye is turned to the door; the Prince enters with his suite; and at the very moment the sun, which during the morning had been

obscured, shone forth, illuminating the whole building as if with his benediction, and lending a still lovelier aspect to the scene by that golden brilliancy which art cannot attain or power command. The Prince seemed to enjoy the spectacle with the feeling of the artist and the fancy of the poet, as he walked down the nave between rows of statues shining in their nakedness, knights on horseback in glittering armour, and living dames and damsels for whose smiles those knights might have sprung forward to break a lance; while the creations of art, colder but no less beautiful than the blood-warm forms beneath, looked down upon the pageant as though about to start from the canvas that had held them like enchanted princesses for a hundred years. The royal party reached the transept, when suddenly the liquid notes of Clara Novello, in the first verse of *God save the Queen*, float to the extreme end of the building in all but celestial richness, chasteness, and purity. Then follow those long addresses, wearisome, but necessary, in unmelodious voices—those bowings and jerkings and ungraceful motions, which are the offspring of etiquette. ‘The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.’ The inauguration prayer is now offered up by the Bishop of Manchester; a procession is formed to beat the boundaries; the Exhibition is formally declared to be open; and with the ‘Hallelujah Chorus,’ very creditably performed by a body of six hundred Lancashire singers, under the direction of Mr. C. Hallé—in which his Royal Highness himself joined with heart and voice—closed a spectacle such as Man-

chester had never before witnessed, and of which its promoters may well be proud, as having passed before the eye in its gorgeous array without even a passing shadow to mar its beauty or to detract from its success.

In one particular this Exhibition is unique: it excludes the wares of tradesmen, and is limited to the exposition of those art treasures which are ordinarily locked up in private collections, and rarely come under the gaze of the *profanum vulgus*. This circumscribed its variety, and added much to the expense of its preparation; but it rendered it more *recherché* in its character, and more enjoyable to the eye of taste. All honour to her Majesty and the Prince Consort for the readiness with which they listened to the project, and the hearty manner in which they promised to advance it by their contributions. This gave the key-note to the country. Many were doubting how far it would be prudent to entrust their ancestral treasures into the keeping of Manchester; some perhaps were reflecting whether they owed any great debt of gratitude to the metropolis of cotton. ‘What has Manchester to do with art?’ a noble duke is said to have asked, when his co-operation was requested; ‘let it stick to its cotton-spinning.’ But to the credit of a vast majority of our aristocracy be it spoken, they soon entered into the undertaking in a generous English spirit, and gracefully contributed the best specimens of their matchless stores. With the titled proprietors of such choice collections who refused to part with them even for a short season, we have no sympathy. Let them console themselves

with the sentiment which Horace puts into the mouth of one equally churlish in his conservatism :—

Populus me sibilat ; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.*

Before turning to the pictures, which are unquestionably the main feature of the Exhibition, we cannot glance around the interior of the building without perceiving at once how many a museum of art and domestic plate-room have been invaded for the collection of so vast an aggregate of objects. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort contributed, heartily and liberally, not only valuable paintings, but cabinets of wondrous workmanship, golden salvers of enormous size and curious moulding, embossed tables of silver, tripods of the same character, shields of great magnitude and elaborate carving, rare specimens of Oriental products and manufactures, goblets, dishes, china vases, nautilus cups, enamels, caskets, time-pieces—the choicest specimens from those store-houses which have received their treasures through a long line of monarchs, and are yet gathering fresh additions ; many of our nobility, of the highest rank and most ancient lineage, followed their example, selecting from their ancestral possessions specimens of art which are either conspicuous for their workmanship or intrinsic value, or which gather round them the interest of historic associations—enormous groups of figures wrought in the precious metals, colossal épergnes, gigantic vases, immense vessels of silver and

* *Sat. I. i. 67.*

gold, which might be cradles, or baby-baths, or wine-coolers, but which seem to have been designed for no specific object but to exhibit the beauties of art and the wealth of the owner; the several departments of our Government united in affording the particular articles under their control that were likely to be illustrative of any period in history, or of invention at any specific time; that powerful Company which rules our East Indian territories, on this occasion also, sent its finest specimens of Oriental curiosities, — bowls, daggers, deadly weapons, embroideries in silk and gold, carvings in ivory, silver filagree caskets and rose-water sprinklers, musical instruments, furniture in carved wood, trappings for elephants and horses of rich velvet inwoven with gold, idols which the Hindoo had worshipped, swords which rajahs had wielded without mercy, and an Indian tent that would invite repose beneath an Asiatic sun; Stonyhurst College selected from its stores pyxes and plaques of gold, ancient rings of inconvenient size and shape, diptychs in ivory, the ‘St. George’ in gold worn by Sir Thomas More, statuettes of St. Ambrose and Thomas à Becket, crucifixes in silver that even a Protestant might worship, and sacerdotal vestments inwrought with gold and glittering with jewelled crosses, the gifts of ancient monarchs; our own Universities sent massive plate that had lain for years undisturbed, and the golden croziers that had been wielded by the hands of confessors who counted not their lives dear for their faith; New College committed to our keeping the pastoral staff of William of Wykeham, of

whose princely munificence so many monuments remain—*κτίματα ἐς ἀεί*—that he yet speaketh after a sleep of five centuries; Corpus Christi contributed some antique plate, several apostle-spoons, and the golden crozier of Bishop Fox, its founder, the patron of Wolsey and the promoter of learning; St. John's, Cambridge, furnished an enormous loving-cup, from which many a burly ecclesiastic had drawn a hearty draught of rich wine delicately spiced; other colleges sent their antique goblets and vessels of gold, which in the good old days of generous diet had been filled many a time and oft with the choicest sack, and been balanced in the jewelled fingers of some well-fed cleric; municipal corporations—and most conspicuously those of Norwich and Lincoln—added to the general stock of varieties, their State swords and maces, and the golden collars and badges of their order—specimens of curious workmanship, and of great intrinsic value—the ancient bequests of loyal subjects and the donations of princes and rulers; the Guild Companies of the metropolis, the Ashmolean Museum, the Foundling Hospital, the Archæological Institute, the British Museum, and the various learned Societies, cast in their specimens of art out of their carefully chosen collections; Cathedral chapters disclosed golden relics of the ancient time, which carry us back to the days of the Church's temporal splendour, ere sacrilegious hands had profaned and ransacked her treasures; descendants of ancient knights sent the armour in which their ancestors had gaily broken a lance in the tournament, or fought desperately on the

field of carnage ; lineal inheritors of ancient titles lent for our inspection the rude instruments of the hardy barons their forefathers—hunting horns that had awakened the slumbering echoes in our primæval forests when Robin Hood and his merry men took their pastime there, and trumpets that had roused the drowsy warder on the castle wall ; collectors of curiosities brought out of their treasures things new and old — coins and medals, cameos and china, porcelain vases, opal vessels and bronzes, shields of the ancient Britons and relics of the Anglo-Saxons, helmets, gauntlets, cross-bows, partizans, and halberts, that had done good service four centuries ago, vases that had been the prizes of some Isthmian contest, pilgrims' staves that had probably pressed the sands of Palestine, the State cap of one of the Venetian Doges, barbaric ornaments and weapons of warfare, the purse of silver embroidery and the veritable crimson hat of that proud old Cardinal who was at once the type and the tomb of ecclesiastical grandeur, the dagger with which Felton despatched the Duke of Buckingham, the shirt and watch of Charles I., the very snuff-box that fell from the trembling hand of the second Charles, and was found under the oak tree, and the pipe from which Tippoo Saib puffed his smoke, indifferent to the cries of his victims ; a body of Manchester merchants purchased for the Exhibition the Soulages Collection, with its quaint specimens of mediæval furniture, from rare cabinets, to a pair of bellows ;—all, the Queen, the Prince Consort, the peer, the man of science, the antiquarian, the ecclesiastic, the

gentleman of ancient descent, and the plain English merchant, the *novus homo* of yesterday—all vied in adding a gem to the glittering coronet of art that was to encircle for a time the rugged brow of trade.

But around this bare fact a host of agreeable associations congregate. We cannot but feel pleasure at the reflection that the undertaking has elicited so much sympathy of spirit from the noble, the wealthy, and the refined in our land, with those who have fewer privileges and possessions than themselves; nor can we doubt that this kindly feeling will be reciprocated from those to whom the boon, temporary though it be, has been so generously accorded. The Exhibition has called forth, in the words of the Prince Consort, ‘a generous feeling of mutual confidence and good-will between the different classes of society.’* Half a century ago a duke would as soon have thought of exhibiting his duchess in public as one of his old masters, and least of all would he have committed his treasure to Manchester with its riotous mobs and sooty chimneys. But Manchester is now sober and sane, and we feel assured that its tone of feeling will not deteriorate, when it remembers that its hereditary foes have stretched out to it the right hand of fellowship. The great social evil of our day is to be found in class distinctions and class prejudices. Society, we know, must necessarily have its many gradations; but when the divisions are too broad, there will spring up, as a matter of course, a tone

* Address to the Executive Committee.

of superciliousness on one side and a feeling of retaliation on the other. Our landed aristocracy perhaps cannot be charged with unkindness, as a rule, towards those who have come under their influence: still, at the best, they have entrenched themselves within a deep and wide moat of feudalism, which precludes them from understanding the feelings and habits of those socially beneath them. In their readiness, however, to entrust their treasures of art to Manchester for the improvement and enjoyment of the community, we see, not an emblem of feudalism, but a token of advancing civilization; we perceive a willing effort, not to assist a helpless dependant, but to aid the active, vigorous, self-dependent mind in the progress of refinement. And as this Exhibition brings the nobility and country gentlemen of the land to our city, we do not doubt that many of their preconceptions will be disabused, and that they will carry away the impression that, either physically, socially, or politically, Manchester is not quite so black as it is represented.

But the division of classes is still more perceptible among our large manufacturing populations. Capital is ranged on one mountain side and labour on the other; and too often they are set in battle array. Such must ever be the antagonism, more or less, where machinery has exalted one man to be the master of some thousands of work-people. But it is the duty of the Christian and the gentleman to remove, as far as it is possible, these grounds of mutual jealousy and distrust. And among the many agencies which might be employed for this

purpose, we cannot believe but that the gathering together of rich and poor, of masters and work-people, on one level, for one object, and that of refined enjoyment, must tend to soften asperities, and infuse a kinder feeling between classes which in themselves have little but human affections in common.

But the great attraction of the Exhibition consists in its paintings; and assuredly they form an unrivalled collection. The difficulty that first presents itself to the visitor is that arising from the embarrassment of numbers. The eye and the mind are bewildered with the multiplicity of objects; and it is not till the spectator has recalled and concentrated his wandering faculties, that he can enter into a systematic inspection of the various pictorial departments. The chronological arrangement of the pictures, however—arising out of a judicious suggestion of the Prince Consort—at once gives an educational character to the Exhibition, facilitates a systematic view of its miscellaneous contents, and aids the memory in retaining the similitude of the most striking objects that are presented to the eye.

If we investigate the philosophic cause of the pleasure which we derive from pictures and works of art, we shall find it in that intuitive propensity to imitation, and in that fondness for objects of imitation, which are more or less common to all. Man, says Aristotle, is of all creatures the most imitative—*μιμητικώτατόν ἐστι*.* This innate principle developes itself in the savage;

* *Poetics*, chap. iv.

and associated with it, there is a natural fondness for clever representations. There is a pleasure in contemplating them abstract from the nature of the subject. It is agreeable to look upon figures of art even in themselves revolting. This springs from that process of comparison which is passing unconsciously through the mind, and which, as being a species of advance in knowledge, is in itself pleasurable—*ὅτι συμβαίνει θεωροῦντας μανθάνειν καὶ συλλογίζεσθαι, τί ἕκαστον.** But still more attractive are those representations which are at once true to nature and lovely in themselves. The beautiful becomes more so by reason of the accuracy of its imitation. And now another instinct develops itself: whatever we love, or admire, or reverence, we desire to perpetuate, in memory at least; and of all the arts, that of painting is the one by which a main idea, with its many associations, may be most definitely stereotyped. Hence works of art are encouraged and preserved with care; the objects that give pleasure are increased from generation to generation; and hence accumulated that wonderful collection of pictures which is gathered into our Exhibition—a collection illustrating human life and passion in its every phase, the ideal and the real, the fabulous and the true—arraying before our eyes in their effigies the historical characters of bygone ages and distant lands—displaying the animal form in its every type, in its usefulness, its serenity and its savage grandeur—exhibiting nature in its every

* *Poetics*, chap. iv.; also *Rhetoric*, B. I, c. xi.

aspect, in sunshine and in storm, in its peaceful valleys and rugged mountains, in the gliding river and the rolling ocean—comprising specimens of every date and style and nation, from the infancy of painting even to those of the artist who is now engaged in fixing upon canvas the evanescent figures around him for the enduring admiration of ages to come.

In considering the pictorial art as an educational agency, we must keep in view the moral influence it may be made to exert. This subject seems to be handled after a somewhat latitudinarian fashion. If a painting be beautiful in execution, no matter what it represents, it is considered an object proper for exhibition, and conducive to refinement. We are no prudes; but we emphatically protest against this abandonment of decency. As well might you reason that Handel's music would be elevating when linked to obscene words. That the faculty of the painter may exert an ennobling influence, we thankfully acknowledge: even the early Byzantine specimens of the pictorial art, exhibiting it in its rudimentary form, leave us better men, from the devotional spirit they suggest. Then, who can sufficiently appreciate those sublime productions of the great masters, as Raphael, Murillo, Guido, Annibale Caracci, in which the leading events of redemption, from the miraculous conception of the Virgin to the last suffering of the Saviour, are set forth in such accuracy of composition, richness of colour, and delicacy of expression? Nor are we to limit a moral influence to subjects strictly religious; the painter who repre-

sents a virtuous and ennobling deed of any kind, is a benefactor of his species. 'The Departure of Regulus,' and 'The Death of Wolfe,' by West, are not great pictures, but they convey a lofty sentiment. Nay, we may gather good thoughts and kindly feelings from much less ambitious subjects than these. Is there not a lesson in the child praying on its mother's knee, in the hearty, rollicking face of the schoolboy, in the happy country scene, in the way-side flowers, in the running brook, in the golden sunset, in the cottager's home, in the old churchyard? There is not a sunny spot or a dark shadow on the face of nature which is not calculated to improve the heart, if the eye that looks on it be pure and single.

But, on the other hand, painting may be made the vehicle of evil thoughts and gross passions. Now it is not the rough and uncourtly sketch, nor the naked figure simply, that we condemn, but those forms and groups which the artist has arranged as though for the purpose of exciting indelicate ideas and prurient fancies. In our reading, also, it is not the rough jest, or the comical description, that can injure; neither is it the delicate subject delicately handled, such as we may find in the *Paradise Lost* or the *Seasons*. But it is those vile portraitures of love, or more properly lust, with which our low novels abound, that exert such pernicious influence, especially on the female portion of society. Gross, nay filthy, as are the plays of Aristophanes in many parts, they are comparatively innocuous by the side of many descriptions in the later writings of Byron

and many love passages in the poetry of Moore. To illustrate our meaning from some pictures in our Exhibition. The 'Susanna and Elders,' by Bonifazio Veneziano; the 'Nine Muses,' by Tintoretto; 'Le Respect,' by Paolo Veronese, are delicate subjects, yet handled with much refinement,—so much so that they excite no grossness of sentiment to mar the enjoyment you derive from them as mere paintings. On the other hand, such compositions as the 'Venus and Cupid' of Pontormo, the 'Leda' of Tintoretto, the 'Rape of Europa' by Titian, the 'David and Bathsheba' of Guercino, the 'Venus and Mars' of Luca Giordano, and the 'Jupiter and Antiope' of Nicholas Poussin, are suggestive of what is coarse, gross, and lascivious, and only the more mischievous from the truthfulness of their execution. We cannot estimate highly the soul-purity of a man who would exercise his surpassing mastery over art in portraying some fabulous heathen deity in an act of heathen sensuality. It seems a mocking and gratuitous insult to all that is delicate and pure in our nature. And if we consider those ancient masters inexcusable, the nature of whose subjects was in a great measure regulated by the fashion of the time, still more do we condemn our modern artists who follow their example, with little of their power, and none of their excuse. Of this class, Etty may be instanced as a type. We applaud Her Majesty, the mother of a young family, for rejecting his picture from her collection, on an occasion which will be remembered. He may have been a great colourist, though he does not evince this excellence as an inva-

riable rule; but he is very often gross, and gratuitously so in his conception of a subject. We are told that he was by no means a man of sensual temperament; but had we not been so informed, we should have drawn a different inference from his paintings. What are we to understand by his 'Idle Lake?' It is absurd as a drawing, and seems to have been conceived only to exhibit the female figure in a lascivious posture. The 'Sleeping Nymph and Satyrs' is a rival of the worst ancient pictures in the suggestiveness of grossness. In his 'Cleopatra,' why again represent the attendants of that queen as nudes, and introduce naked Cupids hovering round? We never look on his 'Sirens' without a loathing. What is 'The Storm' but a representation of figures, naked without any reason, in a cockle-shell, tossed by a sea in which a large vessel would scarcely live? Even his conception of 'The Last Judgment' could not be formed without the figure, in the foreground, of a naked woman in a gross posture.

We can have no sympathy whatever with any artist who does not cherish the idea, in his imaginative works, that he has a moral mission as well as an artistic one to fulfil, and that he stands on the same ground, in that particular, as the writer of poetry or fiction. He may be the missionary associate of Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth, or of the authors of *Ernest Maltravers* and *Don Juan*.

In this collection the ancient and modern schools of painting are fairly pitted against each other. To the popular taste the modern pictures have been the more

attractive, if we may judge from the comparative number of visitors in each division. This may arise in some degree from the fact that our modern paintings are more accordant with what falls under our daily observation, and more congenial with our nineteenth-century notions. Still, examining the specimens of each period, not with the eye of a critic, which often sees things invisible, but with the ordinary judgment and taste of one who admires the fine arts, we are much inclined ourselves to reduce considerably that broad distinction between the schools which has been so generally supposed to exist. In the highest style of art—that illustrative of scriptural and devotional subjects—it is true, no comparison can be instituted; for while some of the ancient masters have attained in it as near to perfection as we can imagine, it is one into which our modern painters have entered with but partial success. Here Murillo stands out conspicuously in our Exhibition for the number and beauty of his works. Many an one who has but little feeling for the fine arts has gazed with wonder and admiration on ‘The Adoration of the Shepherds,’ ‘The Annunciation,’ ‘Joseph and his Brethren,’ ‘The Holy Family,’ ‘The Baptism of Christ,’ ‘Abraham Entertaining the Angels,’ ‘The Virgin and Child,’ the ‘Ecce Homo,’ as well as other rare compositions that have sprung from his master touch. Of this class too there are other marvellous specimens, such as ‘The Holy Family resting,’ by Fra Bartolomeo; ‘Christ Bearing his Cross,’ by Raphael; ‘The Adoration of the Kings,’ by Mabuse; ‘The Unmerciful Servant,’ ‘Daniel before Nebu-

chadnezzar,' and 'Belshazzar's Feast,' by Rembrandt ; 'The Tribute Money,' by Rubens ; 'The Holy Family,' by Andrea del Sarto ; 'The Baptism,' by Battista Franco ; 'The Assumption,' by Guido ; 'The Three Maries,' by Annibale Caracci ; 'Hagar in the Desert,' by Francesco Mola ; 'The Presentation of Queen Esther,' by Tintoretto—all of which are in the highest style of art, in conception and execution, as well as in dignity of subject. Against these masterpieces it would not be prudent to place the devotional compositions of our modern artists, such as 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' by West ; 'The Tribute Money,' by Copley ; Haydon's 'Judgment of Solomon ;' Rigaud's 'Samson and Delilah ;' Martin's 'Fall of Babylon ;' 'John Preaching in the Wilderness,' by Etty ; 'Christ Weeping over Jerusalem,' by Eastlake ; 'Christ Teaching Humility,' by Ary Scheffer ; Herbert's 'Boy Daniel ;' 'Moses consigned to the Nile,' by Eddis ; 'The Opening of the Sixth Seal,' by Danby ; though some of these are high efforts, worthily sustained.

In that department of the art which is not devotional, but represents life in its more heroic and imaginative forms, the works of Rubens stand out from the rest in the collection. His 'Prometheus,' 'St. Martin,' 'Queen Tomyris,' 'Argus,' 'Diana,' seem to combine every element for the composition of a rich, living, glowing picture. 'The Misers' of Quentin Matsys and the 'Cleopatra' of Guido are also remarkable examples of this class. Our modern artists supply many specimens under this category, various in their degrees of merit. The efforts of West, Haydon, Barry, Fuseli are some-

what ambitious, but certainly not effective. Hilton's 'Ganymede' evinces some power of conception and colour, but the subject is an absurd one. We prefer Opie's rough handling in his 'Age and Infancy' and 'The Schoolmistress,' to Northcote's sentimental touches in 'La Fayette,' and 'Jael and Sisera.' The 'Joan of Arc' and 'The Combat,' by Etty, are disagreeable exhibitions, unredeemed by any excellence of colouring. Wilkie's 'Columbus,' and 'Napoleon and Pope Pius VII.' are what might be expected from an unimaginative Scotchman. 'Melancthon's First Misgivings,' by Lance; Poole's 'Troubadours;' Goodhall's 'Cranmer;' Herbert's 'Brides of Venice;' Allan's 'Assassination of the Regent Murray;' Frith's 'Trial of a Witch;' Leighton's 'Procession of Cimabue;' 'Colonel Blood Stealing the Crown Jewels,' by Briggs; 'The Queen of Hungary Distributing Alms,' by De Keyser; 'The Emigrant's Farewell,' by Tidemann; 'The Franciscans at Service,' by Granet, — are generally admired as works of high art. Maclise's 'Macbeth' is a favourite, but to us it seems to push the heroic into Bedlam. Ward's 'Louis XVI.' and 'Charlotte Corday' are, in our estimation, unrivalled for expression of feeling and effect of colour. The most popular picture in the whole Exhibition is Wallis's 'Death of Chatterton,' though we conceive that its striking effects produced by light and shade are as much the elaboration of trick as of genuine art; nor can we pass on without paying our humble tribute of admiration to Hunt's 'Claudio and Isabella,' where the figures seem to stand off the flat surface as though they were

modelled. Could it be the same hand that drew 'The Awakened Conscience?'

In portrait-painting, the two corridors are fairly matched. The portraits by Reynolds exhibited here have for the most part faded. His own likeness and that of Sir William Chambers are still fresh, and show what truthfulness of expression and richness of flesh-colour were at his command. What a loveable picture must that of the Viscountess Althorp have been when fresh from the easel; even now the spectator is riveted by the sweet expression of those eyes. Then poor Nelly O'Brien! Gainsborough is represented in the Exhibition more favourably than Sir Joshua. His 'Mrs. Graham' and the 'Lady,' in the Marquis of Hertford's collection, both in the same style, are marvellous in their delicacy of finish. His 'Blue Boy' is a solid, flesh-and-blood portrait, but it does not, in our opinion, disprove the principle that blue, when predominating, is an inharmonious colour. Then look at the portraits of Garrick and his wife! What expression is there in the face of Garrick especially! You momentarily expect that some funny question will be put to you from the canvas. We have also rare specimens from the hands of Hogarth, Romney, Beechey, Ramsay, Lawrence, Phillips, Raeburn, Gordon, Pickersgill, Winterhalter, and Grant. But turning to the other side of the Exhibition, we find that this was a department of painting which the ancient masters had not neglected. Look at the glowing flesh-colour of Titian's 'Ariosto.' Is not the likeness of Murillo, by himself,

inimitably rich in colour and truthful in expression? The heads, too, by Rubens, Rembrandt, Andrea del Sarto, Tintoretto, Ferdinand Bol, and Velazquez, are fine specimens of the art. We are thankful for the portraits Holbein has left behind him; but, however truthful, they are stiff and ungraceful. The 'Vandykes' in the Exhibition have for the most part faded; though a few which are still fresh in colour give full proof of the artist's power. The same may be said of Lely's portraits; whatever Charles's favourites were in flesh and blood, they are no great beauties as they have come down to us on Sir Peter's canvas. The heads by Kneller are singularly interesting in their associations, being the representations of our most celebrated literary characters; but we do not perceive that, artistically, they are distinguished by any peculiar excellence.

In landscape-painting our modern artists, so far as we can judge, are fairly on an equality with the ancient masters. There are several attractive landscapes by Claude in our Exhibition, though on the whole he is not favourably represented here: there is the famous 'Rainbow Landscape,' by Rubens, in the Hertford collection; we have an effective specimen of Rembrandt's power in this department of painting; we have country scenes by Hobbema, Nicholas Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Ruysdael, Cuyp, Teniers, and others. Still, after inspecting these with pleasure, we could turn with equal satisfaction to the works of our own artists. We could admire none the less the glowing sunny scenes of Wilson, or the cool woods and humble cottages of Gains-

borough. We could gaze with a sensation of coolness, even in the dog-days, on the green, grassy, watery landscapes of Constable; we could revel in the 'Turners,' almost infinite in their variety of light, shade, colour, and atmospheric effect, till we ever saw in them fresh beauties, and almost believed in Ruskin. Muller, Callcot, Stanfield, Creswick, Danby, Linton, Anthony, Linnell—why mention these?

As we descend in the scale of subjects we begin to get the mastery over those giants of old. In what is called the *genre* or unheroic class of paintings, our modern artists have only rivals in the Dutch school. In our Exhibition there are ancient pictures of this category that will well repay a minute inspection, such as those by Jan Steen, David Teniers, Michael Van Musscher, Pieter de Hooze, Nicholas Berchem, the Ostades, Nicholas Maas, William and Franz Van Mieres, and Gerard Dow. Still, we prefer our English specimens as being more generic in their conception and equally accurate in delineation,—as being more ideal and not less true to nature. Hogarth and Wilkie are household names and affections among us. Then what think you of Webster? For our own part we love him best of all, with his genial fondness for the frolics of boyhood. Look at 'The Playground,' and be at school again for five minutes with those companions you remember, many of whom are either dead or scattered far and wide. And oh! that incomparable 'Slide!' Every figure is a study to admire and to laugh at. Of this picture's truthfulness to nature we heard an amusing

illustration. An old farmer and his wife, standing near us, were gazing on it very intently, till at length the fire kindled in the man's mind, and he said to his dame with a hearty laugh, 'Egoy, Molly, but they'll o' be deawn!' 'Ay, for sure will they, William,' was the response,—'they cannot help it.' Would you wish to see a more sagacious group than those engaged in 'The Rubber?' What unfathomable thoughts are working in their brains? Look, again, at O'Neill's 'Obstinate Juryman.' Is not the central figure the very personation of doggedness in his rough overcoat, his thick muffler, and strong leggins? 'The School,' by Faed, is a pleasant picture. Richter's 'Tight Shoe' is familiar to most from the engraving of it. We prefer Maclise's 'Snap-Apple Night' to his somewhat purposeless scenes from Shakspeare. But where shall we stop if we examine in detail the endless varieties of this school? Most of our artists have at some time or other tried their hands on subjects of this nature. We need only mention the names of Mulready, Philip, Cope, Frith, Leslie, Goodall, Liversege, Rippingille, Horsley, and Collins.

If we descend to animal-painting, we are far ahead of the ancient masters. Rubens and Snyders have left behind some spirited representations of a 'Boar Hunt' and of 'Dead Game:' there are in the Exhibition also some life-like 'Ducks and Fowls' by Hondekoeter, and some very natural cows and bulls and horses by Paul Potter and Albert Cuyp. Still these are inferior to the best specimens of our modern animal painters. In the domestic animals of Gainsborough we see the same

artistic power as in his human figures. Then what majestic bulls are those by Ward! What living flocks of sheep and herds of cattle are those by Sidney Cooper, as they are bivouacking with their drovers on the wild moor! Ansdell, too, is a right honest portrayer of animal life in all its varieties. There are several good pictures of cattle by the Bonheurs in the Exhibition. But who, ancient or modern, can vie with Edwin Landseer? 'Is thy servant a dog?' was Sydney Smith's appropriate response, when he was asked to sit to Landseer for his portrait,—'is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' 'The Dogs of St. Bernard,' 'The Stag at Bay,' and 'There is Life in the Old Dog yet,'* are in the Exhibition. But we prefer Landseer's touch in his smooth-coated animals. Who ever saw anything like that 'Alexander and Diogenes?' How you long to pat the fat back of the Imperial Alexander, as he erects his head, fixes his eye, and shows one tooth in regal dignity, as becomes a monarch at the head of his train, while you would hesitate a moment before you placed your hand within reach of the Cynic in his

* It happened that Landseer's picture, 'There's Life in the Old Dog yet,' was hung at no great distance from 'The Death of Lear,' by Cope. A countryman and his wife on one occasion were standing before the latter, and seemed to be impressed with the dying scene. 'What is it?' asked the man. 'Why,' said his lady, fumbling at the catalogue, getting confused in the figures, and at last almost spelling out the title,—'There's life in the old dog yet.' 'That'll do,' rejoined her husband,—'that's capital! There's life in the old dog yet,—but it'll soon be out on him.'

tub! And where shall we find a match for 'The Shoeing?' What reality is there in that horse, as he stands with his leg on the blacksmith's knee, his curved neck so beautifully shaded, his ear turning backward at the clink of the hammer, and taking it altogether with much composure, as though it were not his first shoeing. The hound lazily recumbent in the foreground takes the proceeding as a matter of course. The donkey's head too is beautifully painted, even to the red ribbon which the Squire's son or daughter has fastened on the bridle. And yet we fear that in this unrivalled picture there is something not quite true to nature. *Medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid.* Hear the late Lord Sefton's critique on it. His lordship was not remarkable as a connoisseur, but he had seen many a horse shod; like the sultan mentioned by Burke,* who detected an error in a picture of a decollated head of John the Baptist, Lord Sefton observed at once a mistake in the grouping. 'A beautiful painting!' said his lordship; 'but you never in your life saw a blacksmith turn away the horse's foot from the light!'

The corridor appropriated to the paintings in water-colours has proved to be one of the favourite lounges in the Exhibition; nor can this be a matter of surprise, seeing that it contains nearly a thousand of the very best productions of our best artists. There is an especial pleasure in the inspection of a good 'water-colour:' the picture is agreeable in itself, and you are

* *Essay On Taste.*

free from the apprehension that, instead of an old master, you are examining only a sorry counterfeit. The Portland and Buccleuch collections of miniatures are well worth a careful study, both from their artistic excellence and their historic associations. The engravings and photographs too might detain you some time in your ramble, if you were wishful to follow the progress of those arts.

If we are to be chroniclers of our honours and triumphs in this year of grace, we must not omit to record the visit of her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and Royal Family, to our city. The proceedings on the occasion were essentially a repetition of those at the inauguration of the Exhibition, only our rejoicings were on a more demonstrative and magnificent scale. The external decorations of our warehouses and public buildings were more elaborate; our cheers were more jubilant; our triumphal arches were more imposing; our banners were gayer; and our crowds were denser. On the occasion of Royal visits, Manchester is unequalled in its congregated numbers; nor can we wonder. Taking a radius of thirty miles from our Exchange, the circle incloses a larger population than an equal one having the metropolitan St. Paul's as its centre; and to Manchester there are approaches by railway from all parts. Nor are you more surprised at the tens of thousands that line miles of streets, than at their order and good humour. The day proved very unfavourable; heavy showers fell at intervals, and many a bonnet suffered: the only thing not damped throughout the proceedings was the

loyalty of the people. ‘Here’s a gradely “thrutching,” Mr. ——,’ said a kindly tempered woman with a child in her arms, addressing us by name, as we were pushing our way through a crowd; ‘it’s thronger than three in a bed!’ ‘Well, it may,’ we replied, ‘but it is a long time since we have experienced that pleasure. But why bring your baby into such a crowd?’ ‘Why, bless its little heart,’ she said, ‘that it may see the Queen, to be sure: it may never have the chance again.’ You may observe here and there in the confusion some unsophisticated traits of Lancashire character; and you may hear some rough specimens of Lancashire wit; but there is no intentional rudeness or unreasonable ill humour. The most outrageous sight that fell under our notice during the day, was a pedestrian here and there, towards evening, who, in the loyalty of their hearts, had been imbibing sundry strong potations to her Majesty’s health and happiness—men with an austere gravity of countenance, but whose legs, do what they might, would not dutifully respond to their will.

We are not sure whether the *sub dio* spectators were not quite as orderly as those under the roof of the Exhibition building. Carriages by hundreds had deposited their fair occupants at the entrance needlessly early, and when the doors were opened, the crush, we were told, was fearful; crinolines were doubled up like collapsed balloons; ladies were rolled on the floor; ankles were exposed; active girls cleared the prostrate at a spring; while others, less nimble, tumbled over them, and lay at full length themselves, like the rolling fellows on Web-

ster's 'Slide;' and the whole extempore scene was enacted amidst becoming shrieks, groans and exclamations. A reporter was shoved bodily through a window, and found himself, as we heard, like the boy Jones, in the apartment fitted up for the Queen. The struggle was for seats within sight and hearing of the royal party, —evincing a strong feminine curiosity, to be sure, but at the same time a right loyal spirit. Indeed, if we must confess the truth, the curiosity and the loyalty of the ladies almost led them into discourtesies; for in their anxiety to see her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and especially the affianced pair,* they must needs mount upon chairs, and in their ample proportions act as view-obstructors to those behind. Gentlemen however took their revenge by a little harmless banter. An impudent, waggish fellow at our elbow undertook to discuss the question of propriety with a richly dressed lady in front, who was apparently from one of the neighbouring towns. 'If, ma'am,' he said, seriously, 'your father had been a glazier, he might have put a window in you, so that we could have seen through you'—she turned round with a fierce glance—'but as you are a dense medium'—she was sixteen stone, and needed neither bustle nor crinoline—'an opaque body——' 'A what kind of a body?' she retorted, angrily—'I'm as respectable a body, I hope, as you, any day of the week.' Her Majesty tried our patience rather severely; for instead of dismissing us about one o'clock, according to programme, when the indicator points to dinner in the Manchester stomach,

* The Princess Royal and the Crown Prince of Prussia.—1866.

she kept us waiting till three ; and yet, to our loyalty be it said, no whisper of complaint was heard.

The question is now started—How far has the Manchester Exhibition been a success ? Some may speak disparagingly of it ; but surely men must have formed their expectations on a very transcendental type, if they have not been fully satisfied with the general result. We care not to inquire into the balance-sheet of the executive committee : this is the most vulgar of all tests. The whole arrangements have been singularly business-like and judicious : the heaviest charge against the Board of Management has been, that the turnstiles were not capacious enough for the inflated proportions of the ladies. Perhaps the only real drawback to be remembered was the irruption of water into the building on the Saturday next after the Queen's visit. We happened to be there at the time, and the scene was an exciting one. After a sultry day, the clouds gathered, and a thunder-storm passed over the palace. The thunder rolled very heavily along the roof, and the lightning flashed through the interior with unusual vividness ; then the rain came down like hail on the glass ceiling, and, the gutters not being large enough to carry it off, it gradually over-flowed, and poured like a cascade into the nave, playing upon the cases that contained the gold and silver plate, the china and the majolica ware, drenching naked statues, and splashing on knights in armour. Most of us were seriously alarmed for the treasures of art, seeing that some six millions' worth of property was under the roof. Some

visitors however seemed to take it coolly. 'Is it not awful, sir?' a boy who sold catalogues said to us; 'and see, there are two men laughing!' The mischance was prudently hushed up, and it proved that less damage had been done than we might have expected.

But what will be the permanent effect of the Exhibition upon our people? In April and May we were cheered with hopeful prophecies of the wondrous changes it was destined to work upon us. We were told how it would teach pictorially, those who were unable to read alphabetically—how artisans would derive instruction in the respective departments of their employment—how the Manchester man was to soar above his cotton, and become a poet in imagination, and a connoisseur in matters of taste. These no doubt are pleasing anticipations, such as float around the initiation of any great enterprise, and are moulded into well-balanced sentences by eloquent writers; but they must always be understood with some reservation. It is difficult at all times to describe a glowing prospect in unexaggerated language. That our artistic taste has been improved in some degree, we are glad to believe; but our distinctive characteristics will not be found to have undergone any talismanic transformation. Manchester, we assure our friends at a distance, still rejoices in calicoes, loves a bargain, and delights in an order for a five-hundred-pound parcel.

That the general effect of our Exhibition will be to refine and elevate the taste, there can be no doubt. Upon the operative it will have that effect in some

degree. From the early part of August, the executive committee, with commendable liberality, reduced the entrance money to sixpence on a Saturday afternoon; and then very many of the poorer classes visited the Exhibition who would not otherwise have done so. Many, we know, enjoyed the scene, and were capable of appreciating the panorama of wealth and beauty that passed before their eyes. Our tradesmen too spent their pleasant afternoons there, and returned home, wondering at the powers of which the human mind and hand are capable. Our gentry with their season tickets and spare time enjoyed their rambles through the building, and could not but bring away a more elevated and refined perception of artistic skill. But we do not look upon such Exhibitions so much as art-educators to the many, though they may be to the few: we admire them the rather as exercising a good moral and social influence upon all. And indeed we are not sure whether the science of the art connoisseurs is so much to be envied. We doubt whether, in many who make large critical pretensions, there be not a vast amount of empiricism and caprice. After all we have read of the pictures in our Exhibition—how beauties to one connoisseur are defects to another—how a specimen long supposed to have been an original, is poohpoohed as a copy—how an inferior article in the estimation of one, is exalted into a marvel by another—how one critic lays down a general proposition and another as flatly denies it, even on principles of art—we are inclined to think that the question of Pilate, ‘What is truth?’ is as applicable to

pictures as to morals. Then, we observed that the building was a pleasant promenade for ladies in expansive crinolines, and gentlemen in luxuriant whiskers. With these classes we have nothing to do, artistically: let the registrar of marriages and births look to it.

We may not take so exalted a view of the popular effects of our Exhibition as some have done. But we are not sure whether men who have once mounted an educational hobby are not disposed to ride it to death. We are by no means intending to undervalue the genial influence of our unequalled collection of art treasures upon our people, in its various agencies, direct and collateral. It has given pleasure to tens of thousands, while it has not injured one. It has improved all its visitors in some degree; for though they may not generally have acquired any definite perception of the rules of art, they have gone away admiring the beautiful creations of men's hands, and carrying with them pleasant memories: they have embedded in their thoughts historic associations which link together the dead and the living, the ideal past and the realities of the present, and which tend to disengage the mind from the selfishness of daily cares and material pursuits. It has too, we have reason to believe, been in some degree a counterpoise to our money-making instincts, by imparting a more artistic tone to our social conversations, and something of idealism to our habits of thought. In all this there are educational effects, imperceptible though they may be—effects, as we think, more really valuable than the dubious knowledge of critical rules

and the equivocal qualifications of the professed connoisseur. And in addition to all this, we have witnessed that mingling of classes—that mutual interchange of sentiment in heart and act—those graceful condescensions of royalty—those kindly evidences of sympathetic regard from our nobility, our landed proprietors, and our wealthy merchants, for our humbler men of trade and toiling operatives,—out of which spring loyal feelings and grateful dispositions, honest sentiments and contented hearts, ‘peace on earth and good-will towards men.’

But whatever be the effect of the Exhibition on our artistic skill and æsthetic perception, we shall next year remember it with a pleasing regret. When the winter months melt into spring, and the warm sun shines forth, and the breezes blow soft and balmy, we shall look in vain for that stately palace through which we wandered so often, beguiling ourselves of the world’s carking cares by living for a time in the memory of the past, or in an ideal of the present. The scene as a whole will have disappeared, and the elements of the marvellous creation will have been scattered in a thousand directions. Such is the law of change. Where are the representatives of those portraits that decorate the walls of the building? Kings, who ruled their fellow-men for good or evil—statesmen, who immersed themselves in the anxieties and machinations of office—ecclesiastics, who shook the world with their denunciations—generals, of whose battles crowns were the stake—philosophers, who dived into the mysteries of mind and matter—wits, who set

the table in a roar—poets, whose thoughts yet live—
orators, who bound the bar and senate in their spell—
engineers, who bade the earth yield to their skill and
turned the ocean into a pathway—‘our fathers, where
are they?’ Where are the hands that wrought these
marvels of art? Where are the cunning fingers that
elaborated those curious devices in ivory and wood, in
glass and stone, in gold and silver? Where is the arm
that strung that old English cross-bow? Where is the
head that wore that rust-corroded, battered helmet?
Where in a century will be the hundreds of thousands
that have inspected these treasures of art? So will
dissolution and change preside over creation, even
till the earth herself, with her ten thousand summers
and winters, grows grey and aged and weary with her
revolutions, and at length, with her stately palaces and
art treasures, ‘shall fall down as the leaf falleth off
from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig-tree.’

II.

A THRENODY AS TOUCHING THE EAST
WIND.

WHAT rivers of ink have been used up—what reams of paper have been consumed—in dissertations upon the ills of life! The ancient Greek catalogued them with scientific precision; the Roman sage bemoaned them as inevitable; the doctors of the Middle Ages dissected them with the eagerness of anatomists; modern moralists improve them for our good. From the earliest period of antiquity to the present time, philosophers have discussed them, historians have chronicled them, poets have sung them, novelists have depicted them. Now, is it not a marvel that one of the greatest ills in life, if not *the* ill, has escaped the notice of all our philosophers, historians, novelists, and poets? Is there any dispensation we are called upon to endure, to be compared with an east wind?—any from which an escape is so utterly impossible? Are you troubled with a smoky chimney and a scolding wife? Then give your chimney a thorough sweeping and your wife a lively shaking.

Has your spouse an inclination to indulge in strong drinks? Very well; get rid of her: divorce *a mensâ et thoro* is now a cheap commodity before a stipendiary magistrate. Has your daughter eloped with the groom? You are far better without them. You may have risked your money in the Royal Diddleton Joint Stock Bank? Then go to work like a man and earn some more; exertion will do you good. Are you troubled with dyspepsia? Fly for refuge to Cockle's pills. From almost all the ills of life, a vigorous, spirited, clear-headed fellow may escape; but before an east wind the man who combines the strength of a Hercules with the wisdom of a Solon is as powerless as an infant. Before it he must succumb; he may grin and abide with a Stoic's endurance, or he may brave his tortures with a martyr's faith; but yield he must at length. Neither can he escape. The east wind is a subtle and uncompromising detective; it ferrets you out of your hiding place, and holds you as fast as a handcuff. Suppose yourself out of doors: it meets you full in the face; it drives you home; it pursues you into your snuggerly like an ill-mannered bore: draw the curtains, and ring or tea,—it still hangs around you; crawl upstairs in your evil plight,—it mocks you still by its icy salutations; creep between the sheets,—it yet embraces you like a resuscitated skeleton. It follows you into your dreams; it brings with it nightmares and horrible phantoms; it drags you down precipices and pitches you over church-steeple, and leaves you surrounded by mad bulls. Talk of hunger and thirst, loss of health and

wealth, blighted friendship and sullied fame! They are nothing to an east wind.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

So wrote Shakspeare. But we do not doubt a man of his intelligence would have qualified his sentiment with a mental reservation, when the wind was in the east.

No poet has ever written an ode to the east wind: we mean an east wind pure. We know that the Rev. C. Kingsley has composed an ode to the north-east wind,—not amiss in its way; but in our opinion too complimentary, even though this hybrid breeze may have acquired a combination of some amiable elements from the cross. But we are treating of the east wind, undiluted, unsophisticated, undisguised, *in puris naturalibus*; and we repeat that it has never yet found an eulogist, even amongst the most imaginative of men. Nay, it has not been so much as dignified by a dirge. Every other wind has been fortunate enough to meet with some sentimental gentleman or lady to build the lofty rhyme in its praise; but that from the east has ever been 'unhonoured and unsung,'—we cannot say 'unwept.' Nor can we wonder at this: it is the harbinger of suffering to body and mind; it brings a long catalogue of griefs in its train.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats—

are scattered broadcast by it as it sweeps along. Take

up a quack doctor's advertisement, and the numerous maladies he professes to cure by a single drug are its baleful progeny. Coughs, sore throats, bronchitis, lumbago, rheumatism, aching of the bones, toothache, gout, corn-twitching,—alas, for suffering humanity when the wind is in the east! Shakspeare had experienced its visitations, if we may judge from the truthfulness of the lines—

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw.

Listen to that clergyman in his distress; he is preaching against a battery of five hundred coughs; he is an illustration of that sublimest of all spectacles—a brave man struggling with the storms of fate. The east wind now brings its plagues upon the earth, as of old it brought the locusts on the land of Egypt. Your skin is burnt up as it blows on you; your lips are parched and cracked; you shave in agony, fetching blood at every stroke of your razor; you leave your dressing-room, a spectacle to be pitied. Your mind is all the while in a state of distraction and depression, bordering on irresponsibility, and you have occasionally chilly temptations to press the edge of your razor against the carotid artery. The east wind too seems to delight in the mischiefs it creates; it is spiteful and vindictive. When Virgil depicts Æolus in his cave, controlling his winds as though they were so many bulldogs, giving one a kick with his foot, another a smack with his hand, another a thump with his trident, thundering at them with his loudest voice, and bidding them lie down, while the

mountain side resounded with the subterranean roar, you may depend on it that Eurus was the most troublesome of the pack.* What satisfaction it would have in annoying the cross old keeper! What malicious pleasure in dashing against his shins, and almost carrying him off his feet! And when those winds were let loose in their work of devastation, Eurus is always foremost in the chase,—like the ‘souple jad,’ Nannie, in *Tam O’Shanter*, ‘far before the rest,’—and most jubilant in mischief, rolling the mighty billows to the shore, laying bare the very bed of ocean, and scattering far and wide the Trojan heroes and their fleet.

Tres Eurus ab alto

In brevia et Syrtes urget, miserabile visu.

There is a deceptiveness too about an east wind. It sometimes indeed roars and drives madly along under a cloudy sky. It is then a fair foe: you know what it

* Thus raged the goddess; and with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought,
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
This way, and that, the impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.
High in his hall the undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands;
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them on their way;
Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving soul.

Æneid, i. 50–63. Dryden.

means. But it often comes forth more mildly when the sun is shining, and spring seems near at hand, and everything around looks cheerful. At that time you must be on your guard. Then you are tempted to put away your overcoat, and inevitably you carry home with you a troublesome cough. Then the invalid with a consumptive tendency must be most careful. He is often deluded to destruction by the pleasant prospect from his window : keep indoors, sir, if you wish your days to be prolonged.

We have never been able to learn what are the ingredients in an east wind which make it so prejudicial to health. Has no one of our chemists ever caught, bottled, and analysed a quart of it? We care, however, very little about its chemical ingredients when we are howling, like a Caliban, from its effects; we care but little for scientific terms when we are suffering under the inquisitor's screw. And who does not suffer? We have our doubts about the Red Indian and the Reviewer, the New Zealander and the newspaper editor, the Esquimaux and that very austere censor who signs himself 'Junius Brutus' in the public journals; but perhaps even such thick-skinned beings, though they may be regardless of the shrieks of human victims, are not quite beyond atmospheric influence. We wonder much what would be the moral character of a person who never in the least degree felt the effect of an east wind. We should be sorry to domesticate with him or her : if a man, we would not willingly meet him in a lonely lane after sunset, unless we had a revolver in our

hand. He must be a being without sensibility, a Frankenstein without a moral sense. And looking to the female side of creation, we should be sorry to select for the wife of our bosom a woman who was impervious to the east wind. Such, we doubt not, were Madame de Brinvilliers, Mrs. Manning, and that old lady who murdered her apprentices and hid them in the coal hole.

But while we do not hesitate to speak disparagingly of an east wind *per se*, we by no means deny that it bears its fitting part in the economy of nature. The agriculturist welcomes it at certain seasons; not that it has any attractions so far as his own personal comfort is concerned, but it acts favourably on certain portions of his land. When the clods have been turned up by the plough, hard and stiff, and have lain through the winter's frost and snow, then comes the dry east wind with the early months of the year, and penetrates the almost impermeable clay, pulverizing it and reducing it to a fertile mould. The farmer then can 'work' his ground, and though he may shiver through the process, he acknowledges the benefit of that sharp incisive breath which breaks up his fallows, opens out his soil to air and rain, and enables him to sow his seed with the prospect of an abundant crop. The more we look into nature, the more we see design, and yet somehow our philosophers now-a-days, while they admit the marks of design, by a paradoxical species of reasoning, seem to rejoice in repudiating a Designer. 'Pooh! pooh!' is the common exclamation of our present deep-thinkers,— 'arguments that might have satisfied Paley! arguments

that might have satisfied Paley!’ Is science now in itself a paradox? We have serious doubts whether we are much in advance of our fathers, except in pertness, assurance and self-conceit.

But even tried with reference to human discipline, we may perhaps find that the east wind is not without its purpose. It would not be well that every wind should excite in us the same sensations; it would be contrary to all analogy in the natural world. The south wind one while cheers us with its balmy salutation, exhilarating the spirits, giving elasticity to the limb, and causing the blood to mantle on the cheek as the symbol of health and joy; the north wind has its periods of activity, and fulfils its vocation becomingly, freezing us with its keen breath, arresting rivers in their course, and decorating city and solitude, mountain and valley, field and forest, with its fantastic drapery of unsullied snow, but still not unkindly in its influence, and meeting us half-way in healthy enjoyment; the west wind blusters and roars and bullies, disturbing tiles and chimney-pots, scattering haystacks, making frigates scud before it like feathers, impeding old women who are turning a corner by a dash full in their face, inflating the petticoats of young ladies, turning umbrellas inside out, and scattering its plashing showers over the wide earth, but, notwithstanding, a very amiable wind with all its noise, meaning well with all its rudeness, frightening us with its bark rather than injuring us with its bite. But when we come to the east wind, we have nothing to urge in its behalf, except that, according to all analogy

in nature, its unhealthy influence is intended to be a set-off against the healthier agency of its more amiable, kindly-tempered sisters. Where do you ever see a family of half a dozen, however well regulated, in which there is not a wicked, impish Flibbertigibbet, who is ever creating mischief; or a sour, selfish ne'er-do-weel, who robs the rest of some portion of their weekly allowance of pocket-money? Universal good would never suit our present condition. While all is not good within us, it would be an injurious dispensation to us if all were good without. Suffering is the school of patience. With the varying breezes we have varying sensations; and when the east wind shrivels us up like a dead leaf, it is intended to teach us a lesson of patience, and to suggest to us emotions of gratitude for the sunny gales that bid the flower bloom and the bud expand. Wherever we turn in the natural world, we see a mixture of the good and the evil, of the useful and the useless; we find the bramble growing in the corn-field, and the poisonous plant amidst the nourishing herbage. So in morals: the truth is, our ills are often our greatest blessings, even as the very sensibility to pain is our chief preservation from danger. Take a bird's eye view of bodies in association, and you will perceive how wisely opposites are mingled, producing a beneficial effect, like chemical bodies in combination. When you look upon the collective wisdom of our nation, as gathered into the House of Commons, are you surprised to find among its members so many specimens of the noodle-tribe? Be not astonished, good friend; know

thou that human nature must exhibit more aspects than the winds in order to constitute the *tout ensemble* of humanity. Listen to that drawling bore; mark that consummate puppy; hear that stinging wasp; look at that solemn fool. You are astonished? Why, man alive, there is nothing extraordinary in what you see. It takes many incongruities to make a congruity; it takes many blockheads to make up a world of intelligence. Are, again, our hereditary legislators all geniuses? Do they imbibe wisdom with their mother's milk? Are they cradled in lofty imaginations? Did Pallas Athene weave their lace caps and long frocks? Just as the case may be. Every aristocrat is not a Solomon, as Mr. Jenkins would overpaint him, neither is every aristocrat a goose, as Mr. Dickens would caricature him. Some are amiable and clever, while others, by a merciful Providence, have been placed above the necessity of earning their daily bread by their own wits. The descendant of a Norman baron may not be better stocked with mental furniture than Christophero Sly, who claimed an equally tedious series of progenitors. Nay, out of twelve Cabinet ministers, the selection from the select, elegant extracts from the page of wisdom, the posy from the legislative flower-garden, we are sure to find a fair proportion who illustrate the well-known aphorism of Oxensteirn. Do you require illustrations? Then take our Parliamentary history and real *passim*. If we had not a horror of personalities, we might select some amusing instances of empty heads pinnacled on high places, and some comical specimens of human

nature in ministerial Cabinets, about whom your only feeling is one of wonder how on earth they got there. Never expect perfection in this world. An optimist is himself an illustration of amiable simplicity. Would Convocation be a real convocation if it consisted exclusively of judicious men? Would a Town Council be a totality without a large asinine admixture? Nay, do we not hear an occasional bray from the bench of Bishops?

And viewing the action of the east wind upon individual discipline, it seems to have an especial fondness for assailing those who might otherwise have been above the common ills of mortality. Some of our most distinguished fellow-countrymen have been and are martyrs under its inquisitorial visitation. While the mighty and eloquent of the earth are riding on in their prosperity and 'pride of place,' commanding in their mental faculties and territorial possessions, solaced in their princely mansions with every luxury and means of indulgence which this world can supply, then comes the first twinge of gout, or lumbago, or sciatica, or rheumatism, at the touch of the east wind, and the man of rank and lordly domains feels at once that he must gird up his energies and powers of endurance for a stern combat with infirmity and pain. Sweeping onward in its fierce, determined, relentless career, the bitter blast conveys to the great by its merciless whistle the message which was delivered daily under a milder form to the Macedonian monarch,—'Remember that thou art a mortal!'

'It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good,' says

our proverb. We respect a proverb : it is the embodiment of a national or local sentiment, and it contains a general truth, the result of a large induction of facts. The meaning of this proverb we suppose to be, that winds, generally the most troublesome, bring good things nevertheless to one here, and another there ; or, taking the wider interpretation, that general calamities are not without their individual benefits ; in short, that there is nothing so thoroughly disastrous as not to have something cheering in it to some or other. The hurricane that shatters the East Indiaman on the rocks, is no friend to the owners and the crew of the vessel, but it may be a propitious gale to the runagate heir of that old nabob on board, who becomes food for the sharks. Then, if the invalid moans in an east wind, the physician rejoices : its breath is of pleasant perfume to the disciple of Galen. If the ancient fashion be ever revived of building temples to the winds, let the medical gentlemen dedicate theirs to that which blows from the east. With what satisfaction, not entirely unmixed with benevolence, does your smiling *Æsculapius* drench the stomach of that old lady with innocuous drugs, looking sagaciously at her tongue, gently pressing her wrist, and determining all the while, as soon as the wind changes and the complaint vanishes, to claim all the credit of it for his pills and his potions. The gravedigger's grim countenance relaxes into a ghastly smile as he sees the church vane pointing eastward. Does not another proverb say that ' a long east wind makes a fat church-yard ? ' The mute rises into jollity in an east wind. The undertaker then

gathers in his harvest; he makes his hay while the wind blows. ‘Vell, gov’ner, ve must all come to it, one day or another,’ said young Mr. Weller to his parent on the death of his mother-in-law. ‘So we must, Sammy,’ said Mr. Weller the elder. ‘There’s a Providence in it all,’ said Sam. ‘O’ course there is,’ replied his father, with a nod of grave approval. ‘Wot ’ud become of the undertakers without it, Sammy?’

And while we are on the subject of proverbs, let us not forget the one so appropriate to our matter in hand.

When the wind is in the east
It is not good for man or beast;

and we might make a triplet, by adding a line as correct as the other two—

And for herb and grass the least.

One agriculturist may be glad to see his fallows broken up and pulverized by its sharp tooth, but another is waiting in vain for his grass to spring, and is supplying fodder for his cattle at an expense that tries his temper. The seed lies unvegetating in an east wind; the root puts forth no shoot of grass; it is as though these underground powers said within themselves, We will not send forth our offspring to be spitefully entreated. And if the blade has arisen above the soil, at whatever stage of growth it may be, it shuts up before the dry touch of this viewless worker of mischief, and is lucky if it be not withered in its bloom and beauty. Even from the most ancient time has this wind brought a bad character with it for checking and marring vegetation. For thou-

sands of years it has had its fling for nearly two months in the twelve, when it indulges in its wanton freaks,—not altogether without use, as we have seen, in the economy of nature, but mischievous withal and laughing at the mischief it inflicts, like some scapegrace possessed of intellect, but devoid of all feeling. Very early we read of ‘thin ears blasted with the east wind.’ ‘Shall it not utterly wither,’ inquires a prophet of old, ‘when the east wind toucheth it?’ Is not that a striking image too, where ‘the east wind coming up from the wilderness’ is said to dry up the fountains and springs? The afflicted patriarch depicts a man in the uttermost destitution when he says, that he shall ‘fill his belly with the east wind;’ and what can exceed the prophet’s description of a vain pursuit as he declares of Ephraim, that he ‘feedeth on wind and followeth after the east wind?’

Will you ride with us into the country for an hour or so, and take a glance at its condition,—that is, if you are resolute enough to face this bitter, piercing breeze, which has been now blowing so many weeks? We draw up at the door of our old friend, Farmer Dobson. Yonder he is in his fields, wrapped up in a heavy overcoat, muffled round the chin with a worsted comforter, and stalking on somewhat slowly, like a crippled giant. Our friend is eighteen stone in weight, and in frame like a Hercules; he has an epidermis like a rhinoceros, and lungs like a pair of blacksmith’s bellows. But what are these physical endowments in the face of an east wind? He has got the lumbago, and can with difficulty crawl; he has

an attack of the toothache, and can scarcely masticate. Dobson is but a pitiable specimen of humanity at this moment; indeed, Mrs. Dobson says that he is 'very cantankerous and snappish,' and Miss Dobson declares that he is 'past living with, that he is.' He himself has a theory more strange than philosophical, that the blasts enter in at his chest, notwithstanding all his wrappers, pass through his back-bone, and go out between his shoulders. He has a sort of vague notion that the east wind insinuates itself by some subtle means into his spinal column, turning it into a sort of German flute for the occasion; and he is now threatening to dislodge the enemy from his system, by smoking batteries of hot gin and water. We go round his farm yard. It is really pitiable to see those young calves and heifers that are crouching in their sheds; they look at you with a species of patient resignation as though they were going to ask the question, Are you bringing us any relief? They are of lofty pedigree, having descended from Butterfly on the one side and Royal Duke on the other; but rank confers on them no exemption from suffering. Then come and inspect the bull as he stands tied up in his stall; he is a very majestic animal, polygamist and Mormon though he be—the husband of many wives—*pater gregis*; he was bred by Lord Bulfield of Shorthorn Manor, and he has gained several prize medals in his day. But, thick as his frontal bone and hide undoubtedly are, he is evidently ill at ease from these prevailing blasts. How his fine round eye rolls in its socket! How he casts on you a look of disdain, accompanying it

with a sonorous snort ! How despondingly he drops his lower lip as though he was cherishing some ' secret sorrow ! ' Oh ! he is quite harmless, you say ? He may be, generally ; but we will keep at a respectful distance from his mightiness at present. He is living for the time being under a sense of ill usage. And do not the very pigs seem to be out of sorts ? Look at those three fat swine that are lying together lazily and lovingly in their sty. Might you not conceive that theirs was a life of uninterrupted ease and satisfaction—a sort of sensuous, sleepy enjoyment, we admit, like that of many a human porker, but enjoyment still ? And yet their present sensations are not altogether agreeable. Mark the twinkle of that stout lady's deeply imbedded eye : it has nothing of its usual pleasant humour about it ; listen to that sharp, short grunt,—it is not a genial grunt—it betokens ill temper ; see the twistings of that comical little tail, which indicate uneasiness. And then the very ducks, hens and geese seem dirty and crest-fallen ; and how that portly old turkey cock raises his feathers and gobbles horribly,—whether in grief or anger, he does not deign to inform us ! We now stroll with Mr. Dobson into his fields ; and what do we see ? Those fine short-horned cows in milk, which will be shown at the Royal Agricultural Society in July, seem to be anything but prize beasts. Their hair bristles up like the quills of a porcupine, their backs are curved like the arc of a circle, their ears hang down, their tails droop languidly between their legs. Look again at those three-year-old colts, usually so sprightly and buoyant. How miserable

they look in their rough, penny hides! How unlike their own lively selves when the breezes of June shall blow from the south! The wind alone would make in them a difference of fifty guineas a-piece in the market. Then see that flock of sheep, apparently impervious in their thick fleeces to any kind of atmosphere—how they creep behind the hedgerow, shivering and crouching, while the breeze whistles over them maliciously! How angrily that old ewe shakes her ears and stamps her foot, as though she were anathematizing east-winds in general, and this one in particular! And now Farmer Dobson begins to lament with a sore lamentation, that there is not a blade of grass for his cattle, nor any prospect of spring. The fields are bare as the back of your hand; the trees are leafless and apparently lifeless; the hedges are brown, naked, and prickly.—By the way, is not that a quaint but suggestive simile of Wordsworth, in which he likens the sharp face of Peter Bell to the wind that cuts the hawthorn fence?—The very fertilizing process in the soil seems to be now in a state of paralysis. All nature is at this moment ready to burst forth into life and beauty; the grass is struggling to spring up, the tree to put forth its leaves and blossoms, and the flower to bud and bloom. And all the while this east wind sweeps along, chaining up the wrestling energies of vegetation, and bidding torpor reign till it please to wing its pestilential flight to some other country. Then we approach a much-enduring labourer engaged in the heavy work of deep draining. ‘Well, my friend, how are your spirits in this weather?’ we

ask. 'A'nt got none,' he answers, curtly. 'Why, you're badly off, at any rate, if that is the case.' 'No, a'nt got a drop of nothing. But, by your honour's leave, I've a plaguy bad rheumatiz.'

And if we take a view of city life in the present state of the atmosphere, it resembles very much that of the country. An east wind is a thorough-going leveller. Steam-power, through its various agencies, is said to have been the great revolutionist of the day among the different ranks of society. But there is no such democrat as an east wind. It matters not whether you are located on the breezy hillside or in the sheltered valley, in the mansion, surrounded by its spacious park and its far-spreading oaks, or in the cheerless cottage up some dingy alley,—it is all the same; the east wind reduces you into one mould, mentally, morally, and corporeally. Come, take my arm, and we will crawl up the street. We behold first a tall figure with certain cabalistic letters on his collar; he is usually ornamental—now he is not; neither, so far as we can discern, is he useful. He is apparently standing in helpless imbecility. He might be a pillar of salt encased in blue cloth. His senses are seemingly in a state of coma. Half-a-dozen boys are whipping their tops under his very nose; the old toffy woman regards him with a mixture of disdain and pity. All the humanities, good and evil, have been extracted from him, and he stands with no loftier sensibilities than an automaton. Next, pity the miseries of these poor cabmen. Which are the more wretched creatures, they or their horses? Out of the face of that miserable Jehu,

observe, all the blood might have been drawn and infused into his nose, which is as blue as indigo. Then see that immense fellow who is driving the waggon with its enormous load; he is swinging and banging his thickly-sleeved arms round his thickly-coated body, to keep up the sanguineous circulation, but his efforts are a failure. The only creature we see that appears to have enjoyment in life, is that little shoeless and stockingless girl of ten, who seems to have got used to her situation. The dust is driving onward as though we were on the Lybian desert—a hard, gritty dust, that fills your eyes, and lodges in your ears, and invades your mouth if you dare to open it. The sewers too have the privilege of emitting unpleasant smells and setting the sanitary reformer at defiance. Step in here for a moment. We wish to inquire after the state of an invalid friend. We find a young lady reclining on a sofa, very pale, except about the cheek-bones, where there is a suffusion of red colour. She is about eighteen years of age; and though not remarkable for beauty in health, her features in sickness, as is often the case, have mellowed and softened into an aspect of patient sweetness and calm resignation. Cough; cough! ah! this east wind. When will it go? The pillows may be re-adjusted; the head may be raised; the mixture may be administered; still the cough; heavy and hollow! O for one week of the warm south wind! It would not cure the invalid, but it would alleviate her sufferings. Alas! how slow this year is gentle spring in her approach! ‘Oh!’ she thinks, for a moment ‘if I could

only once again sit in the warm sunshine, and feel the genial breeze on my cheek—if I could look over the far-stretching landscape as the trees are clad in green, and the hawthorn is glistening in its milk-white blossoms—I think I might recover.’ Alas! for the vanity of human hopes. Give up, poor girl, such delusive expectations. If this wind continue, thy days are numbered and reduced to few, and thou wilt pass away, having experienced but little sorrow in thine unchequered life.

O soon to thee will summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn!
 Nae mair to thee the autumn wind
 Wave o'er the yellow corn!
 And in the narrow house of death
 Shall winter round thee rave,
 And the next flowers that deck the spring
 Bloom on thy peaceful grave.

Is it not strange, in these statistical days, that none of our so-much-per-cent. gentlemen has ever weighed the east wind in his duodecimal balance? Nowadays the most important and most trivial issues are calculated by the per-cent. Mortals die by the rule of practice; marriages are solemnized according to the ‘Tutor’s Assistant;’ children are brought into the world by the ‘Ready Reckoner;’ crime is distributed by decimals. Every thing in these times is done, as Mercutio says, ‘by the book of arithmetic.’ For instance, Londoners who drink porter, we read, amount to $54\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. We wish well to their digestions; but who is the three quarters? Is he the son of a tailor? We do not profess

ourselves to know much about such things: we never in our life could work a sum in practice; 'multiplication was our vexation, and fractions drove us mad.' But let those who never enter a church, or a theatre, or a gin-shop, without their 'tables,' ventilate this airy question. We have not ourselves the least doubt but that men go mad when the wind blows from the east more by ten per cent. than when it comes from all the other quarters put together. We have a notion, too, that the greatest crimes which have been exposed in our courts of justice, have had some relation to the atmosphere. Not exactly that we would acquit a bank director who has ruined a thousand families by his knavery, or a Palmer who despatched his friend by gentle doses of antimony and strychnine, on the verdict, 'not guilty, by reason of an east wind.' Still, we firmly believe that there is an atmospheric agency in the production of crime. Horace associates parricide with indigestion:—

Parentis olim si quis impiâ manu,
 Senile guttur fregerit,
 Edit cicutis allium nocentius.*

He ought to have linked the wringing of an aged parent's neck with the state of the wind. Do not our mad-doctors—we mean not that they are mad in themselves, but skilful in treating mental derangement—talk much about moral insanity, uncontrollable impulses, homicidal manias, and such like conditions of the mind?

* *Epodes*, III. 1.

May we not with equal probability expect to meet with atmospheric insanity and meteorological murders? Cannot our Government establish a system of crime signals as well as storm drums? Will any one venture to tell us that this horrible plot against the life of the French Emperor would have been hatched and carried out, had not all human tenderness and sympathy been dried up and withered by these breezes, which have been blowing so long from the same inauspicious quarter?

Nor is it difficult to conceive that crime should prevail in an east wind, when those bad passions which lead to crime are at that time especially in agitation. When does a man feel that all his evil propensities come uppermost so sensibly as then? It is the atmosphere that stirs up the seething pot, and brings all the scum to the surface. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness saturate our moral nature in this condition of the air. Was not that the experimental opinion of the kindhearted old gentleman in *Bleak House*? Then neighbours have the greatest pleasure in quarrelling; then critics tomahawk most savagely; then controversy assumes its most truculent aspect; then our senatorial debaters are most trenchant. Could it be in any other than an east wind that our Transatlantic brethren in the House of Congress get up a score of extemporaneous boxing matches by way of gymnastic exercise, and then return to their oratory refreshed and invigorated, though in a somewhat ruffled and palpitating state for the moment? Gentle reader, are you

a bachelor, or a widower? Never venture on a proposal of marriage in an east wind; the lady will either reject you or accept you out of spite. Never assail a man's breeches pocket in that state of the atmosphere, except it be with a bludgeon or a revolver. If you are a clergyman or a churchwarden, avoid a collection then; neither attempt to get up any scheme in which benevolence and bank-notes are concerned. A man's heart has no more feeling in it in an east wind than an India-rubber syringe. If, therefore, you are seeking for some favourable opportunity to launch a leviathan project, whatever be your mission, do not consider the tightness or the elasticity of the money-market—consider which way the wind blows; do not look to the state of the Funds—look to the vane; do not consult the cotton circulars—consult the weather almanac.

The Registrar General informs us in his periodical returns, that there are always the fewest marriages in the first quarter of the year, and he attributes the fact to the slackness of employment that for the most part then prevails. We are reluctant to differ from one who is so skilful a manipulator of births, deaths and marriages, and whose business it is to weigh every thing, from men's occupations to children's whooping coughs, in the balance of averages. But has it never occurred to this walking repository of universal knowledge, that it is in the first quarter of the year that the east winds prevail? And is it possible to imagine any one, even a coal-heaver or a hodman, marrying in such a state of the atmosphere? Who would set out on his wedding tour

with his teeth chattering and his flesh covered with goose-skin? Fancy a newly married couple airing their love by the sea-shore in an east wind, or 'climbing the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,' while the breeze from that quarter was whistling about their ears, and at every step was the sensation of asthma. If the weather from time immemorial has been proverbially associated with marriages and funerals, we do not doubt but that there is an instinct in the heart of all, from the Cabinet minister to the scavenger, that no good can come of a marriage when the church vane points eastward: they feel that love and affection and kindly feeling have then evaporated like a 'summer-dried fountain;' and therefore it is to this cause, we humbly submit in the face of so great an authority, that the Registrar General must look for the paucity of marriages from January to the end of March. Then, to what are we to attribute our recent commercial panic and distress?* It is possible that a little excusable over-trading, some sleight-of-hand manipulation of other men's capital, a lively attempt here and there to see how far a mercantile gentleman can trade without any capital at all, a sportive experiment in the soundness of accommodation-bills, an occasional contract made, like a pie-crust, to be broken, and entered into, like Shylock's, 'in a merry mood,'—it is possible that these may have had something to do in the matter. It is certain that we have had a great crash, and seen the smoke of the ruins ascending like a

[* The Commercial crisis of 1857.—1866.]

thick cloud; and, for our own part, we should have walked past and watched the uprising dust without wasting our pity on the fallen building, had it not turned so many poor people out of house and home. But may we not trace these eccentricities in our commercial men in some measure to the east wind? It may not deprive them of responsibility altogether, but it blunts the edge of the moral perception; and may it not be one exciting cause of that frantic grasping after money which seems to come over our trading men as periodically as the sea-serpent appears to an American captain? When the Bank of England raises its rate of discount to 9 per cent., you may be sure that the wind is in the east.

And when are our political mischances so numerous and remarkable as in an east wind? We have just seen a statement that February has been the fatal month to all our governments for many years back. 'Beware of the ides of March!' was the warning to the great Cæsar, and the soothsayer no doubt had his eye to the weathercock. And to what are we to attribute the fall of Lord Palmerston, but to the wind that has been blowing? * When his Government seemed firm as 'the strong-based promontory,' it was pushed over like a skittle-ball, or an old weather-beaten statue about which nobody cared. His Lordship, ordinarily a tactician so astute, lost his temper and presence of mind for a season, not so much from the ostensible causes which seemed to

[* The resignation of Lord Palmerston's Government in 1858.—1866.]

operate, but from the irritability of a gouty constitution excited by the prevailing wind.

We wonder whether there be any connexion between the preaching simoom and the east wind, which are now sweeping over us so boisterously. We know not what is to become of us if there be not some cessation after a while: who will survive the verbose and ventose sirrocco? Mr. Spurgeon is the original Æolus, we presume, who has let out of his bags these blustering gales. Alas! we call ourselves a sensible, practical, hard-headed people; but assuredly we are sometimes deficient in these matter-of-fact qualities. At one time we rejoice in being Johanna Southcotized, at another in being Irvingized, at another in being Mesmerized, at another in being Spurgeonized. Each fit soon passes away, but for the time being we are in a state of mental aberration. Duchesses, leaders of fashion, patronesses of Almacks, are paraded as 'sitting under Spurgeon,' and being his supporters and friends; gouty peers and grave judges of the land hobble down to hear Spurgeon; members of parliament and newspaper editors rush away to hear Spurgeon; ladies with swollen dresses, and gentlemen with fat paunches, crush to hear Spurgeon; country cousins think it their foremost duty to see Westminster Abbey and to hear Spurgeon; used-up opera-loungers one night admire a dancer flinging her legs about somewhat indelicately, and the next morning wonder at Spurgeon as he throws about his arms after the same reckless manner. This hard-headed people, we fear, are but soft-heads after all. Go,

if you will, to see a trick of legerdemain by the great Wizard of the North, or to hear voices elicited from every corner of the room, perhaps from your own stomach, by some clever ventriloquist; go, if you please, to see some mountebank in the circus, or the Yorkshire giant in his caravan; go, if your taste lies in that direction, to laugh at Mr. Punch and Mrs. Judy; but if you wish to fear God, and do your duty as a man, eschew religious legerdemain and pulpit ventriloquism and platform mountebankery and spiritual Punch-and-Judyism, and go to your parish church. Better sleep through a sermon, if need be, than clap, or laugh, or sneer. Then follows the opening of Exeter Hall for a series of sermons on Sunday evenings, by preachers of our church styled popular; an act which—notwithstanding its pompous patronage by archbishops, bishops, peers, and clerical dignitaries—most people, we shrewdly suspect, two years hence, will pronounce to have been that of vain rather than far-seeing men. We would open every cathedral and church in the kingdom for evening service, where there was the remotest chance of collecting even a moderate congregation; nay, we would recommend our clergymen to go into the lanes and highways of their parishes for the purpose of gathering the poor into their places of worship. But whoever has a practical acquaintance with the condition of our operative population, must foresee that the opening of Exeter Hall will be ineffectual in its proposed object of reaching our working men, and impressing them with a permanent sense of religion.

But now the gale rises with a vengeance; out of this

storm-cave in the Strand the whirlwind of words rushes furiously, and at this time everything is bending beneath the tempest. Those exhibitions termed 'revivals,' which have lately been so common in the United States, are now extending themselves amongst us. We are confronted on all sides with preachers in the open air. In the London theatres, the echoes of 'Box and Cox' have scarcely died away before clerical actors appear at the foot-lights. It is not long since we saw a statement that a well-known theatrical manager and publican had taken a certain hall in Leicester Square, and hired some popular Charles Honeyman to exhibit; whether the actor belonged to the Established Church, we did not learn. It was announced, too, by placards that the entertainment would consist of sacred music as well as a sermon, and that the price of admission for the Sunday evening would be at the low rate of one shilling. Is there to be a pot of beer allowed in addition, as at most of the singing saloons? A short time ago two clergymen of whom we know something, in an ancient county town abundantly supplied with churches, joined with dissenting ministers in delivering on a Sunday evening a series of 'Popular Addresses' in an Odd-fellows' Hall, a very short distance from one of their churches, and were mightily surprised when they received a hint from the bishop of the diocese that their proceedings were somewhat irregular; so thoroughly has this wordy tornado swept away all landmarks.

And now the dissenting preachers put forth their strength; throughout the length and breadth of the

land hundreds of wriggling Spurgeons have broken the shell, and are now in full play, out-spurgeoning Spurgeon. Public halls are hired, and crowded too, on the Sunday. The most singular subjects are put forth to attract the curious. We remember, out of fifty of the same kind, such as these—‘ Long beds and short blankets,’ ‘ Who’s that knocking at the door?’ ‘ Jack Spratt,’ ‘ Black puddings and bung-holes.’ And oh! those prints of preachers in our shops—that of Spurgeon ever in the centre! We are met by them at every turn; we are almost driven crazy with the look of them; we walk about as in a nightmare, shutting our eyes as we pass those print-shops, lest ‘ apes moe and chatter at us.’ Will not shopkeepers have mercy? Will they not remember that there are such things in creation as gentlemen of a nervous temperament, and ladies of a delicate constitution? And yet these are the preachers for attracting a crowd. What is the secret of such popularity? Come now, you are a young man of an enquiring mind—we will tell you: it is the abnegation of everything that savours of gentlemanly taste. The buffoon, therefore, who is most effectual in stamping out every spark of refinement from his composition, will certainly gain the laurel crown from the mob. Perhaps, friend, thou hast a notion of thine own qualifications for the attainment of popular applause. Thou art without doubt a promising young man; thou hast arrived at a certain degree of modest assurance which some deem impudence; thou art not troubled with many scruples of conscience; thou hast a powerful voice and

an active frame ; thy personal appearance is prepossessing, and thy whiskers are superb. These are valuable qualities, it is true ; but weigh thyself somewhat further. Hast thou the lingering remains of a gentleman about thee ? Hast thou some indistinct traces of scholarly refinement ? Hast thou faith in God and not in grimace, in thy Bible and not in buffoonery ? Then enter not into competition with the man who sermonizes on ' Black puddings and bung-holes.' He will outgrin thee, he will out-stamp thee, he will out-ventriloquize thee. Therefore, go thy way, and be content to let thy candle remain under its bushel.

We are in hopes that out of all this infinitude of words scattered to the winds, some good seed may take root, and that the stalks of grain may outnumber the tares ; but let no one expect very much from this rhapsodical hurricane. The tendency of our day is not to consecrate secular things, but to secularize sacred things. Nor, so far as we have seen, has the literary status of our preachers been raised by their late efforts. Their printed productions have mostly been remarkable for their meagreness ; those we have read have passed before our vision in the shape of Pharaoh's lean kine.*

[* These remarks seemed to some rather too severe when they were published—at the early part of 1858. We do not, however, either retract or withdraw them. We will yield to no one in a sincere desire for the good of our poorer brethren ; but we were confident that the means then employed, whilst provoking the sneers of some, would not promote the permanent well-being of the many. The fire among the thorns has long ago burnt out, and left its ashes only behind it. The mind of the present

We have much still to say on the subject of the east wind; we have not yet let flow one-half of our bilious bemoanings. But we must lay down our pen, and that too for the best of all reasons—because we can hold it no longer. Our fingers are paralysed by rheumatic gout; and still this melancholy wind is blowing in the intensity of its spite. When will it leave us? It blows appropriately at this season of the year, we admit; it is a genuine Lenten wind; let the Puseyite luxuriate in it and be grateful. It inflicts its penance on Protestant and Romanist with more than papal impartiality, no indulgences being allowed. Well, before this threnody appears in print, the south wind, we doubt not, will have breathed gently on the earth's bosom, and the sun will have shone forth with its gladsome beams; the primrose will have bloomed in our meadows, and the honeysuckle will have flowered in our hedge-rows; larks will have risen on their whirring wings, pouring forth their joyous song to the rising sun, and men will have awoke to a new existence. The remembrance of evils is classed by the great Greek philosopher among 'things pleasant;'^{*} and the Trojan hero cheered his companions in distress with the reflection, that one day perhaps they

day is unfortunately, yet unquestionably, cynical and sceptical on religious questions: it takes nothing for granted: and while it is the duty of every pious well-read man to persuade, convince, and confirm it in Christian faith, it ought no less to be his care, not gratuitously to offend it by indiscretions in action or extravagances in sentiment.—1866.]

^{*} *Rhetoric*, I. 11.

would have pleasure in recalling to mind their passing trials—

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

Shall we ever have the satisfaction of looking back upon this east wind? May the intensity of our future pleasure be in proportion to that of our present pain! At this moment we are an embodied lumbago—rheumatism personified—a wheezing bronchitis in flannel—a pin-cushion of flesh and blood stuck full of pins and needles. ‘Touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.’ Oh!

* *Æneid*, I. 203.

III.

OUR FAILURES: COMMERCIAL, ECCLESIASTICAL, PAROCHIAL, AND ORATORICAL.



It is among our historical records, that Brummell's valet was met one evening on the stairs as he was emerging from his master's dressing-room with half a dozen rumpled neckerchiefs in his hand; and in answer to an inquisitive look from the visitor, simply held up the disarranged linen and said, 'Our failures, sir!' The expression may seem to some to be an inflated one. 'You may dip it in the ocean, and it will stand,' said a French perukemaker to Sterne, when the sentimental cynic thought that a bucket of water would have served the purpose. 'Our failures, sir!' And yet, considering that his master was the inventor of the starched cravat, the words scarcely seem too large for the dignity of the subject. Remembering that he was himself the manipulator in the girdling process, could you have expected an answer *sermone pedestri*? In his estimation the application of starch to neckcloths was an invention which would have eclipsed that of the steam-engine or the electric telegraph, and the adjustment of a cravat was a greater achievement than the victory at

Waterloo. His heart and being were absorbed in the wonders of starch and cambric ; he worshipped them as a Hindoo falls down before his pot-bellied idol. Is it not Addison who suggests that to the insect within the circle of its drop of water, things infinitesimally small are of world-wide importance ? So is it with ourselves. We are all of us within our drop of water in comparison with the universe, and our successes and our failures are to each of us events of mighty moment. Mr. Holloway believes that the nations are to be cured by his ointment ; the Reformer stakes his existence on the efficacy of a five-pound franchise and the ballot ; the Chartist thinks that the world turns round on his five points ; the Common Councillor imagines that the universe is bounded by his Scavenging Committee ; the cobbler is firmly persuaded that there is nothing like leather. Our attacks of gout, our fits of indigestion, our sufferings from toothache, gather round them thoughts and impressions too large for words. Is it not of more importance to a man's individual self that his potatoes be properly boiled, or that his corns lie dormant, or that his baby rests quietly through the night, than that the colony of British Columbia has been planted by the side of the Rocky Mountains, or the North-west passage has been discovered in the Arctic Seas ? Hence we magnify our spheres of action and our personal concerns. When some months ago that enormous cable was uncoiled which was designed to link the shores of England and America by an electric pathway of thought, it snapped in its lengthening

course; and when men's expectations were on the stretch, and success seemed reasonably certain, the attempt proved a failure. Engineers sorrowed, men of science expressed their grief, proprietors of shares counted the cost, governments felt disappointment, so far as abstractions can feel.* Was, however, the failure of Brummell's valet of less moment in his own estimation than that of this world-wide undertaking? We can imagine the intensity of Sir C. T. Bright's first distress, when he found that all his well-considered arrangements and anxious efforts had been unavailing: was not the starch-worshipper's disappointment almost as bitter, when he perceived an unfortunate wrinkle creeping over the snow-white cravat, and he had once more to cast aside the damaged linen, and try again?

But was not Brummell himself a failure? Has not every puppy of the Brummell school proved a failure? Will not every such homunculus in future turn out the same? Here was a man without the distinction of birth, without the power that springs from wealth, without any superiority of intellect, reigning over the world of fashion simply by the force of impudence and a good figure. Here was a king merely on the strength of being a tailor's block and wearing a starched cravat! And yet there must have been something out of the common way in a man who could triumph over vast obstacles, and dared to sneer at 'your fat friend,' even though that 'friend' was a Prince who wished to put

* [This paper was written in the autumn of 1858.—1866.]

him down. Perhaps the world of fashion was the goose rather than Brummell. O, ye peers and peeresses—lords and ladies in high places! sneer no longer at the simple hand-loom weaver as he is led on blindfold by some stump-orator, who persuades him that he can procure by agitation, almost for nothing, food for the poor man's stomach, and clothes for the poor man's back and fire for the poor man's hearth, and blankets for the poor man's bed! Are not ye blindly deluded by the Brummells of the day, falling down before the stocks and stones of fashion, paying your tithes of adulation to the 'gods many' of this world, and forgetting the weightier matters of the law? We would fain hope, however, that we are a somewhat improved order of beings, in comparison with those who flourished in the Regency. Reason has dawned upon our minds; a sense of decency and morality has germinated in our hearts. We aspire to be men and not minikins; we think of doing some good in our generation to those around us, and not of spending our time with harlots in riotous living, fashioning our god out of the curl of a wig or a pair of breeches. We have no wish to speak evil of dignities; we would imitate 'Michael the archangel when contending with the devil,' so far; but we certainly turn with a sickening disgust from the leaders of our nation in those days, whether we think of the Regent in his palace, or Fox and Sheridan in the House of Commons, or Brummell in May Fair. Let the dead past bury its dead. And yet there is an awful moral in those 'Memoirs' of Brummell. See that man, who

had once stood on the summit of the hill of fashion—the idol before whom peers and peeresses had bowed, and yet the frivolous coxcomb who fancied the whole world inclosed in a starched cravat—see him now, after having sunk from one depth to another, reduced to an eleemosynary subsistence in a foreign land, paralysed in body and drivelling in mind—a human wreck drifting to the eternal shore—and yet ordering his coach as in former days, and bidding some high-born duchess ‘bury herself’ in his easy chair!

ISOLATED FINANCIAL EMBARRASMENTS.

Our failures! As a Manchester man, we cannot do otherwise than consider the expression first in its commercial, and as such its least figurative acceptation. The word failure is a mild one; it is an easy letting down from a suspicious eminence. We gloze over things by names; we call delinquencies misfortunes. But perhaps the term may be a proper one, inasmuch as to ordinary conceptions the morality of efforts is tried by their issues. If Napoleon had succeeded at Moscow, his campaign would have been held up to succeeding ages as a wonderful instance of far-seeing strategy; if Wellesley had failed at Assaye, the engagement would have been regarded as the act of a madman. Even treason, when successful, becomes patriotism. ‘All is fortune,’ as Malvolio says.

Financial failures are of a very catholic character; they are not limited to sections and cliques of the com-

munity; they are above all class-interests; nay, they respect neither religions nor nations. Do we not now and then hear of an Emperor or King being out at the elbows? Have not Republics repudiated their debts, because, we presume, they had not wherewith to pay? This 'consumption of purse,' which Falstaff so pathetically bewailed, seems now to be pressing heavily on the successor of St. Peter in the Vatican. Like the Furies that pursued Orestes, these derangements of the pocket are 'daughters of Night, abominable to behold, inhabiting Tartarus and thick darkness, *μισήματ' ἀνδρῶν καὶ θεῶν Ὀλυμπιῶν.*'* They drop down, once in a while, on our peerage in its proudest array, in contempt of the blood of centuries, and the dozen quarterings, and the motto *Fide et fiduciâ*—which may be translated, 'With credit and trust.' On the younger sons of proud peers they more frequently exercise their tyranny, dogging the heels of those lively youths beyond the limits of Her Majesty's dominions, and then insulting them by issuing a proclamation of outlawry against them. They treat with the same degree of contumely Baronets of historic names and Squires of ancient lineage. In pestering young gentlemen of long pedigrees, they are mostly in league with betting-books and gambling tables, Tattersall's and Newmarket, steeple-chases and blacklegs, hunting-boxes and extensive studs, operas and singing women. Sweet, no doubt, are the enjoyments of high life; exhilarating is the excitement of clearing a five-

* *Eumenides*, 72.

barred gate ; precious are the musical tones of foxhounds and pretty songstresses ; entrancing is the hazard as a man has staked his all upon the cast, or as he carries himself bravely in the ring before the course is cleared for the Derby. But there is a 'vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, and falls on t'other side.' And these gallant youths that were once almost as generous as the steeds they bestrode, are found at length disguised in shady overcoats and hirsute countenances, either at Boulogne or in some of those palatial buildings which Her Majesty in her kindness and condescension has provided for her ardent but erratic subjects.

But the term failure in its technical sense applies to one who, in his endeavours to make either a fortune or a living, finds after awhile that his exchequer is empty and his Philistine creditors are upon him. This is but a phase of every-day life in a mercantile population. It is marvellous how little is thought of these unsuccessful efforts when isolated. We take the arm of a merchant as he is walking to his place of business in the morning. 'Any news ?' is the first question. Now, the meaning of the inquiry is, has any firm failed within the last four-and-twenty hours ? 'Yes,' is the reply, 'Brown Jones, I hear, is gone.' A stranger would scarcely have a right conception of this answer. From the tone in which it was delivered he would fancy that Brown Jones was one person, that Mr. Jones's Christian name was Brown, or that he had been popularly so christened from his swarthy complexion ; but really Brown and Jones are two distinct specimens of the human species,

and when we ventured to say 'Brown Jones is gone,' we meant the firm. Sometimes we hear of such houses as 'Sharpe James' and 'Cheap John,' which from our unpointed style of pronunciation convey a somewhat ludicrous idea. Like lawyers in their parchments, merchants do not punctuate in their description of firms; for a firm, we suppose, so long as it continues such, is understood to be one and indivisible. 'Is it for much, do you know?' 'Some seventy thousand, I hear.' 'What in the pound?' 'Half-a-crown, it is expected.' A word parenthetically about 'Brown, Jones.' Mr. Brown has a residence in the country, with a Mrs. Brown and several young Browns; he has kept his carriage and servants in red plush; he has indulged in the luxuries of life at the rate of three thousand a-year. The same may be said of Jones. But the firm of 'Brown, Jones' has never fairly cleared six thousand pounds in any one year since it was established, and consequently from year to year it has 'gone to bad,' and worse. 'A fine harvest time,' we continue. 'Beautiful! the markets are falling already.' 'A frightful accident that on the "Oxford and Wolverhampton."' 'Terrible!' 'Capital opening in China.' 'Yes.' 'Good morning.'

Such is one of our first-rate failures. It is a gentlemanly affair enough, so far at least as the amount goes. Descend in the scale of society, and you will still find plenty of downfalls similar in kind, though different in degree. Enter this small house in a fourth-rate street: it is very neat inside; the parlour ornaments and furniture betoken that the owner had once lived after a more

expensive fashion. Mrs. Sowdon, the occupant, has been a widow now three years, and till lately had carried on an extensive business as a linendraper in a leading thoroughfare. 'You see, sir,' are her words, 'when my husband died, I found things went worse in trade. Times were bad, and John did not attend to the shop as he should.' John we knew to be an arrant scapegrace. Instead of keeping up his father's business he had kept his betting-book, and frequented public-houses, and talked race-course slang. He had consequently spent everything on which he could lay his hands, and then gone off to seek his fortune at the 'diggings.' But the widow's worst word about the vagabond was, that 'he did not attend to the shop as he should.' 'So,' she continued, 'I was obliged by our creditors to discontinue the business, and I have come here in a very humble way. We paid our debts in full, but besides our few remains of furniture we had nothing left.' 'Well, but notwithstanding, I trust that, in the providence of God, you may yet have many comforts. Your daughters will be a great support and consolation to you.' 'Yes, we have reason to be thankful still. My daughters have been always strict and steady, and very dutiful to their parents; they have submitted to our change with more cheerfulness, I think, than myself. Mary, who served her apprenticeship to a dressmaker, has begun business for herself, and is doing very well. Jane has got a place as teacher in Mrs. Fenchett's boarding-school, and returns home in the evening. She was always fond of teaching, and she thinks she will be able to go on

still with the Sunday-school class; and Ellen has a tolerably good place as book-keeper in Hope and Thompson's large stationery shop; so that I trust we shall be very comfortable in our humble way, as we shall all live together and help one another. I should be more content if I thought John was likely to do well; but if we have not all we desire, we must resign ourselves to God's will.'

Failures descend on the *minuendo* scale till they become infinitesimally small. Only a week or two ago we went down into a cellar dwelling, in which we found a solitary man seated on a three-legged stool, the only piece of furniture in the room. He wore a ragged coat and an oleaginous pair of breeches, a wide-awake hat considerably indented, and a beard of six days' growth. He squinted fearfully, and he was smoking furiously. He looked a comical picture, as he sat in silent gravity, while one of his eyes followed the smoke as it curled up the chimney. 'What's the matter?' we inquired. 'Done up!' he replied, puffing out a dense volume of smoke—'done up bodily!' 'What way?' 'Misfortunate in business—broke.' 'What in the pound?' 'Why, they came and seized my traps—bag and baggage, bed and bedding—all my marine stores—and they drove off Neddy.' 'They could not seize your son, surely?' 'My jackass it was—as used to live with me here, and eat with me, and sleep with me.' And to the best of our belief a tear glistened in his weird-like eye. Rough as the fellow looked, we liked him for the love he bore his donkey. The man who abuses a dumb animal,

whether he wear broadcloth or fustian, ought to be whipped without mercy at a cart-tail. The bankrupt rose in our estimation vastly. He might have been a Marius in the rough, philosophising over a scene of desolation. We have reason to believe that he got drunk with the half-crown we gave him; still, his sympathy with his lost Neddy was well worth the money.

This kindly feeling towards dumb animals, however, may perchance run into an amiable weakness. We remember an instance where it led a clerical friend of ours into great inconvenience. In a low part of his town parish he visited a poor fellow as he lay sick, who had been accustomed to go about the country with pan-pipes, a spotted spaniel, and a little monkey, which performed its tricks on the dog's back. The man died, and his sole effects were the pan-pipes, the dog, and the monkey. The lazy spaniel seemed to take the matter with great indifference; but the monkey exhibited such unmistakable signs of distress, leaping on the bed where the dead man lay, and looked so intensely human in its tears, that our friend's heart was melted, and he defrayed the expense of the poor fellow's funeral, and took the monkey home, leaving the pan-pipes and the fat spaniel behind. Now began his troubles. First, his servants gave notice,—they would not domesticate with an ape; after a while however, they changed their minds, and became attached to the little creature, dressing it in a red coat and cocked hat. But calamities only grew and increased. Jacko proved the most comical and teasing

wretch that ever existed : when rebuked, he would sit as demure as a school-girl ; but then he would watch stealthily his corrector from under his eyebrows, and when he saw that he was not noticed he would proceed in his course of mischief just as before. Our friend, passing along the street where he resided on one occasion, found him in his red coat and cocked hat on the back of a goat, surrounded by a promiscuous mob of boys and girls, men and women, who were applauding his tricks. Being a person of retiring disposition, he thought to pass by unobserved ; but Jacko recognised him, took off his hat, and paid him the compliment of a bow which could not have been more graceful or reverential if it had been intended for an archbishop. But the little wretch's misdoings at length reached a climax. One day our friend, coming to his house, found a crowd collected round his gate and railings, some laughing, some vociferating, some indignant and demanding justice. It proved that Jacko had climbed a tree which was in the garden and overhung the causeway ; and as a prim old lady was passing he made a snatch at her bonnet ; and lo ! he brought away bonnet, wig, and head-dress, leaving her bare and bald as a wigmaker's block. There was Jacko in the tree, waving his spoils in an exulting manner—his *spolia opima* ; here was the old lady, bald-headed and furious, screaming in her indignation ; around was a miscellaneous gathering of people, indulging in a variety of sentiments, some amiable, others objurgatory. Our friend was not actually summoned before the magistrates

for damages ; but he compromised the unpleasant affair by a handsome payment, and he parted with his troublesome domestic to a Zoological Institution, stipulating, like a kind-hearted man as he is, that the little creature should be well treated. ‘Jacko,’ he says still, ‘poor Jacko had his failings ; but which of us has not ?’

PANICS.

A single failure for some hundred thousand pounds, we have intimated, is as lightly regarded as the feather floating in the wind, except by those who come within the immediate sweep of the vortex. It is different, however, when the explosions come in rapid succession. These constitute a panic. About every tenth year our commercial world is thrown into convulsions as terrible, to use Mr. Disraeli’s simile, as the throes of a Calabrian earthquake. First comes a distant rumble, it may be from over the water ; then follows a subterranean movement at home ; soon shock succeeds shock in rapid succession ; tall chimneys roll on the ground ; palatial warehouses sink in ruins ; the earth opens her mouth, and whole streets go down together into the gulf ; men’s hearts sink for fear, and when the violence of the convulsion is past, and affairs assume something of their former stability, it is found that the wealth of thousands has vanished, and the hollowness of assumed wealth has been exposed in more ; that the schemes of the adventurer have recoiled on him, and the tinselled grandeur of the speculative trader has passed away like a dissolving view.

Nay, even panics are soon forgotten. They who have been drawn down in the whirlpool, crawl to shore, shake themselves, and again plunge into the deep waters. In less metaphorical language, they pass through the Bankruptcy Court, get their second breath, and start again. Even the thunder of that shock which so lately startled our nation is fast dying away into an echo, and the commercial world will soon think no more of it, till the periodical return of a similar convulsion after another decade.* We are told that at this moment there is a large amount of unsound bills, or as we technically term it, 'bad paper,' in the market. And yet the late panic ought to take a mighty deal of forgetting. A pamphlet is lying on our table written by 'W. Romaine Callender, jun.,'† a gentleman who mixes the *utile et dulce* by combining the pleasures of literature with the profits of commerce, which contains the only complete and classified account we have seen of our late commercial failures. As its circulation has been for the most part local, it may not be inappropriate to give a more extended currency to his statements, premising that our own city of Manchester has passed through the shock with a soundness and stability that are in favourable contrast with the commercial weakness and insecurity of certain other large trading towns in the United Kingdom.

What, suppose you, was the extent of our failures, financially considered? Hear Mr. Callender.

* [Written in 1858.—1866.]

† *The Commercial Crisis of 1857; its Causes and Results.* By Wm. Romaine Callender, jun.

Fifty millions sterling are computed as the liabilities of the mercantile houses who have succumbed to the pressure of the last few months, and the losses which will result from this suspension are but a small part of those of the whole community. The names which appear in the papers are but a tithe of those who have met with reverses, and who, in the legitimate course of trade, are the producers or exporters of articles which have had to be sold at a heavy depreciation. The effect of a commercial crisis is not confined, as is too often supposed, to a knot of speculators or a group of merchants in some large emporium of commerce; it is felt by the manufacturer, whose mills are standing for want of orders, while his stock is lessened in value; by the shipowner, whose foreign trade is suspended; by the thousands of operatives who are thrown out of employment; by the shopkeeper, whose business is curtailed owing to the increased economy of his customers; and through these and a thousand other channels it permeates through every grade of society, and visits every fireside. So closely are the interests of all classes interwoven, that there are few in this country who have not experienced during the last few months the forebodings, the anxiety, and the loss which accompany a panic. If severe in its effects, it has been brief in its duration; and if its results be to purify the commercial atmosphere, and to warn us for the future, the lesson will not have been too dearly purchased.

If indeed the effects of a crisis were confined to those individuals who in the aggregate have failed for fifty millions sterling, but few would interest themselves in the matter. These men might be stripped of their tinsel, and welcome. But if such adventurers are the moving cause of a panic, they have to answer for an accumulation of misery which none can imagine but they who have been inside the dwellings of the poor at such a time. The merchant now contracts his business, and many of his warehousemen are turned adrift; the manufacturer

closes his mills, and the operatives are left to keep life in their attenuated bodies as they may. We are not blaming either merchant or manufacturer, for they are simply actuated by that ordinary instinct of self-preservation which guards them from positive ruin. It is a state of things inseparable from our present relations of trade. But it is a very melancholy sight, as we can ourselves testify, that of a purely manufacturing town,—such as Preston, Bolton, or Blackburn, when the operatives are for the most part unemployed. Some few may have saved a little money, but it is soon gone; they who have decent clothes take them to the pawnshop, but a person can only live a given time on coat, waistcoat, and trousers. Many commence a course of pinching want without either money to draw or clothes to pawn, and consequently, if they come out of it alive, do so without loss. And with destitution comes a wide-spread demoralisation, and not the least among the females. Notwithstanding relief from rates, house-to-house visiting, soup-kitchens, supplies of bedding and blankets, which English benevolence is ever ready to afford, the marvel is, how many families positively survive through months of an existence which is but one degree above the point of starvation.

Mr. Callender attributes this crisis, as we apprehend most other people do, to over-trading, with its satellites, roguery, trickery, and deception. He thus contrasts the merchant and the speculator:—

The keen rivalry (he says) which exists in the Exchange does not cause among commercial men that jealousy which is so often

found in other classes of society. Every one knows that industry and capital will make a good return, and that by attending to the fixed rules of business, he need not envy his neighbour. But in this friendly struggle the man of honour expects to be encountered with his own weapons—capital, energy, and prudence, and not to be opposed by a man of straw, devoid of honesty or perseverance. The speculator is a great contrast to the merchant; he is generally a man of limited means, of little prudence, reckless of consequences, and ready to embark in any scheme which bears a show of profit. If he can obtain facilities for carrying on his speculations, what does the result matter to him? The chances of profit are too tempting to be resisted: the loss, if any, will fall on those who have given him credit. He rarely does business on a small or even a moderate scale: he goes on the principle of a ‘large return,’ probably shipping two or three times as much as the merchant would do, and being content with a less profit. He is considered ‘a hard-headed man of business,’ and is called a ‘merchant prince;’ he is a strong advocate for increased paper currency, and designates his opponent a ‘capitalist,’ a ‘bullionist,’ or ‘one of the old school.’ He is known to do an extensive business; he pays his accounts regularly; sellers solicit his custom, and he continues carrying on large operations, till a run of good luck enables him to retire with a fortune, or untoward circumstances place him in the *Gazette*.

Such a character as this, dangerous and daring as he may be, is not without some capital, though doubtless it is inadequate to his schemes. Many a speculator however begins his bold career without a farthing, often when he is considerably worse than nothing, both in probity and in purse. He summons to his aid accommodation bills, credulous bank-directors, discount-houses, bills of lading—‘facilities,’ as they are called; and for a time he swaggers away bravely. When money however becomes dear, and a sovereign is worth more

than twenty shillings, then these dashing spirits have to look out. When commercial confidence wavers, and one trader begins to eye his brother trader askance, and to consider what he is worth in the market, then these men of straw are sure to lose their feet and get a roll in the mud.

Confidence (says Mr. Callender) is a word which cannot be taken in too wide a sense, as it is the life and soul of commerce. The business carried on by the aid of money alone is extremely limited: the shopkeeper finds it necessary to exercise confidence to his customers, and give them—*credit*; and every large commercial operation is based on confidence in the honour, integrity, and judgment of the contracting parties. There can be no higher proof of the ennobling nature of commerce than is afforded in the fact, that ninety-nine out of a hundred contracts are given verbally; and although no legal proceedings can enforce their fulfilment, repudiation on the part of buyer or seller is seldom heard of. Imagine the effect that any curtailment of this confidence would exert on trade. Contracts as now given would have to be superseded by legal formal documents, with witnesses to prove each detail; suspicions would arise of the honesty of our servants—doubts of the stability of our customers; and if the feeling became universal, business would be at an end. What would the diligence of the servant be worth without confidence in his honesty?—or who would confide in the known wealth of his customers, if he had a continual fear of being cheated?

Confidence, no doubt, is ‘the life and soul of commerce;’ and it is but natural that a merchant should rely on the honour of a legitimate fellow-trader. But what surprises us is, that men should repose a species of confidence on those kite-flying speculators when money is plentiful, and draw them suddenly up when

money is scarce. Ought not confidence in trade to be measured at all times by the presumed wealth and integrity of those in whom it is placed ?

As illustrative of the way in which business has been conducted, Mr. Callender brings forward a long array of failures, giving us an insight from official documents into their preceding causes. We quote his statement of two cases :—

D. and J. McDonald and Co.—The house of D. and J. McDonald and Co. occupied a magnificent warehouse in Glasgow, which cost 90,000*l.* ; they were the employers of 39,000 women and girls ; their business was supposed to be very profitable, and their energy and zeal were astonishing. They had half a dozen establishments in different parts of the world, and were evidently well backed with money. When the rumour of their suspension was noised abroad, the local prints denied it, and when it became a fact, it could hardly be believed. The promised dividend dwindled from 15*s.* to a small sum ; and the interrogations of the Bankruptcy Court brought out the following curious information :—In September, 1856 (qy. 1853), the firm had a capital of nearly 16,000*l.*, and their profit was assumed to be 10,000*l.* a year. An extension of business required a large advance of capital, and they paid a commission of one to one and a-half per cent. to any one who would assist them by putting their name to paper. Michael Banes, since an English bankrupt, accepted anything they required, and received a commission of one per cent., which amounted to 600*l.* or 700*l.* a year. They had seven such ‘drawing posts’ in 1853 ; the number increased to ten in 1854, thirteen in 1855, twenty in 1856, and seventy-five last year ; and their accommodation paper from 16,000*l.* in June, 1849, had risen to 303,000*l.*, exclusive of 60,000*l.* drawn upon Ross, Mitchell, and Co., while the sum paid for discounting amounted to 40,000*l.* in 1857. It was important to have a large number of names to draw upon, and the old ‘drawing posts’

were incited to furnish additional ones. Mr. Banes procured five, Mr. Cappel thirteen, Francis and Altober eight, J. H. Briggs six, and so on. Fifty-five were purely accommodation accounts, the other twenty had business relations with the McDonalds; but excepting the London and Glasgow agents, both of whom had goods in hand, all the seventy-five acceptors have stopped payment!*

Michael M'Haffie, in August, 1855, was 1000*l.* worse than nothing, but he thought himself quite justified in speculating in iron and cotton to a considerable amount. His plan of doing business is thus laid down: 'I first shipped jointly with a friend, drawing upon the house to whom the goods were consigned to the extent of seventy-five per cent., and upon the friend for the twenty-five per cent.; and *thus I was able to pay for my goods without requiring any capital*, and got my commission as well. In the second place, I shipped on my own and on joint account, paying three-fourths cash, and getting the agent to draw for the remainder. A credit at the Borough Bank, Liverpool, enabled me to speculate in tea, iron, shares, and grey goods.' His available funds in July, 1857, were 734*l.* in cash, and a shipment of cotton (not yet arrived), which was mortgaged for its original cost, but which might realise a profit of 2800*l.* Being dunned for money, he bought 500*l.* worth of jaconets (not paying for them), and, on their receipt, divided them between two pressing creditors: this system was continued for two months, and he considered it 'simply a piece of finance,' which would enable him to hold the cotton. His private habits were on a par with his commercial integrity; he had four houses, two of them for the use of 'a friend;' his bill for jewellery for two years amounted to 649*l.*, and his wine bill for the same period to 638*l.*, 388*l.* worth having been consumed in his own house.

* 'Stopped payment!' we have heard of a man exclaiming, when he was told that a customer had been driven to that necessity,—'I should like to know when he began payment; for I've fingered none of his brass yet.'

Mr. Michael M'Haffic had 'a credit at the Borough Bank, Liverpool.' We have as little patience with these delinquent bank directors as we have with the Michael M'Haffics. Instead of a few months' generous living in one of our gaols, we would ship them off to Norfolk Island.

None (says Mr. Callender) took a more active part in assisting speculation than four of the suspended banks, and their paid-up capital and deposits gave them ample means to do so. One establishment has been the guardian of Monteith, M'Donald, Wallace, Patterson, and others. A second has advanced to Carr, Brothers, & Co., and the Consett Iron Works, *double* the amount of its paid-up capital, and has besides two or three debtors for two or three hundred thousand pounds each. Another, unwarned by losing 370,000*l.* with Mr. Oliver, in 1854, is a large creditor on De Wolf and Doherty, while the suspension of the last brings down the same day six or eight large ironmasters! All these banks were hard pressed in 1847, but instead of increased caution they have displayed greater recklessness than ever.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

But we leave this plain matter-of-fact species of failure, about which there can be no mistake, and we come to some other kinds, around which a little discussion may probably gather. When a man is sold up, and, in spite of wife and daughters, his drawing-room furniture comes under the auctioneer's hammer,—or when he appears in the Insolvent Court in the presence of judge and opposing creditors for the purpose of scheduling out,—or when he hastens off incog. by an evening train for Liverpool, to take ship for New York,—the incident is a positive

one ; it defies the reasoning of the dialectician or the lawyer ; it is ranked in the class of facts. But we hear of failures every day, concerning which some doubt may arise, however confidently our next-door neighbour may express his opinion upon them. Of all the problematic failures of the nineteenth century, that about which opposite assertions are most confidently hazarded is *the Church of England*.

We are ourselves inclined to deny that it is a failure ; we sometimes venture to think, in defiance of our friend Thompson, that it may have achieved a certain degree of success in its operations. ‘What!’ he answers with a dash of indignation, ‘does not Mr. Grumblebelly, of Bethesda Chapel, say it is a failure? Does not the *Times* assert that it is a failure? Does not the Rev. Augustus Whimper, the High Church clergyman, declare, with a zephyr-like sigh from his double-breasted, that it is a failure? Does not the Rev. Zedekiah Growler, the Low Church minister, admit, with the whites of his eyes, that it is a failure? Does not the Radical member for Ginghambury pronounce it from the hustings to be a failure? Does not the Tory member for Fuddleton confess to the Dissenters of the borough that it is a failure? What would you have? Have you no faith in great names?’ And thus this poor old Church of England, which for so many centuries has stood its ground, is treated with a mixture of scorn and pity by these miserable Grumblebellies, and Whimpers, and Growlers, and kicked aside like a toadstool which sprung up the night before. Charles Lamb,

entertaining Elliston at dinner, apologized for his humble fare ;—‘ observing,’ he says, ‘ that for my own part I never ate but one thing at dinner. “ I too never eat but one thing at dinner,” was Elliston’s reply : then, after a pause—“ reckoning fish as nothing.” The manner was all. It was as if by a peremptory sentence he had decreed the annihilation of all the savoury esculents which the pleasant and nutritious food-giving ocean pours forth upon poor humans from her watery bosom.’* And precisely with the same imperial dignity and indifference now-a-days are mighty institutions ignored with a wave of the hand, and that too by men whom we are ourselves accustomed to regard as very ordinary commonplace mortals indeed.

It is marvellous what an effect a broad statement, confidently made, and rounded off with an epigram, has upon unthinking people. We forget whether Archbishop Whately has classed this among his category of fallacies, but it is about the commonest one of our day. An assertion, altogether inaccurate, is so confidently made, that many take it for granted, and argue from it as an axiom. Examine the popular controversies of the time, and you will see how extensively this fallacy is employed. Some project is started : however much has been effected in the same line before, it is ignored ; all previous efforts have been failures ; they are pooh-poohed as though they were a little smoke evaporating before the puff of the orator. It was such a fallacy

* *Ellistoniana*—Essays of Elia.

which Charles II., in a merry mood, practised on the members of the Royal Society, in the question of the fish and the vase of water. Paley had an awkward way of dealing with this kind of deception. The solution of the problem was expressed in his broad Cumberland dialect, and without any circumlocution :—‘ It’s a loy !’

Thus, chatterers start out with the assertion that the Church of England is a failure. But is this correct? If we have eyes and ears, and ordinary human faculties, we venture to declare such a statement to be not simply untrue, but the very opposite of the truth. If the increase of churches, of clergymen, and of schools, extending even to every corner of our land, be any indication of vitality, we know not where you can go without knocking your head against such stubborn facts. If the confession of opponents be any evidence of the Church’s prosperity, we might appeal to the admissions of Dissenters for a testimony. But we should despair of convincing our Whimpers and Growlers and Grumblebellies that their foregone conclusion is against evidence. ‘The clergy are a set of drones,’ says some censor from his secret place, himself probably a clergyman put in quarantine by his brethren. Then we inquire,—Where are the workers? for except among Church ministers we see but few. ‘The Church of England has no hold upon the affections of the people,’ declares some pompous fellow, who is never seen within any place of worship at all. Then who, or what, we are bold to ask, has a hold on these affections? We greatly fear that they are running sadly to seed if this

be the case, for we do not see that any other denomination has an especial hold on them. We admit that a considerable portion of our people belongs to one or other of the numberless dissenting sects that are scattered over our land. And why not? So long as the world lasts there must be minds fashioned in the mould of dissent. Nor is this altogether undesirable: opposition alone can stimulate and irritate our Establishment into watchfulness and energy. However beautiful is the ideal of a universal Church untouched by external assault and unshaken by internal division, the history of Christianity proves to us that if such a fair edifice could be erected, it would after a time crumble away from its own mouldering materials and its inherent insufficiency of self-restoration. You might make it beautiful in a picture: you could not endow it with those self-repairing energies which living bodies inherit. But be this as it may, you cannot evade the plain fact that the Church of England is now doing her work well, and that she has a firmer hold upon the great mass of the people than ever she had before, and is yearly extending her influence, notwithstanding the Growlers within and the Grumblebellies without her pale.

We should be extremely obliged to any one of these Growlers or Grumblebellies, if he would suggest to us any agency besides that of the National Church, to which we are to look for the social and moral amelioration of our people. This triumph is not to be achieved by spasmodic and occasional rushes: it can only be wrought out by continued and systematic effort.

Guerilla assaults on irreligion must go for what they are worth; but while we have heard much of their effects, we have seen but little for permanent good. Revivals create excitement of a certain kind for a season; but whatever flame they produce, appears soon to die away again, and to leave only its residuum of ashes. Special services are sometimes tried; but they can hardly be said to reach the class which all desire to gain. The conversion of theatres and concert halls into periodical preaching-rooms can produce no enduring change upon the lowest of our people: they serve rather to exalt the names of the orators than the morals of the immoral. We have listened to open-air preachers, and watched the people that came up and passed away; but we have fancied that they must often leave the scene not very favourably impressed with the rule of life as there inculcated or the motives held out for embracing it. Certain erratic geniuses have adopted a comic style of sermon, just infusing a dash of the religious element into the pleasantries and grimaces of a minor theatre; but with these we have the least possible patience. Give us the comicality whole, or the devotion whole: the two will not amalgamate. Besides, this mixture of neutralistic ingredients argues great irreverence on the part of the compounder, and must instil almost as sad a spirit of irreverence into those who imbibe it. Another agency has been exerted of late years by a class of persons from the humble ranks of life, who claim the title of converted. Thus, converted colliers, converted stonemasons, converted weavers, converted prizefighters,

occasionally visit our towns, engage large buildings, and preach for awhile, often to crowded audiences. The biographies of the men are circulated, and the number of conversions they have wrought is paraded. We have seen but little of these itinerants, and therefore cannot speak positively about them; but we should be very cautious in accepting either the description of their moral change or the statistics of conversions they have effected. All the foregoing agencies may be classed under the head of the fitful and sensational; and without denying altogether that some good may result from them, we are very sure that permanent benefits can only have their rise and increase in a permanent system.*

We are by no means disposed to hold up the Church of England as perfect in her organization and agency. In the opinions entertained by our clergy—ranging from Románism to Supralapsarianism, from Supralapsarianism to Primitive Methodism, from Primitive Methodism to Presbyterianism, from Presbyterianism

* [In promoting the moral welfare of our poorer brethren, the Nonconformists have doubtless done their share. They are frequently zealous and effectual in their action within a given circle. Only let them confine themselves to their legitimate sphere of duty, and not trouble themselves about pulling down the Church of England, without setting anything up in its stead, and their religious influence will be strikingly felt upon certain classes of our population. When, however, they seek to 'liberate' those who stand in no need of their 'liberation,' they lay themselves open to the charge of acting on the dog-in-the-manger principle: at the best, they become but so many cackling geese by the pond-side, or braying donkeys on the common.—1866.]

to Unitarianism, from Unitarianism to Anythingarianism—we think there is a latitude so wide that dogmas become doubts, and the power of truth is lost in its expansion. We would not fetter opinion unduly; but it should be made to revolve within certain limits, especially since our clergy pledge themselves to Articles, Formularies, and Creeds, in their natural sense. Of our Establishment in its financial position we can say but little in commendation, seeing that income and work among its clergy are mostly in an inverse ratio. If, in our humble station, we had some talismanic power of moulding and re-moulding with a wish, we have a strong suspicion that we should become ecclesiastical reformers of a very advanced kind. With what pleasure should we roll up and re-distribute the large and mis-managed property of our Church, believing that if rightly settled and arranged it would be enough to satisfy much of our financial wants! What havoc should we make of fines, premiums, leases, and such-like abominations! With how much satisfaction should we make those tenants of Sleepy Hollow, called Ecclesiastical Commissioners, open their eyes! We should be a stern Wycliffe in enforcing our reforms, feeling assured that no institution, however noble and time-honoured, can be on a safe basis, in which some of its ministers starve on fifty pounds a year, and others, in no way their superiors by birth or education or gifts, luxuriate on many thousands. Had we the enchanter's wand, we fear that we should create astonishment and dismay among dignitaries who dwell under cedar roofs. It

might seem to be a sad thing for a man who sleeps in a palace of Puginian Gothic, to wake up and find himself in a plain brick mansion with stone facings; it might be a melancholy sight for a gouty D.D. who rides in a gilded chariot, to have to scramble into a one-horse buggy; it might be a disastrous change for a pompous ecclesiastic, who is attended by many servants, to come down to a single man in livery or a tidy housemaid: but, if we had Prospero's staff, we should 'file our mind' to work out such a metamorphosis. We should close our eyes and harden our hearts to the tears and prayers even of the wives and daughters of our dignitaries; nay, we are not sure whether we should not reduce them at once from their musical criticisms and Regent-street millinery to making puddings and mending stockings. We are far from wishing a general levelling of position and income; but no one can contemplate the present state of our Church, without a conviction that its inequalities of rank, of wealth, and of power, are too great to be maintained for another half-century.*

* [The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, we are happy to write, have latterly awoken after their somewhat long slumber, not, however, before there was a somewhat loud knocking at their door, and a vigorous pulling at their bell. Be that however as it may, their decision to raise every living where the population is over 6000 to 300*l.* a year, has lightened many a weary heart and dispelled many a gloomy apprehension in our manufacturing districts. Still, very much remains to be done, before our ecclesiastical system can be satisfactory. The difficulty of the present day is, to obtain suitable candidates for the ministerial work, to meet even with curates at all for our populous districts.

Not inappropriate to this subject, we lately heard a pleasant tale, for the truth of which, however, we do

Now, while we admit that this hesitation to enter Holy Orders seems to cast a shadow on the future of our Church, we cannot be altogether surprised at it, however we may regret it. Compare a clergyman in his position and prospects with a layman of his own rank. Few are bound to occupations more trying than one engaged in ministerial duties, not so much perhaps from the amount of toil they impose as from the continued distractions they entail. The clerk, or the shopman, or the schoolmaster knows the hour when his day's labour ends; he may spend his evening in the quiet of his family circle, or employ it in congenial pursuits. But a clergyman in a populous parish is not so fortunate. The merchant or tradesman is encouraged to much effort by a sense that his transactions generally tend to improve his position, and to provide for his family; every year's round of duties leaves him a step higher on the social ladder; he can look back over a track made luminous by the glitter of an increasing prosperity, and forward with a reasonable hope to advancing success. But with the clergyman it is different; he has no such incentive; he must work simply with the unselfish object of doing good to others; and though we are far from saying that this is not a noble stimulus to exertion, it can only be felt in proportion as the earthly part of our nature becomes sublimated,—a process easier for platform orators to dilate on than for the spiritual combatant to achieve. The man who pursues a course of study or devotes himself to a literary life has the prospect of distinction and fame, if not of profit. But the working clergyman cannot hope even for that recompense: he is but little known beyond his own district. Can we then wonder much that our most intellectual graduates of Oxford and Cambridge hesitate to take Holy Orders at the present time? The general disturbance in religious faith, which like a rumbling volcano is now agitating our Church—temporarily, we believe—casting up its distorted and incongruous fragments, from the decaying

not implicitly vouch. One of our leading prelates not long ago invited to his hospitable mansion in London a country rector, an old friend, from one of the remote provinces. The simple-minded gentleman came about five o'clock, having a notion that he should arrive about

superstitions of Father Ignatius to the stony scepticisms of Bishop Colenso,—this shaking of creeds may have some effect in deterring men from the ministry. Civil offices, too, now thrown open largely to competition, may attract some who would otherwise have sought Ordination. But we apprehend that a far more prevailing cause of the defection is to be found in the uncertain prospect that the Church offers to her clergy. A graduate of ability in the present day has many openings, along which he may, humanly speaking, expect to attain to wealth or distinction, after a period of diligence and patient watching. But the same young man, once admitted to Holy Orders, without private patronage, and without those rude materials of mind and heart out of which popularity is mostly hewn, may spend his whole life ceaselessly treading the wheel, but never ascending a step. We are thus in danger of seeing the intellect of our age eliminated from the clerical profession. An incumbent without attainments may receive from his position as much as he could have contrived to make in a secular occupation: it is the clearer heads and stronger wills that have to suffer: it is the clearer heads and stronger wills that we especially want at this time. We should be delighted if our lawgivers could devise some comprehensive plan whereby a gradation in the ministry could be effected according to merit and years of service: we greatly fear that unless this difficulty and relative ones be encountered by the heads of our Church or our Governments, there may come sooner or later—it may not be in the present century—a surging tide of popular opinion, perhaps prejudice, over our Establishment, which may shake the fabric to its very base.—
1866.]

the dinner hour. Soon after he had taken his seat, tea was brought round. 'Well,' thought the rector, 'this is bare living, at any rate; if I had known, I would have had a beefsteak at a chop-house before I came; but I hardly expected a bishop would dine at one o'clock. Is it a fast-day, I wonder?' He drank his tea however, and said nothing. About half-past seven o'clock his bed-candle was placed in his hand, and he was conducted to his sleeping-room. 'Call you this London?' he soliloquized; 'why, I should have fared far better at Silverton; I should have had my comfortable mutton-chop and my glass of beer at nine o'clock, and I should have been in bed at ten, well fed and contented. But here I am, half-starved in the midst of splendour—as hungry as a hunter, as hollow as a drum—and where everything looks so grand. Well, fine furniture won't make a man fat; give me substantial victuals and you may take the gilding.' Soliloquizing in this fashion he undressed himself, pulled over his ears his cotton nightcap, 'with a tassel on the top,' as the song says, and crept into bed, coiling himself up comfortably; and being of a forgiving temper he soon forgot his troubles, and sank into his first sleep as sweetly as a 'christom child;' when lo! after a while, bells begin to ring, and a smart knock at his door resounds through his room, and a voice is heard saying, 'Dinner is on the table, sir!' The old gentleman awoke in considerable confusion, not knowing whether it was to-day or to-morrow; and according to the most authentic account he appeared shortly after at the dinner-table, though in a somewhat ruffled

condition as related to his wardrobe, and mentally in a daze of uncertainty as to the day of the week and the meal he was eating.

THE PAROCHIAL SYSTEM.

‘But surely you will admit that our parochial system is a failure?’ ‘Why should we admit it?’ ‘Well, then, is it not allowed to be so on all sides? Are not good and energetic men, clergymen with large preaching powers, ready to break down its hedges and pull down its strongholds, as things, to use their mode of expression, worn-out and used-up?’ ‘Yes; but are we necessarily to pin our faith to the coat-skirts of these powerful preachers? Because a few erratic clergymen and semi-dissenting laymen desire to uproot landmarks and remove boundaries that have existed from the remotest period of our history, is that any reason why we should do the same? Indeed, if it were worth our while, we should be very much inclined to dispute the discretion and the preaching powers of the persons whose opinions you quote.’ ‘But do not others say the same—good thoughtful Churchmen—practical, hard-headed men of business?’ ‘They may; but assuredly it has never fallen to our lot to hear sound thinkers thus express themselves. We have listened with some amusement to occasional chatterboxes exercising their tongues in an idle gallop on such a topic; but we have never yet met with a thoughtful, benevolent, dispassionate member of our Church who would advise the eradication of our parochial system.’

Then, what would these reformers substitute in its stead? for its destruction must be followed by a construction of some sort. Of course diocesan boundaries must be broken up as well as those of the parish; and we may perhaps live to see Durham heading a raid against Carlisle, as in the ancient days of Border warfare. Let not the heads of our Church ever suppose that in breaking up the old parochial system, the Episcopal status will remain unshaken. But what arrangement must be made in lieu of our ancient parishes? How are we to employ our twenty thousand clergymen? Must we have an Ecclesiastical Commander-in-chief, who will appoint his subordinate officers in their several gradations, and distribute his forces as they may seem most needed? Will he send flying columns of preachers through the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as Lord Clyde would order his flying columns to scour the broad plains of India? Observe, a clergyman's duty does not consist entirely of preaching; probably a thoughtful mind might find out many other offices as belonging to him, quite as necessary though less ostentatious. If he is to be the pastor of a parish, he must superintend his flock and minister to their wants, not only on Sunday, but every day. Will preaching in a church or public building find out the needy, the careless, and the ignorant? Will it gather the young into our schools? Will it comfort those who are lying in sickness at their homes? Will it lend wings to the fainting spirit as it quits the dissolving tabernacle in which it has sojourned so long? And yet these are cares

which devolve on every clergyman, if he intends to do his appointed work within his parochial limits. While the mere preacher is a celebrated character, passing an agreeable life, entertained by the wealthy, and laurel-crowned at sentimental tea-parties, the pastor who is 'ready with all faithful diligence' to fulfil the daily duties of his office, is frequently unknown to fame, scantily paid, and but little recognised in his self-denying labours.

The ecclesiastical events of the last twelve months have brought the subject of parochial limits into prominent notice. This question has caused a very insensate cry, as though it involved a controversy between the high and the low sections of the Church; whereas, so far as we can discern, it has no bearing whatever upon the distinctive principles and opinions of these parties. Be the truth fairly told,—it is simply a question between Episcopal encroachment and Incumbental rights. If the Low Church clergy will come up like unsuspecting sheep to the slaughter, they may do so, and welcome; it is not for us to complain; but while we admire the harmlessness of the dove which characterises them, we cannot say that they combine with it the wisdom of the serpent. And here, be it observed, we have no feeling but a favourable one towards our bishops personally. We have been slightly acquainted with some, and never had a word of difference with any of them. We respect them as being men of Christian feeling, and for the most part of high intellectual cultivation. We admit that, in their position, we should endeavour to retain the

power we had ; nay, a fatal temptation might perchance seduce us to seek the increase of this authority. Still, that does not alter the abstract justice of the case. And lately this evil angel of temptation, this lying spirit, has presented itself to the Episcopal bench, appealing to that lust of power which more than any other motive-cause has shaken dynasties and institutions. Let every rector, vicar and perpetual curate in our land, keep in mind the late burglarious attempt to break into their premises by hoisting, under the cover of the law, some clever cracksman over their walls. Let every incumbent give a moment's reflection to the whole proceedings in connexion with the late notorious measure, entitled the ' Religious Worship Act Amendment Bill,' and if he still remain indifferent about the matter, we would congratulate him on the negative comfort he enjoys from a very stolid obtuseness. The Bill, modified indeed from its original deformity, passed through the House of Lords with the full, entire, and universal concurrence of the Bench of Bishops ; nor do we remember that the slightest opposition to it was raised by any temporal peer. It passed its first and second readings in the House of Commons without any remonstrance from the clergy, and, so far as we saw from the parliamentary reports, without a single observation, favourable or unfavourable, from any one of Her Majesty's faithful Commons. Then came the most comical part of the play : the Bill dropped, nobody knew how or why. We now gather from a conversation among a few of the Lords, that the promoter of the measure in the House

of Commons had been told that it was 'too bad;' and thus we find that a Bill which had passed the Lords and two readings in the Commons in silence, as too trivial to call for a remark, was really so shameful in its principle that a ten minutes' speech from a fourth-rate member could have upset it. The truth is, it was an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober; and so when two or three sanguine men woke up from the intoxication of religious excitement, and began to consult their less impulsive friends, the measure seemed to all parties to be so despotic and unjust that from its own inherent rottenness it was shovelled out of the House by a back door, and cast into the ash-pit.*

But let no one suppose that we would maintain inviolate our parishes as they now stand. We defend the principle of the parochial system, but the parishes themselves we would carve out into numerous divisions and subdivisions. We would carry out the Marquis of Blandford's Act to the fullest extent, and break up at once

[* The circumstances which prompted the above remarks may not now be generally remembered. When the Exeter Hall Services were interdicted—very injudiciously, we think—by the incumbent of the parish in which it was situated, a Bill was brought into the House of Lords which was intended to give to the Bishops in their respective dioceses the power of overriding the authority of the Beneficed Clergy in their several parishes, and of sending preachers whenever and wherever they thought fit. It was an *ex post facto* measure, emanating from bitterness and disappointment of spirit, and dictated by a pettiness of self-will and a despotism of purpose such as now-a-days are rarely exhibited in either House of Parliament.—1866.]

those lumbering ecclesiastical districts that have grown into an unwieldy plethora. We would build fresh churches on spots where they were really required, taking care that each was fairly endowed, and had good and gratuitous accommodation for the poor. Indeed, we would go further. In many of our large parishes the population has increased enormously within a century, and from the advanced value of the land attached to the benefice the income has been greatly augmented, while the district churches and chapels-of-ease in the parish have continued on their scant allowance, and have gone on paying a considerable portion of their fees to the mother or step-mother church. Now, on the avoidance of the vicar, by death or otherwise, we would distribute certain slices of the fat living to sundry lean incumbents within the parochial limits, and make at once each district a separate parish for all ecclesiastical purposes whatever. Thus, we would be continually adapting and remodelling our ancient parochial landmarks according to change of circumstances and increase of population; but we should consider a man a very appropriate inmate of Bedlam who would think of casting down these boundary fences on the impulse of some preaching *æstrum*.*

* It is very likely that the opponents of the parochial system may say,—We desire to see it, not entirely obliterated—but only reformed. For our own part we should be glad to hear, when their plans have become a little more matured, what are their definite views; for we have not yet been able to learn them.

PREACHING IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

This brings us to another supposed great Failure in our Church system, namely—*Preaching*. And here we know not exactly how to deal with the question ; for, on the one hand, our clergymen are called upon to go forth as preachers over the length and breadth of our nation, and, on the other, they are told somewhat summarily that they had better shut up altogether in that line of duty, inasmuch as their preaching is a total failure. Here the clerical body runs the hazard of being crushed between two contradictory assertions, as the vessel is sometimes crushed to atoms between clashing icebergs. Indeed, we have often considered the clergy to be about the most cruelly used beings in the wide world : if the negroes with black skins claim the overflowing sympathy of our philanthropists, we think that the negroes in black coats ought to share in this exuberance of pity. Look at that poor fellow—you will not treat him with a few halfpence, you say ; but why give him kicks into the bargain ? Is not the negative evil enough without the positive ? Is it not villanous treatment to be abused on an empty stomach ? Give the pitiabie creature a meal's meat, and then attack him. Besides, every cur fancies that he has a call to yelp and snap at him. Is not the barking stomach—the *latrans stomachus* of Horace—quite enough, without the barking of a troublesome whelp at a man's heels ? And who are they whose cries are the loudest against the clergy on the matter of

preaching? Are they those who are actuated by the true spirit of Christianity, living in the belief and practice of Gospel truths? Nothing of the kind. There is Mr. Smug, the noisy greengrocer, whose religion is a mixture of wild excitement on Sundays and very dubious dealings on week-days; he declares that he cannot profit by Mr. Smoothleigh's sermons. Then there is Mr. Doublethong, F.S.A., &c., &c., the newspaper editor of literary eminence, whose heart is as dead and cold and hard as granite: he sets poor Mr. Smoothleigh at nought, and, if he attends a place of worship at all, prefers, as an antidote to his week's weary labours, the lively sallies of the Rev. James Crow. And so on might we individualise. We admit indeed that a main object of preaching is to rouse the callous and torpid heart; but it is somewhat too much for Mr. Smoothleigh to be jeered at by a man who hardens his heart most resolutely as he comes to church, and goes away complaining, 'You won't convert me!'

Let us consider the matter fairly, neither extenuating the faults of our preachers nor claiming undue merit for them. What, then, do you look for? You are not sanguine enough, surely, to expect that every clergyman can become eminent in the pulpit? You do not find that every pleader at the bar is a fluent orator, or every member of the House of Commons a graceful speaker. Nay, if you analyse a batch of cabinet ministers, all of whom may be supposed to possess certain qualifications for their office, you will find that there are great inequalities in their several endowments. Indeed,

we will give you the range of the wide world, and we think you would be puzzled to find any class of men whatever the members of which are of equal excellence in any particular accomplishment. And why look for this dead level among preachers? Nay, we will go further, and be bold enough to express our doubts whether it would promote the interests of religion generally if every clergyman had this accomplishment in great perfection. In the apostles' days there were 'diversities of gifts,' and wisely was it so ordained. Your popular preacher is very rarely a quiet worker in a parish, from the demands upon his time elsewhere; and we have seen that other duties no less essential than those of the pulpit are expected of the pastor.

'But look at dissenting preachers,' some one says. 'Very well, look at dissenting preachers,' we reply, 'and what do you find? You will not discover that their success is greater than that of Church ministers.' We are often amused with the confident manner in which gentlemen of a dissatisfied disposition talk in exaltation of nonconformist preachers, while judicious dissenters themselves repudiate all such superiority; nay, we have ourselves heard them lament that in this particular the Church is taking the lead of them in their very strongholds. There are doubtless some superior orators among the nonconformists, and these are so placed as to give them considerable prominence; but to talk of the large body of their preachers as peculiarly gifted is simply preposterous. They serve their purpose, and we wish them God-speed; but we would ask the man who mos

feelingly enjoys his grumble, whether he sincerely wishes the clergy to become imitators of dissenting preachers in manner, style, and matter.

We are far from wishing to be the apologist of those clergymen who are too idle or too indifferent to improve themselves in the art of either reading or preaching: they are bound to cultivate their natural gifts as highly as possible, that they may bring before their hearers the truths of the gospel in the most attractive and forcible manner. Nay, so far from being their champion, we would teach them a sharp practical lesson as touching this matter, were it in our power to do so. We have no patience with your clerical drone, whether he be found in town or country: indeed, we have a thorough contempt for any man, whether he be cobbler or curate, peer or pork-butcher, who is not anxious to do his duty, like an honest and a conscientious worker, in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call him. But what we fear is, that this love of sensational harangues may lead some of our weaker clerical brethren into a false taste and a coarse style in their pulpit addresses. Preaching is not intrinsically good, because it may attract a crowd for a time; nay, the probabilities are that such a style is essentially bad. A fleeting popularity may be gained by clap-traps and vulgarities which tend to debase the tone of mind and behaviour in a congregation; but a clergyman who has any self-respect will rise above such weaknesses: he will remember, whether he be surrounded by a congregation of rustics or mechanics, by a class of wealthy or scientific

men, that he is placed there as in some degree a literary as well as a religious guide, as a leader of good manners and gentlemanly bearing as well as a teacher of sound doctrine and a pattern of Christian practice. His office, rightly understood, is to raise the unlearned up to his level rather than to lower himself to theirs.

The question of training for the ministry is a very important one, and has certainly been too much overlooked. We are often shocked at the utter inexperience in elocution with which many curates enter on their ministerial office. The dissenters at their institutions are too wise to pass over this essential department of training. And yet our Church most culpably looks on, while there is this palpable staring blank in her system. Even those colleges which were established for the purpose of giving a cheap access to clerical orders, and which might easily make practice in elocution a part of their curriculum, either almost or altogether neglect this manifest duty. Might not also the Professors of Pastoral Theology and the Divinity Lecturers at our ancient Universities give their attention to this subject with great effect? As it is, many a young man, even if sufficiently prepared in biblical and classical learning, enters the desk with less capability of reading than a mechanic in a Mutual Improvement Society, and seems to luxuriate in mangling our beautiful Service with the zest of a reckless anatomist, and produces effects so deliberately fatal that, if even a merciful jury were to sit on the performance, they would be compelled to

return a verdict of 'wilful murder.' And the mischief is still more perceptible in preaching. What possible effect, except a ludicrous one, can a sermon produce on a congregation when it is pumped out, or droned out, or snivelled out, or mouthed out, as though by some self-acting apparatus, disconnected with mind, heart, and taste? Too much, doubtless, has been written on the dreariness and insipidity of sermons; but when there is a just cause of complaint, it springs more from the unnatural, distorted manner in which the address is delivered, than from any deficiency or inefficiency in its subject-matter. Now for this, we conceive, there is a practical remedy at hand: it rests with the Bishops and their Examining Chaplains. We would make both reading and preaching a strict test of fitness for the ministry; we would require each candidate for Holy Orders to pass, not through a few minutes of oratorical exercise, but through a lengthened and stringent ordeal; and whoever was found to have been too idle to acquire a fair degree of elocutionary proficiency, we would resolutely reject him till he had better prepared himself. This is an acquirement which to a certain extent is within the reach of all who have no lingual malformation, and it ought to be made a *sine quâ non*. We are no admirer of the six lessons' system: in passing through the manipulations of a quack, you are likely to come out one. Any candidate for ordination, however, not physically incapacitated, who sincerely devotes himself to the attainment of a good elocutionary style under judicious guidance, may reach without fail a certain

standard of respectability in the performance of his public ministrations.*

If, moreover, we could prevail on our clergy to study and practise the art of elocution, that much discussed problem on the comparative merits of extemporaneous and written sermons would be virtually solved. The distinctive characteristic of an address from the pulpit consists more in its style of enunciation than in its subject-matter; and if preachers have only disciplined themselves to deliver their discourses naturally, gracefully, feelingly, and effectively, it matters little whether they do so with the manuscript before them or not.

The term extemporaneous in itself involves a fallacy or a misconception. If a pulpit discourse be really extemporaneous, or approximately so, it will necessarily be very tedious and unsatisfactory. It may be fit for a Sunday School, or week-day evening lecture, or an assemblage made up of those who, being neither very critical nor refined, are best pleased with the rough-and-ready style; but to a mixed congregation, that loose and unprepared mode of preaching is, so far as our judgment goes, about the worst that can be adopted. It consists of a series of texts and common-places in confused sequence—‘orient pearls at random strung’—

[* There is both wit and wisdom in the scene from ‘Punch.’ (We quote from memory.) Bishop Punch—Now, sir, go on; let me hear you read some portion of the Service. Candidate for Holy Orders—I publish the Banns of maw-widge——. Bishop Punch—Stop, sir, stop; that will do. You had better, sir, take orders in the commercial line.—1866.]

dealt out sometimes in a drone, sometimes with gesticulations, always after a slipshod fashion. This style is endurable as you hear it occasionally at the bar, or on the platform, or on the hustings; but in such cases you make up your mind to listen to a speech, and you come away and think no more about it. Sermons, however, recur twice every Sunday, where the time is of value, and the subject-matter is old and well-beaten. In order to fulfil the condition of brevity and point, the most seasoned orator requires considerable preparation. The difficulty does not consist in spreading words over an hour, but in condensing them into five-and-twenty minutes, and moulding them into order and terseness of diction. This is observable in the most practised speakers. The feeling, for instance, with which an intelligent visitor to the House of Commons leaves the assembly there is unquestionably, that one-half their time at least is wasted in stringing together needless sentences and running into a waste of verbiage.

In comparing the two styles of preaching, as practised with and without the manuscript, we must be careful not to place the best of the one against the worst of the other. On estimating their relative merits, we may eliminate the most objectionable of each. The sermon read through in an unnatural, monotonous, school-boy drawl, with the nose ever pointing at the manuscript, without the slightest correspondence between the sentiment and the enunciation, with much less feeling than the preacher would exhibit in purchasing a new hat,—this pulpit exercise may be placed on an equality with

an extemporaneous discourse spun out of platitudes into an infinitesimal tenuity with the skill of a glass-worker, or spread thinly out of small talk about self and apocryphal anecdotes over a large surface with a goldbeater's perseverance, delivered perhaps with a dropping fire of words and a hesitancy as if each syllable were to be the last, or, it may be, with a fluency so volatile that all ideas evaporate in the out-pouring,—a discourse wherein the speaker never knows when or how to leave off, like an unlucky aeronaut who cannot satisfy himself about a landing-place,—a discourse that seems often to be moving in a perpetual circle, reminding one of skimmed milk revolving by an easy but unceasing centrifugal force round the inside of a basin. The relative merits of these two styles may be left undecided, but we would advise every one who has the self-confidence to ascend the stair of the pulpit to aim at something higher and better than either. The most attractive method, we apprehend, is that which dispenses with the manuscript: it allows of more freedom in action, and seems to spring more directly from the inspiration of the mind and the warmth of the heart: only the matter must be prepared with all but the accuracy of a written discourse. This practice involves much exact composition and a severe pressure on the memory; it generally keeps the mind in an uneasy suspense, and the nerves in a state of teasing irritability, even during the liturgical service; but it is very striking and effective when the preacher is gifted with commanding powers of elocution. We should ourselves, however, be

quite content with a sermon delivered from the manuscript if only the preacher had duly schooled himself for his part. We will assume that his elocutionary faculty has been cultivated and his matter carefully prepared: he may so accustom himself to the art of delivery as to preach with all the action and freedom of an extemporaneous discourse,—with almost all its vivid expression of feeling, and with somewhat more than its exactitude of diction,—with every becoming variation of intonation and manner, and with a sure aim at the individual conscience; indeed, as an illustration of this, we need only point to some of the very best preachers of our day. We certainly give the first rank in pulpit oratory to him who prepares so accurately as not to require a manuscript before him at all; but such a one must keep much to his library: if he has to preach twice on the Sunday, he cannot entangle himself in parochial work. We place next the graceful preacher from the manuscript. Of that humdrum style where the sermon is merely read, and with a stammering difficulty, we can only speak with regret; we place it side by side with the extemporaneous wishy-washy, and you may take your choice. This precept may be usefully kept in mind:—If your sermon be delivered without manuscript, let it have all the accuracy of a written one; if it be a written one before you, let your delivery have all the freedom of an extemporaneous address.

But whatever may be the clergyman's practice when preaching to a mixed congregation, it is most essential to his influence and comfort that he be able to deliver

an extemporaneous speech with confidence and fluency : indeed, unless he can do that, his style of address from manuscript will ever want freedom and ease. In the manufacturing districts many of the working class acquire a certain facility in making speeches. Teachers in Sunday schools, members of Mutual Improvement Societies, aspiring young men in Mechanics' Institutes, strive after the faculty of ready-speaking ; and a clergyman must not certainly follow behind his people either in intellectual power or moral tone. If his inferiority were perceptible, he would assuredly lose caste among our rough-and-ready, but often clever, artisans. Besides, the incumbent of a populous district has often to speak in public without much preparation. Not to mention the many extra-parochial occasions on which he is called upon to do so, he has to deliver his school lectures, his cottage expositions, his sermons to the poor in licensed buildings, and similar addresses, where a plain, unadorned, extemporaneous style is certainly the best.*

[* Every clergyman is bound, both as a scholar and a gentleman, as well as in virtue of his office, to acquire the faculty of fluent speaking ; but unless he can devote sufficient time to the preparation of his sermons, so as to give them accuracy, point, and finish in the delivery, we would not recommend the extemporaneous method, that is, when addressed to an educated congregation. A sermon is not like a reply to a speech, where the language cannot be prepared beforehand ; but it is a formal address, combining narrative, exposition, argument, and exhortation, and on a subject-matter of so very hackneyed a character that the speaker, without considerable preparation, must of necessity become commonplace in his

In their preparation for the pulpit we have reason to fear that there is great negligence among some of the Clergy. So long as lithographed sermons are unblushingly advertised, we must believe that the demand for them exists; and wherever that scandal rests, it is useless to offer advice. It is about as hopeless as to reason with a Chimpanzee, or to stir up a Sloth to activity. Not that we would object to our clergy, especially our younger ones, selecting a good printed sermon, and making it the basis of their own; nay, we would advise them to do so occasionally as being excellent practice. To do this well requires sound common sense and good literary taste. Judgment must be exercised in the selection of a sermon, and ability must be displayed by the compiler in making it his own. To discourses delivered from the pulpit, you cannot apply the expression, abstractedly good: they are only good, first, relatively to the preacher, and, secondly, to the audience. Here we find a very common defect in them; they are some-

language. There are doubtless some clerics who can preach effectively without much previous study: they have a natural fluency of speech and much self-reliance, and by long practice they have become masters of such topics as are mostly handled in the pulpit; but while a few possess this faculty, by far the greater number, as they reduce the labour of preparation, sink into a wearisome prolixity and senile garrulity. Indeed, there is a tendency in all really extemporaneous preachers to repeat the same truths in the same phrases, and to introduce the same topics in the same words Sunday after Sunday, so much so that in some instances out of two or three sermons brayed in a mortar the series for the twelvemonth is well-nigh compounded.—1866.]

times quite unlike the man who delivers them ; they are sometimes quite unsuited to the congregation : in either case their effect is lost. For a deacon to ascend with Prebendary Melvill in his balloon, or to apostrophise with Canon McNeile, or to dogmatise with Dean Close, would imply a misconception of his age and status ; and there would be no less inconsistency in a didactic essay on gossiping women from a University pulpit, or a half-hour's discussion on a Hebrew text to a congregation of operatives. Then, whether a sermon be entirely original or a compilation, let the writer aim at the following qualities, besides that of consistency,—compactness as a whole, the *lucidus ordo* in arrangement, and a graphic distinctness of expression. If our clergy would occasionally get out of that groove of theological study in which they have a tendency to become rutted, and extend the sphere of their reading, it would infuse more vividness into their style, and enlarge their powers of illustration. The subjects on which they have to treat are necessarily trite and well-worn ; and, however newspaper correspondents may crave for pulpit pantomime or speculative novelties, a prudent clergyman will keep to themes which are old and true,—only imparting to them, so far as he is able, a novelty in colour, a pointedness in expression, a beauty of diction, and a vividness of illustration.*

* If our clergy would suffer a word of advice on personal demeanour, we would recommend them to adopt something like a natural tone of speaking and an unaffected manner. Why

MISCELLANEOUS FAILURES, IN CONCLUSION.

But we must stay our pen. We began our subject, wondering what we could find to say on it, and we discover that it is inexhaustible. When Lord John Russell lectured in Exeter Hall on 'the Obstacles to Progress,' he had a thesis before him wide as the world's history; when we profess to discuss the question of our failures, we find that it embraces in its consideration a large proportion of the events, public and private, that are passing around us. Seditions, conspiracies, rebellions,—how rarely do they achieve their purpose! The three tailors in Tooley Street, though the people of England in their own estimation, were yet only the third part of a man collectively, and we trust that they died in their beds. The Cato Street treason was despatched by

assume that sour atrabilarious look and unpleasant snuffle as if the essence of religion was there? Why, on the other hand, adopt that feminine, simpering, lackadaisical aspect, which some seem to regard as the characteristic of piety? 'Bless thee, Bottom! thou art transformed!' The clergy by such fancies hardly give themselves fair play. They are, on an average, we apprehend, as clever as their neighbours; but they often contrive to make themselves look more foolish than laymen by assuming a face and a bearing which are intended to indicate particular sanctity. They ought always to remember that they have to hold their own against the most and the least educated of their people; but they certainly forfeit *prestige*, if not reputation, as teachers, by merging the manners of a Christian gentleman either in the vinegar aspect of a misanthrope or the maudlin airs of a school-girl.

the pressure of a rope on its windpipe; Chartism screamed and marched itself to Botany Bay; and Young Irelandism expired in a cabbage-garden. How many financial schemes have proved and are daily proving failures! Many a Ministerial Budget is about as successful as that project of Feargus O'Connor which was interred at Snig's End. Then, listen to the lamentations that ascend from railway shareholders at their half-yearly meetings, and learn how their calculations of percentage have failed. Some people are bold enough to say the Reform Bill, the Corn Bill, our Foreign Diplomacy, our Missions to the heathen, our Educational schemes—nay, our Representative system—perchance the Nineteenth Century itself—are all failures. How many an aspiring gentleman, again, who has electrified a Vestry meeting, or thundered over a Town Council, and has been sent up by his native borough to Parliament, to let the world know that there is at least one orator remaining in a dull and dumb generation—how many an one around whom such expectations have hovered, has proved a failure in the House of Commons! Our subject is a sorrowful one; it is but the record of dead hopes and breathless schemes. We write as though we were in a charnel-house, surrounded by withered and fleshless skeletons, that were once endowed with energy and animated by hope. We sit encircled by the blasted expectations of epic Miltons, dramatic Shakspeares, patriotic Hampdens, astronomical Newtons, forensic Erskines, philosophic Whatelys, and historic Macaulays. How many a sweet youth, mother's darling, sister's pet,

spes gregis, goes up to Oxford, with the certainty of double-firsts, Newdegates, prize essays, and such like honours, and turns out a failure by being plucked for his little-go! Alas! our very life hinges on failures; they insinuate themselves into the palace and the cottage, into the counting-house and the parlour, into matrimony and music, into cookery and crinolines. Nay, we are under an apprehension, that the very article we are now concluding will have to be reckoned among those failures which old Time is daily sweeping down its stream, and as such will be classed with the potato crop, the cotton crop, the Institution for rectifying knock-knees, the Bude Light College for the diffusion of universal knowledge without labour, and the late exhibition of aristocratic flunkeyism at Cremorne.*

And yet our article ought not to be a failure, for it is of country manufacture; and though its materials of warp and weft be of somewhat sombre colours, it has been elaborated away from smoke and soot, under the inspiration of fresh air and green fields. Of the numerous contributors to *Fraser* we are generally amongst the most luckless. While many write from woodland glades, or suburban villas, or rural parsonages, or gay watering-places, or solitary sea-coasts, we are a melancholy individual whose lot it is to smell of train-oil the year round, to carry about on our hat waifs and strays

[* The leaders of fashion during the London season engaged the Cremorne Gardens for a night's select entertainment of some fancy kind, when they attracted some ridicule, and came in for a dismal wetting.—1866.]

of cotton, to inhale a fetid atmosphere as it rushes from the doors of our warehouses, and to breathe at best a compound of smoke and air. It is our destiny also to associate to a considerable extent with the lower classes, as they are called, in our populous city. No matter to what profession we belong : it may be that we are the almoner of some benevolent and wealthy old lady, or a lay catechist, or a collector of rates under our corporation, or a relieving officer under our union, or the manager of a loan society, or a factory-superintendent, or an inspector of weights and measures, or a surveyor of the markets, or a furniture-broker, or a dealer in marine stores—all of which avocations necessarily bring those who follow them into frequent communication with the poor. On this occasion, however, our dissertation, whether a failure or not, will have had its birth and growth in the country. We are writing fifty miles away from the noise and bustle, the *opes strepitumque* of Manchester ; and we close this our self-imposed task in one of the quietest of rural retreats, and on an evening so still that you listen cautiously to your own breathing. You hear the blacksmith's anvil ringing a mile off, and a railway-whistle far away beyond the smithy is shrieking over the valley. The labourer is seen a long way down the pastures returning from the reaping ; while the merry laugh of some boys and girls who have been binding up the sheaves, is heard as distinctly as though they were playing on the lawn before you. The birds have not yet retired to rest, though they are beginning to chirp and twitter in a

subdued tone, and the crows are sailing high in air from their distant marauding expeditions to their nightly retreat. The cattle in the distance are lying noiselessly and still, satisfied in their every want, and ready to welcome the approaching shadows of evening. The flowers, still wet with the noonday rain, their pearly drops glistening in the mellowed sunlight, are folding up their leaves, and with drooping heads beginning to sink to their repose. The sun is descending gradually to its golden rest, encircled by the heavy folds of many coloured clouds impregnated with its beams. Its rays, falling upon the hills which rise one behind another in the far-off distance, illumine and leave in shadow each peak in succession, till by degrees they seem to have forsaken the highest summit; while nearer they fall upon the unruffled surface of the lake, and turn it into a golden mirror, reflecting the crimson and saffron clouds that are spread along the vault of heaven; and still closer at hand, they stream through the oaks and copper-beeches—

Redden the fiery hues, and shoot
Transparence through the golden.

And now, as we are laying down our pen, and on the point, patient reader, of wishing you adieu, our old pet Gypsy, a lady purely white, of the bull and terrier breed, uniting the gentleness of the child with the courage of the lion, creeps in through the open window with a pup in her mouth, and leaving it whining in our hands, scampers off for its twin brother. No sooner

has she arranged both on the carpet than she looks up to us for approbation and a congratulatory speech ; then the little creatures, almost too fat to crawl, commence a rolling fight, which she controls gently ; and soon as she lies down they make up their difference by engaging in a furious onslaught on her for sustenance. Poor Gyp ! in half a year you will not recognise the offspring you would now fight for to the death. After she and her pups have had the admiration and approbation she courted, she removes them back to her bed. Meanwhile the day declines, and the night closes in, casting her star-bespangled mantle over the wide earth, marking off one more revolution on the sundial of time, and bringing us by so much nearer to the illimitable eternal. And so, gentle readers in anticipation, we wish you

Each and all a fair good night,
Pleasant dreams and slumbers light.

IV.

HYMNS AND HYMN-TUNES FOR CONGREGATIONAL WORSHIP.

It is the proverbial characteristic of a Cockney that he can live to a good old age within view of St. Paul's, and never gratify his curiosity by entering its doors. It is said that, though he is surrounded by sights the most interesting and attractive, he knows less about them than the person who resides in Cumberland or Caithness. 'Some other time' is his procrastinating excuse; and thus

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day;

till our friend sinks to sleep with his fathers, more ignorant of the treasures of art around him than the schoolboy who pays his first week's holiday visit to his aunt in London.

Now there is a species of literature to which almost every one's eyes are open, but to which almost every one's mind is closed. Who but a very select few pretend to know anything about the Psalms and Hymns

that are sung in our places of worship? Every Sunday they are heard with the ear; but somehow either the prancings of the organ accompaniment, or the sonorous lowings of the pastoral bassoon, seem to divert the thoughts from the weightier matters of sense and meaning. Some of our neighbours perhaps 'make it a business' to take a mentally arithmetical view of their week's balance-sheet during the intervals set apart for singing; others, under the potent influence of the melody, may sink into a dozy, mesmeric sort of cogitation; others, aspiring to the dignity of poetic geniuses, may treat with contempt the sacred rhyme set to music. However this may be, there can be no doubt whatever that our friends Sternhold and Hopkins, Tate and Brady, with the thousand and one collections of psalms and hymns, are indeed entered at Stationers'-hall, and live on the printer's page, but, so far at least as their sentiments are concerned, remain unknown, unhonoured, and unsung.

We would then bespeak the reader's patient attention while we endeavour to review the present condition of our congregational psalmody. The occupation may not seem to him a very elevated one; but it will not be without its use if it draw attention to a somewhat neglected department of public worship. It may appear a very simple subject for our investigation—one to be treated *apis Matinæ more modoque*,—but we are not sure whether it would not be easier to write an elaborate critique on the *Iliad* or *Paradise Lost* than on a species of poetry and music so multifarious in kind,

and on which the schoolboy's adage is pre-eminently true—*Quot homines, tot sententiæ*.

In order to systematise our subject, and treat it after a practical manner, we will investigate these two questions—First, what is the principle on which musical services ought to be conducted in public worship? In other words, should we endeavour to give them a congregational character, or should they be so arranged as to become a performance, to which the worshippers at large are expected to listen, but in which they are not to have the privilege of joining? Secondly, if they ought to be congregational in spirit and in practice, how approximate the nearest to this end?

It is a theory, with some people openly avowed, that the music of public worship ought to be of so operative a character as to render impracticable any attempt of the general congregation to join in it. It is asserted, that, with its nicely-balanced parts and well-chosen voices and airy melodies, it should carry with it the professional air of the concert-room. Far more who do not avow their belief in this principle, practically adopt it, and are much better pleased to listen to the notes of others than to join their own in the harmony. In music of this style, it is said, there is a powerful attraction; and if you can bring the careless to a place of worship by any inducement, it must be productive of good. Besides, in sacred music *per se*, there is a tendency to soften the rugged heart and wing the heavenward aspiration.

In this mode of argument there may be some truth.

We fully believe that even a coarse mind will pass through some process of refinement, however imperceptible, by listening to sacred melodies well selected and devoutly sung. But, as a general principle of Church music, this theory cannot be the true one: it is clearly inconsistent with the nature and object of congregational worship. Surely it must be most accordant with the fitness of things for all to join in offering up adoration and praise in song. If the clerk now-a-days is rarely found to monopolise the amen and the responses, we cannot see any reason why a congregation should sing by proxy. A vicarious performance of any portion of divine service must be inconsistent with the spirit of the Protestant faith. The notion, we hope, is exploded, that there is an *iter ad astra regium* on the nasal cadence of a parish clerk's amen or the dulcet harmony of a duet. We do not go so far as Pope John XXII., who in his Bull (A.D. 1330), on the introduction of counterpoint, condemned those 'persons who would rather have their ears tickled with semibreves and minims, and such frivolous inventions, than the ancient Church tones;' but it is quite clear that ear-tickling, whether from the orchestra or the pulpit, is not the true object of public worship.

Besides, if by this style of music you offer an attraction to a few, you lose by it a powerful hold over the many. Some of the wealthier classes perhaps may prefer to listen to the choir, but the middle and poorer choose to join with it. They who frequent the opera-house may wish to carry their operatic tastes into their

place of worship ; but the humbler members of a congregation, especially in our manufacturing districts, elect to 'sing lustily and with a good courage.' And especially ought this to be kept in mind in these days when religious services are popularised, certainly with as much zeal as knowledge, for the avowed object of attracting to them the masses of our crowded towns. If there was truth in Sir Philip Sydney's aphorism, 'Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes its laws,' there can be no reason why we should not acknowledge and turn to advantage the influence of congregational hymnology and singing on the opinions and conduct of our people. We know how powerful was the agency of hymns and hymn-singing in the rise and progress of Methodism. John Wesley's hymn-book was as mighty as his preaching, and it is still the standard of Methodistic orthodoxy. Nay, in all religious movements where earnestness has been an ingredient, united psalmody has played a prominent part. Wycliffe in the fourteenth century, it is said, was anxious, among his other reforms, to restore the practice of congregational singing.* John Huss employed hymns and spiritual songs as instruments of his teaching. This in a still greater degree may be said of Martin Luther. It is related of him by Seckendorf, the historian of the Reformation, that, as he was one day sitting in his study at Wittenberg, he was affected to tears by hearing a beggar singing in the streets the hymn of Paul Speratus, 'Es ist das Heil uns kommen

* Dr. Burney's *History of Music*, v. iii. p. 30.

her, aus lauter Gnad' und Güte ;'* and that he at once felt how powerful an instrument he had in such compositions set to good music for the propagation of his startling doctrines. Wherever the Reformation made its way, it was characterised by congregational singing. Roger Ascham writing from Augsburg, A.D. 1551, says—' Three or four thousand singing at a time in a church of this city is but a trifle.' 'Psalms and hymns,' writes Bishop Burnet, 'were sung by all who love the Reformation ; it was a sign by which men's affections to it were measured, whether they used to sing them or not.' Bishop Jewel, writing to Peter Martyr in the year 1560, says—' A change now appears visible among the people, which nothing promotes more than inviting them to sing psalms ; this was begun in one church in London, and did quickly spread itself through the city and the neighbouring towns. Sometimes in St. Paul's church-yard, after sermon at the Cross, there will be six thousand people singing together.†'

In proof of our position, take a few illustrations of that species of music which may be termed the uncongregational and impracticable. The extremes of taste in this style are embodied in the performance of the rustic church singers and of the fine city choir.

There may be those who have never listened to the

* Our whole salvation doth depend on God's free grace and spirit.

† When Shakspeare made Sir John Falstaff long to be 'a weaver,' that he might 'sing psalms or anything,' he is guilty of an anachronism ; but he indicates the sympathies of a certain class in his age.

sweet music of a country choir; our earliest recollections are resonant with the bucolic melodies. We have heard funeral dirges droned out after a fashion so melancholy and nasal as to have satisfied the most lugubrious puritan; we have heard the marriage psalm with all its quavers and semi-quavers, metaphors and benevolent sentiments. Probably there are few illustrations of unconscious humour so thoroughly humorous as that of a rustic band of church singers going with the gravity of so many Lord Chancellors through the metrical version of the 128th Psalm. Some village belle has been married during the week, and she is now in church with the wedding party. After the clerk has snuffled out the nasal prelude, the instrumentalists begin vigorously and the vocalists join as heartily; the words are set to a lively air full of repetitions; all the hearers are at first sufficiently grave; changes innumerable are rung on the connubial blessings in prospect; when the ladies in the squire's pew begin to bite their lips, the country beauties to hang down their heads, a few sprightly lads to titter, and the only persons unmoved are the singers themselves, three or four crabbed old spinsters, and the clergyman, who is fortified in his official indifference.

Mr. Latrobe is as humorous as so sedate a writer can be on the music of a country choir. He represents one exhibiting its powers to a newly appointed clergyman.

At the appointed time [he says] they commence. The first specimen he—the fresh incumbent—has of his choir is perhaps ushered in by a clarionet, which, though rather a favourite in

country churches, is the most hapless in untutored hands. This is commissioned to lead off, and after some dreadful hiccups on the part of the instrument, which is its infirmity when clumsily dealt with, and which chases the blood chill through the veins, the tune is completed and the singing proceeds. Then other instruments are introduced—

the flute,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife,

and, it may be, breaking suddenly in with portentous thunder, after three or four notes spent in gathering up the long clambering instrument, some unlucky deep-mouthed bassoon. It may readily be conceived that these instruments, by their united clamour, will lay a sufficient foundation of noise upon which the singers may rear their superstructure. This they proceed to do with their whole breath and lungs, each striving to surpass his neighbour in vociferation: till, exhausted with exercise, they gradually cease according to the tenure of their breath; the bassoon player, for the dignity of his instrument, commencing his last note rather later than the rest, and, by a peculiar motion of his shoulders, pumping out the whole power of his lungs in one prolonged and astounding roar.*

Fie, Mr. Latrobe. Turn we to a more genial-hearted chronicler. O rare Washington Irving! Who cannot attest the truthfulness of thy description?

The orchestra [he writes] was in a small gallery, and presented a most whimsical grouping of heads piled one above the other, among which I particularly noticed that of the village tailor, a pale fellow with a retreating forehead and chin, who played on the clarionet, and seemed to have blown his face to a point; and

* *The Music of the Church*, by John Antes Latrobe, M.A., chap. iii. This work, published in 1831, is not so extensively known as it deserves to be. It contains much valuable matter in a somewhat cumbersome form.

there was another, a short pousy man, stooping and labouring at a bass viol, so as to show nothing but the top of a round bald head, like the egg of an ostrich. There were two or three pretty faces among the female singers, to which the keen air of a frosty morning had given a bright rosy tint; but the gentlemen choristers had evidently been chosen, like old Cremona fiddles, more for tone than looks: and as several had to sing from the same book, there were clusterings of odd physiognomies, not unlike those groups of cherubs we sometimes see on country tombstones. The usual services of the choir were managed tolerably well, the vocal parts generally lagging a little behind the instrumental, and some loitering fiddler now and then making up for lost time by travelling over a passage with prodigious celerity, and clearing more bars than the keenest fox-hunter, to be in at the death. But the great trial was an anthem. Unluckily there was a blunder at the very outset; the musicians became flurried; everything went on lamely and irregularly until they came to a chorus, beginning, 'Now let us sing with one accord,' which seemed to be a signal for parting company; all became discord and confusion; each shifted for himself, and got to the end as well, or rather as soon, as he could, excepting one old chorister in a pair of horn spectacles bestriding and pinching a long sonorous nose; who happening to stand a little apart, and being wrapped up in his own melody, kept on a quavering course, wriggling his head, ogling his book, and winding all up by a nasal solo of at least three bars duration.*

We, too, like Washington Irving the inimitable, have our musical memories of Christmas long ago. How many times did our house resound with the old carol, 'While shepherds watched their flocks by night,' given in the full vigour of lungs and instrumentation, from six in the morning till nine at night on Christmas-day!

* *The Sketch-book*,—'Christmas-day.'

We regret to say that some of those peripatetic minstrels, both of church and dissenting choirs, used to become towards evening considerably bemused with strong liquors. We remember one fat proprietor of a violoncello, when he had come to the dashing passage, 'And this shall be a sign,' losing his centre of gravity with the energetic working of his elbows, toppling over, and smashing his instrument. As he and his party were returning, two or three of us, boys from school, sent some Roman-candle balls among them from the shrubbery, when they all took to their heels as though Lucifer himself was after them with his blue lights, the stout musician with the fragments being in the rear, holloing and staggering and praying as each fiery ball pursued him.

The particular choir in our own church we recollect well to this day, and some of their most striking tunes. We used to listen with mingled awe and admiration to the performance of the 18th Psalm in particular. Take two lines as an illustration of their style,—

And snatched me from the furious rage
Of threatening waves that proudly swelled.

The words, 'And snatched me from,' were repeated severally by the trebles, the altos, the tenors, and the bass voices; then all together sang the words two or three times over; in like manner did they toss and tumble over 'the furious rage,' apparently enjoying the whirligig scurrying of their fugues, like so many kittens chasing their own tails; till, at length, after they had torn

and worried that single line even to the exhaustion of the most powerful lungs—after a very red-faced bass, who kept the village inn, had become perceptibly apoplectic about the eyes, and the bassoon was evidently blown, and a tall thin man with a long nose, which was his principal vocal organ, and which sang tenor, was getting out of wind—they all, clarionet, bassoon, violoncello, the red-faced man, the tall tenor, and the rest, rushed pell-mell into ‘the threatening waves that proudly swelled.’ We have not forgotten the importance with which they used to walk up the church path in a body, with their instruments, after this effort; and our childish fancy revelled in the impression that, after the clergyman, and the Duke of Wellington, who had won the battle of Waterloo a few years before, these singers were the most notable public characters in being.

But we must make a truce with memory, or we shall lose the thread of our argument. We recollect, however, one exhibition of psalmody which was so novel that we must needs describe it. Whoever has stayed a few weeks in the neighbourhood of Windermere will have found out that the twenty-third psalm, put to a local ranting tune, is a favourite one there. One portion of it runs thus:—

Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

In the last line the tune has a musical division after the second syllable, and the latter part, ‘shing water flows,’ is repeated almost *ad infinitum*. Being on a tour through

the Lake district, we happened to attend a very rural chapel where this psalm was given out; but whether there had been 'a strike' among the singers, or they had gone to give *éclat* to some neighbouring charity sermon, certainly the old clerk, white-headed and weather-beaten, was the only chorister on the occasion. Now, it happened very *mal-apropos* that, after he had set fairly to his work, an old goose, with a dozen well-behaved goslings, walked through the open doorway, and up the aisle, right in his face, as leisurely and demurely as a lady abbess at the head of her band of youthful neophytes. What was to be done? The moment was critical; the old clerk was on the point of repeating his 'shing water flows.' Observe the value of presence of mind. He stepped boldly out of his desk. 'Shoo! shoo!' he hissed out at the old goose, waving his arms; 'shing water flows,' he continued, taking up the dropped note; 'qua-ake! qua-ake!' chimed in the goslings as an accompaniment; and the intruders were ejected about the time the verse was ended. If we recollect aright, our devotions were spoiled for that day.

But while we do not reckon your rustic choir perfect, we admire it quite as much as that which is got up at so much expense in your fine city church. Both the one and the other are engaged in performances—Popish ceremonies, in which the laity were never intended to take a part. But give us the rural melodies before those elaborate displays which may delectate sentimental ladies and effete opera-loungers, but which can never afford pleasure to Christian worshippers. Our duty on

the occasion of such a performance is to pray, as Keble says, for 'grace to listen well.' In your country choir you find an honesty of face and a reality of purpose, at any rate; in your operatic orchestra there is often a very dirty mixture of character—an unsavoury smell of the singing saloon. Nor can anything be in worse taste artistically than these displays often are; no, not even the silliest exhibitions of our rustic singers.

We would not wish by any means that the anthem should be discontinued in cathedrals and churches where the choir is competent to undertake it. But that the effect may be solemnising, the music should be such as beseemeth the house of God, not the concert-room. The notion of an anthem now-a-days is too often associated with great musical display; it is that portion of divine service which pales by its lustre the prayers and the sermon. What a disgraceful evidence of this have we at some of our cathedrals, in the mob-like rush out of doors after it has been sung! Have the authorities no power to stop this shameful exposure of bad manners and gross irreligion? Better suppress the performance than permit such a desecration of a house of prayer.

We are at no loss to perceive, then, what we desiderate in our church music. Our singing should be congregational. We have common prayer: why not common praise? The great object of every clergyman, in arranging the musical department of his service, ought to be to induce as many as possible to unite in it. What really is more chilling than the aspect of a church where

no one joins in singing the praises of God? What more cheering than a hearty union of many voices, even though a discord be occasionally perceptible to a refined ear? And especially in our manufacturing towns, where there is an innate fondness for music among the operative class, is it well to keep this in view. Dr. Burney's theory of church music was a very easy-going one. 'Why,' he asks, 'is all the congregation to sing, more than to preach and to read prayers? '* 'Why,' asks Dr. Maurice on the other hand, 'why should the people be left uncared for, and not recognised as the body of the church visible? are they to be preached at from the pulpit? sung to by the choir? prayed for from the desk? and then, after this, shall we complain of the absence of the poor of the flock from our buildings, and their frequenting those places where their feelings, at any rate, find a vent in accents of praise, and where they have the privilege of enjoying and participating in one of the essentials of public worship? †

But we proceed to the inquiry,—How attain to this end? By what means, at any rate, approximate as nearly as possible to it? This, we fear, will prove the more difficult part of our undertaking. It is at all times easier to find out when we are wrong than how we may get right. In order, therefore, to investigate the subject

* This ridiculous question is examined in a very proper spirit by Mason, Essay iii.

† Preface to *Choral Harmony*, by the Rev. Peter Maurice, D.D., New College, Oxford. See also the first preface to the Rev. Mr. Mercer's *Hymn Book*.

fully and fairly, we will consider these three questions,—How far have we the privilege and right to choose our own Hymnal? What is the kind of Hymn-book most suitable for selection? And what is the nature of the music we must adapt to it?

It may seem to be unnecessary at this time to discuss the first question; for, legally or illegally, there are few clergymen now who stand so steadfastly on the old ways as to confine themselves to the metrical versions of the psalms. We are amused in these days to think that, of all men, Mr. Romaine, in his treatise on Psalmody, should have held up Sternhold and Hopkins to admiration, and condemned Dr. Watts almost to perdition for 'not only taking precedence of the Holy Ghost, but thrusting Him out of the Church.' Occasionally, however, a dozy old parson may be found who does not like to be troubled with novelties; or an antique of the high and dry school, who cannot sing but in the words of inspiration; or a modern Tractarian, who makes a mouthful of 'unauthorised hymns and versions.' It may not be amiss, therefore, to examine the legal powers of an incumbent in this matter.

An impression doubtless has very generally prevailed, that no sooner do we step over the boundary fence of Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tate and Brady, than we are liable to a prosecution 'according to the utmost rigour of the law.' It must have gradually stolen over the minds of good churchmen from the fact of our authorised liturgy and a metrical version of the psalms being under the same cover. If, however, we refer to

the 'royal permission' prefixed to Tate and Brady's version, it is clear that neither King William, nor Compton, Bishop of London, nor Tate and Brady, ever contemplated anything like an enforcement of this version on any congregation whatever. They had no more right to interfere with the Act of Uniformity than Queen Victoria and A. C. London have in this day the power in themselves to alter and amend our liturgy. The petition of Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate to King William was, for 'his Majesty's Royal allowance that the said version might be used in such congregations *as should think fit to receive it.*' Then, 'His Majesty taking the same into his royal consideration is pleased to order in Council that the said New Version of the Psalms, in English metre, be, and the same is hereby allowed and permitted to be, used in all churches, chapels, and congregations, *as shall think fit to receive the same.*' This document is headed, 'G. R. At the council of Kensington, Dec. 3rd, 1696,' and signed 'W. Bridgman.' Then follows another signed 'H. London,' in which he recommends the use of this version 'to all his brethren *within his diocese.*' 'Here is no command or injunction,' writes Bishop Beveridge, 'nor the least intimation of his Majesty's pleasure that it should be anywhere received, but rather that all should consider (as I and others have done) whether it be fit to be received or not, and to receive it or not receive it, according as they do or do not think fit.*'

But if the royal document does not enforce any ver-

* Beveridge's *Defence*, p. 106.

sion of psalms on a congregation, does it not protect its members, or the clergy, from the penalty of infringing the Act of Uniformity?

It is clear (says Mr. Procter, speaking of the Old Version) that the royal permission was not regarded as an authority for the use of anything that was not specified in the Book of Common Prayer; although it would relieve from the penalties of the Act of Uniformity those who sung metrical psalms, or hymns, or anthems, *in addition* to the prescribed services. The royal license gives the same liberty at the present time.*

Now if Mr. Procter means that the permission of William, or any succeeding sovereign, protects us from a prosecution under the Act of Uniformity, we demur to his exposition of the law. If the Act were infringed by singing psalms from the New Version, we do not think that the royal permission would legalise the practice. But we deny *in toto* that we break any law by the use of either hymns or psalms in public worship, assuming that they contain sound doctrine. There have been several instances of hymn-books, as such, being interdicted by ecclesiastical dignitaries; but so far as we believe, the veto has always been ineffectual. And if, fifty years ago, the objection was never carried into court or certainly substantiated, it is not likely that it would be in the year 1860. The collection published by Cotterill in the province of York was in the teeth of ecclesiastical authority on its first

* *A History of the Book of Common Prayer, with a Rationale of its Offices*, by the Rev. Francis Procter, M.A., &c., p. 162.—1855.

announcement.* We apprehend that in real truth a clergyman has as much right to provide his own hymns as his sermon. Our Rubrics appoint a place for the anthem, 'where they sing,' and they state where the sermon shall come in; but neither the one nor the other is authoritatively prescribed: the officiating minister has the charge of both, and is responsible for both the matter and manner of one as well as the other. He may select a metrical hymn as an anthem,† and he may

* This is the collection to which Montgomery alludes as being partly his production. 'Good Mr. Cotterill and I,' he says, 'bestowed a great deal of care and labour on the compilation of the *Sheffield Hymn-book*, clipping, interlining, and remodelling hymns of all sorts, as we thought we could correct the sentiment, or improve the expression. We so altered some of Cowper's that the poet would hardly know them.' The book is still somewhat extensively used.

The Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, which is under episcopal direction, is now issuing its prayer-books bound up, not with 'Tate and Brady,' but with its own hymnal.

† The anthem was introduced into our church service in the reign of Elizabeth, and was intended to supersede the motets and commemorations which were sung to Latin words in the Church of Rome. Shakspeare here also is guilty of an anachronism, when he makes the fat knight declare that he had lost his voice with 'holloing and singing of anthems.' The term anthem, we imagine, in a strictly rubrical sense, has a wider meaning than we commonly attach to it; an ordinary hymn in the place appointed for it fulfils the rubrical direction quite as completely as the 'Hallelujah Chorus.' Indeed, in the anthem books of some of our ancient cathedrals, we have seen prose pieces and metrical hymns side by side. Dr. Johnson defines the term as 'a song performed in divine service;' Dr. Hook, as 'a hymn sung in parts alternately.' [The latter seems to have been its original

range over the broad pastures of divinity in the preparation of his sermon. If it be urged, on the other hand, that the Rubrics give no permission for singing before and after the communion service, this objection applies as forcibly to Tate and Brady's psalms as to hymns. Here we fall back upon custom; and we believe that the practice of singing in other parts of our service than those specified by the rubrics has been continuously maintained since the Reformation. In the Act of Uniformity of Edward VI., 2 and 3, it is ordered 'that the form of worship directed in the Book of Common Prayer shall be used in the Church, and no other; but with this proviso, that it shall be lawful for all men, as well in churches, chapels, oratories, or other places, to use openly any psalm or prayer taken out of the Bible, *at any due time, not letting or omitting thereby the service or any part thereof*, mentioned in the said book.' Elizabeth's injunction is well known, that 'in the beginning, or in the end of Common Prayer, either at morning or evening, there may be sung an hymn, or such like song to the praise of Almighty God, in the best sort of melody and music that may be conveniently

signification. 'Several quires,' writes Lord Bacon (of Masques), 'placed one against another, and taking the voice by catches, *anthemé-wise*, give great pleasure.' The derivation of the word is given in various ways. Dr. Johnson says, it is from *ἀνθύμνος*—*ἀντὶ ὕμνος*. So Webster. Richardson goes a long way for its root, in *ἀντιφωνία*. Todd finds it in the Saxon. But is it not plainly derived from *ἀνάθημα*—*ἀνὰ τίθημι*—the *ἀνὰ* having the reflex sense as in the Latin and English *re-*, and *θήμα* being the root of the English 'theme'?—1866.]

devised, having respect that the sentence (sense) of the hymn may be understood and perceived.' It has been remarked by Heylin that in this proclamation 'no mention is made of singing David's Psalms in metre.' This department of our service has always been regarded as extraneous to our Liturgy. In the Conference of 1661, the dissenting party made this proposition—'In regard that singing of psalms is a considerable part of public worship, they desire the version set forth and allowed to be sung in churches may be mended, or that they may have leave to make use of a new translation.' To this proposition the answer of the bishops was very curt. 'Singing of psalms in metre is no part of the Liturgy, and by consequence no part of our commission.'*

* Cardwell, *Doc. Ann.*, xliii. § 49; Collier, *Eccles. Hist.*, v. 469; Procter, *Hist. of Book of Common Prayer*, p. 55.

That hymns of uninspired composition have been sung in the Christian church from the earliest time, there can be no doubt. Pliny's remark is well known, that the Christians were accustomed to 'sing a hymn to Christ as God.' Justin Martyr, in the second century, says—'Approving ourselves faithful to God by celebrating his praises with hymns and other solemnities.'—(See Burney's *Hist.*, v. 11, p. 3). For a catena of Christian hymn-writers from the earliest period of church history, see a well-written work, called *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*, Nesbit, 1858. See also Dr. Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*. Eusebius alludes several times to the use of hymns by uninspired men (*Lib.* 11, 17, and v. 23, and vii. 24). Bingham brings forward sufficient testimony to this fact. The apostle's exhortation to the use of 'psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs' (Eph. v. 19), has never been disregarded in the Christian church from his day to ours.

If we investigate the history of Royal Permissions, we find that they have been very cheap commodities. We cannot pretend to say how many such 'allowances' have been given; but unquestionably the number is very considerable. We have the following authenticated instances of the whole Psalter receiving the 'Royal Permission:':—that of Sternhold and Hopkins (1562), of King James (1631), of Rouse (1641), of Barton (1654), of Archbishop Parker (1661), of Tate and Brady (1696), of Sir R. Blackmore (1721); but we apprehend that there have been many more than these either for the whole or a part of the Psalms. We have now before us *A Supplement to the New Version of Psalms by Dr. Brady and Mr. Tate*; it contains psalms and hymns and tunes, and 'the whole' is described to be 'a compleat psalmody.' It is dated 1724, and has the royal permission of Queen Anne. Most probably, however, the Church congregations of the day did not 'think fit to receive it,' for we have never met with it bound up with any prayer-book. These 'allowances' have no doubt been more numerous than any extant records of them testify. Probably they settled by degrees into mere matters of form, and thus of indifference. This laxity may account for the admission of those hymns for particular occasions into the Psalter which we find at the end of the authorised versions. The two by Doddridge, 'My God, and is thy table spread?' and 'High let us swell our tuneful notes,' must have been inserted less than a century ago; for we can scarcely think that the compositions of a

Nonconformist would have been thus appropriated during his life; but we have never been able to satisfy ourselves at what time or by what authority it was done.*

Having shown, as we believe, that there is neither legal nor reasonable objection to the use of hymn-books in our churches, let us consider next what kind of collection may be chosen with most advantage.

If we take a review of the hymnology of our country, it is surprising how few really good compositions of this class can be found. Whether this be attributable to the difficulty of this style of versification, or the unsuitableness of the subjects to the tastes of our poets, it is not easy to say; perhaps we may trace it to a combination of these causes. Montgomery combats Dr. Johnson's remark, that 'poetical devotion cannot often please;' † and endeavours to prove that, if our secular favourites of the Muses had been under the influence of religious feeling, they would have left behind them hymns 'as splendid in poetry as fervent in devotion.' ‡ In this, doubtless, there is much truth; though it is question-

* 'The introduction of hymns for Christian seasons or particular services is due, probably, to "the stationers" before the Revolution, and to the university printers in modern times, more particularly to one of the latter about half a century ago, who, being a Dissenter, thought fit to fill up the blank leaves at the end of the Prayer-book with hymns suggested by himself.'—'Hymns and Hymn-writers,' by C. B. Pearson, M.A., Oriel College—*Oxford Essays*. 1858.

† *Life of Waller*.

‡ Introductory Essay to the *Christian Psalmist*.

able whether it contains the whole truth. That mere poetic fancy can scarcely of itself produce a good hymn is pretty clear; and that strong uncultivated religious feeling may go a long way towards it is equally certain. There are few hymns more generally known than 'Lo! he comes with clouds descending,' and 'The God of Abraham praise,' both of which were written by T. Olivers, a shoemaker at Bristol.

We have a firm belief that to write a good hymn is no easy task. As with a sermon, nothing is so easy as to write one; few things are more difficult than to write a good one. Montgomery—unconsciously, it may be—applies Aristotle's law of tragedy to a hymn.* It 'must have,' he writes, 'a beginning, middle, and end. There must be a manifest gradation in the thoughts, and their mutual dependence should be so perceptible that they could not be transposed without injuring the unity of the piece.'† Then it is no easy matter to acquire the style necessary for a good hymn. There must be an avoidance of all florid ornament on the one hand, and of meanness in expression and coarseness in idea on the other; there must be devotional feeling, clothed in simple and sublime language. It is by no means clear to our mind that the poet who might gain applause by an epic could succeed in hymn writing, even though he were deeply impressed with religious sentiments. We may consider Bishop Ken and Dean Milman on an equality in devotional spirit;

* *Poetics*, ch. vii.

† Introductory Essay.

but while the Dean is decidedly a better poet, his hymns are scarcely equal to those of the Bishop for morning, evening, and midnight.

We are far from meaning that a poetic temperament is a disqualification for the composition of hymns; such an assertion would be little less than a contradiction in terms. In this kind of writing, however, the imagination has little play; feeling must be the parent of thought; and this thought must be clothed in language sublime, yet unadorned. Numbers of lyrical pieces are very beautiful in their poetry, and devotional too; but entirely unfit for congregational singing. Addison has left one or two elegant hymns; still they are more refined than fervid, and contain but little recognition of Christian doctrine. Cowper, from whom we might have looked for much in this style of writing, has not fulfilled our expectation; he has left some hymns, but not many, worthy of his reputation. The number of Montgomery's that can be regarded as superior is comparatively with the aggregate, very small. His 'Hail to the Lord's anointed!' will rank with the best in the English language. Logan, Heber, the Grants, Milman, have each given us a few, combining good poetry with devotional feeling; but might we not have expected more from their undoubted powers? Of Lyte we know comparatively little personally: he died young, we believe; and he has certainly left behind some of the very best hymns in our language. Where shall we find a nobler composition of the kind than that commencing 'Praise my soul, the king of heaven,' or one

more touching in sentiment than his 'Abide with me?' On the other hand, such writers as Watts, Doddridge, the two Wesleys, and Toplady, cannot be said to have had any element of real poetry in their natures; and yet some of their hymns are perhaps more popular than those of Milman or Heber. Even John Newton, well disposed, but prosaic, has produced a few occasional verses that are not without merit.

In compiling or selecting a hymn-book, seek after a combination of these two properties—lowness of price and excellence of quality. As you intend it for the poor as well as the rich, it is very desirable that the cost be within the means of the humblest in your congregation. You will thereby avoid the necessity of selling your hymn-books at a reduced price—a system attended on the whole with many pernicious effects. We have seen one collection that is published for a penny,* and another for five shillings, and we certainly prefer the former.

But some person may allege that it is impossible to obtain for fourpence or sixpence a collection of sufficient variety for ordinary wants. Nothing can be more foolish than such a supposition. If the ancient maxim were true—*μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν*—it is especially applicable to a hymn-book. What really can be a more intolerable patience-exasperator than one contain-

* *The Church Hymn-Book*, edited by John Allen, M.A., Archdeacon of Salop, &c. Price one penny. It contains 125 hymns. The S.P.C.K. has within the last few months published its collection of hymns (200) at a still lower price.

ing some five hundred pages, made up of appendix after appendix, with innumerable specialties, till it becomes more perplexing than *Bradshaw*? And out of those nine hundred hymns, how many are in the slightest degree deserving the name? We have now before us half-a-dozen collections containing each from 700 to about 1200 psalms and hymns; and if you would venture to explore this poetical *terra incognita*, you would find with some surprise what a small extent of paper surface would suffice for the really good or even average compositions. At a rough guess there may be 5000 hymns in the English language. Watts wrote 600; Doddridge 375; the Wesleys 769; Cowper and Newton about 400; Montgomery 355; and as many more may have originated with all the less prolific sacred poets together; but we very much question whether there be more than two hundred that can take their place among the classics of our national poetry.

But you love a big hymn-book, do you? Come, reach us that dropsical volume of a thousand hymns, and let us tap it. Let off the vast mass of mere doggrel it contains. Extract all those pieces which John Wesley describes as 'too amorous, and more fitted to be addressed by a lover to his fellow mortal than by a sinner to the Most High God;' or, as Heber describes them, those 'erotic addresses to Him whom no unclean lip can approach.' Rack off all florid prettinesses as though they were imitations of Moore, and all rhythmical jingles befitting the chorus of a bacchanalian or a hunting song. Draw away all mere odes, such as 'Vital

spark,' all mere descriptive pieces, all mere sacred lyrics, as well as all those compositions that are plainly more appropriate for the closet than for public worship; and you will find that your bulky, swollen, lymphatic volume is now reduced to some hundred or hundred and fifty hymns, and presents really a very respectable figure in comparison with its former self.

It cannot be denied, however, that there is much diversity of opinion upon these two questions—What constitutes a hymn as distinguished from sacred poetry generally? and what is the differential character of one as adapted to congregational singing? While we quite acquiesce in the principle of these distinctions, we venture to say that much must ever be left to individual tastes on these points. Mr. Pearson, for instance, seems to consider that a hymn must necessarily contain an address to the Deity.* This, however, cannot be sustained. Adopt this rule, and you exclude one-half the psalter. In the hundredth psalm there is no direct address to the Supreme Being. May we not perform an act of adoration and utter expressions of worship by singing *of* God as well as *to* God? Augustine defines a hymn as 'a song to the praise of God.' We prefer one addressed to the Almighty, but we do not necessarily exclude one that is not. Again, tastes vary respecting the characteristics required in a hymn for congregational singing. Whitefield lays it down in his dashing style, that 'hymns composed for public worship ought to abound much in thanksgiving, and to be of such a

* 'Hymns and Hymn-writers.' *Oxford Essays*, pp. 146 and 157.

nature that all who attend may join in them without being obliged to sing lies, or not sing at all.' This is in part true. Congregational hymns ought to be catholic in sentiment; but if you endeavour to eliminate every expression that does not accord with individual conditions of feeling, you will render your composition very bald, negative, and inane. For example, a reviewer in the 'Christian Remembrancer' pronounces Cowper's hymn, 'O for a closer walk with God,' quite out of the question for the purpose of public worship.* The Rev. W. E. Dickson declares that it is an act of irreverence and desecration for a mixed congregation to sing it.† We should not ourselves select the hymn for congregational worship; but many, without question, will think that there is something fanciful in these objections. We find a tone similar to that of the hymn running through several of the psalms—as an illustration, take the 63rd—which are sung or read without objection of inconsistency by 'a mingled multitude of persons.' Again, Mr. Pearson asserts that there is 'a painful unreality bordering upon irreverence' in a whole congregation promiscuously singing Doddridge's Sacramental Hymn;‡ whereas many would see nothing unbecoming in their using such expressions in song as 'O let thy table honoured be,' and 'Revive thy dying churches, Lord.' Mr. Dickson says, 'the pronoun "I" should not appear

* No. lxvi., October, 1849. A very elaborate article.

† *A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, &c.* By the Rev. W. E. Dickson.

‡ Page 154.

in any hymn designed for congregational use.* As a rule doubtless this is correct; but it is somewhat pragmatical to make it an unbending law. On this principle the two creeds, the *Magnificat*, the *Nunc dimitis*, and four-fifths of the Psalms of David, must be excluded. Indeed, we feel assured that the more reflection a person bestows on questions of this kind, the more will he come to the conclusion that a judicious latitude must be permitted.

Further; what but useless lumber in many of our collections is that long list of children's hymns? We are not depreciating these compositions in themselves; they are most useful in the junior classes of Sunday-schools; but that is no good reason why you should overload your church hymn-book with childish prattle. Sometimes—as, for instance, when sermons are preached and collections made in behalf of Sunday-schools—these effusions are introduced into public worship, and with a very ridiculous effect. Our Sunday-schools now, especially in manufacturing towns, contain a large proportion of male and female adults, and we have on many occasions been tempted to smile on hearing lusty young men and women, with voices of unusual compass, singing the strains of babes and sucklings. Not long ago we attended the church of a friend on the occasion of his Sunday-school Anniversary, as it is termed—the day of the annual sermons and collections for its support. He had arranged some seventy or eighty female scholars,

* *Letter &c.*, p. 29.

dressed in white frocks and caps, in a conspicuous part of the church—good-looking, fresh-coloured, bouncing women of twenty; and what do you suppose was the hymn he put into their mouths? Why, the one written by Charles Wesley for the orphan school at Kingswood near Bristol. Take a few verses of it.

We all his kind protection share;
 Within his arms we rest;
 The sucklings are his tender care,
 While hanging on the breast.

We praise him with a faltering tongue,
 While under his defence;
 He smiles to hear the artless song
 Of childlike innocence.

He loves to be remembered thus,
 And honoured for his grace;
 Out of the mouths of babes like us,
 His wisdom perfects praise.

We remonstrated with our friend afterwards on the absurdity of his selection; but with a sort of pig-headed gravity he maintained that he could not be far wrong, as the hymn was one in his collection intended for Sunday-schools. Is it not better, however, whether in the Sunday-school or in the church, to select for use good sensible hymns of a general character, than to make full-grown men and women, who are earning their own livelihood, and as independent as yourself, sing infantine rhyme like so many charity children of eight years old in blue jackets and yellow breeches?

One great inconsistency in our ordinary hymnals is apparent in the insertion of psalms which bear hardly

a resemblance to those of David, of which they profess to be metrical versions. We have before us a volume of Dr. Watts, published in 1759. It is entitled 'The Psalms of David, imitated in the language of the New Testament, and applied to the Christian state and worship. By I. Watts, D.D.' This is a title-page which is perfectly honest and true, and it would be well if all compilers of hymn-books were as conscientious in this matter as Dr. Watts. 'What are called the metrical psalms,' writes Mr. Mercer, 'have not a distinct position assigned them (in his book), but are incorporated with the metrical hymns, for, strictly speaking, that is their proper designation. Certainly, in their present fragmentary and mutilated state they have no claim to be called "the Psalms of David;" yet, as metrical hymns, many of them are admirable, and well fitted for choral purposes.*' Whether Mr. Mercer's arrangement be judicious may admit of question; but there can be no doubt whatever that if a psalm be inserted as such in any hymnal, it ought to appear with its real face, and not in masquerade.

If the experience of the past would lead us to a certain decision upon any given question, it must leave us in no doubt whatever that a successful versification of the Psalms as a whole is a moral and poetic impossibility. Sternhold and Hopkins, with Tate and Brady,

* The *Church Psalter and Hymn Book*, &c., &c., by the Rev. William Mercer, M.A., Incumbent of St. George's, Sheffield, assisted by John Goss, Esq., Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.—*Preface*.

have borne much: they have been ridiculed in parodies,* and abused in prose; but try your hands, ye jokers and critics, and let us see how far you can succeed in a translation. 'The New Version, as it has been called,' writes Archdeacon Hare, 'has been singularly successful in stripping the Psalms of their life and power. The diction is mostly of the tamest kind, trickt out with tarnisht ornaments, and the poetical as well as the religious spirit of the original has almost entirely evaporated.' † This is a common mode of writing, and not altogether without truth; and yet every fresh attempt

* We once heard a person gravely assert that the following stanza was from Sternhold and Hopkins's version:—

The race is not unto the swift
Nor him that fastest runs;
Nor the battle unto the people
That have the longest guns.

Not but this will bear a comparison with a verse here and there in the old version. We have before us a *Breeches Bible* (1579), in which is the following version of Psalm LXXIV., v. xii., by Sternhold and Hopkins:—

Why dost withdraw thy hand abacke
And hide it in thy lap?
O plucke it out, and be not slacke
To give thy foes a rap.

The translation by Rouse, as it originally stood in the Psalms for the Church of Scotland, was similar.

Thy hand, even thy right hand of might,
Why dost thou thus draw back?
O from thy bosom pluck it out,
And give thy foes a smack.

† Preface to Archdeacon Hare's *Selection*.

at versifying the Psalms proves how much easier it is to ridicule previous efforts than to improve on them.

Since the Reformation there have been at least sixty-five metrical versions of the whole Book of Psalms,* and they who have adventured into the lists in less ambitious attempts are legion. And no vulgar minds are these which have disputed the palm with Sternhold and Hopkins, and Tate and Brady. King James I. tried his royal hand at the task; Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishops King and Mant, severally translated the whole book; Bishop Hall, a small part; Sir Philip Sydney and his sister (the Countess of Pembroke), Bacon, Milton, Addison, were in turn bold enough to handle the harp of David, and strike it to modern measures; George Sandys, Patrick, Rouse, George Wither, Sir John Denham, George Herbert, Sir Richard Blackmore,† Dr. Watts, Merrick, Lyte, Keble,

* See *Anthologia Davidica*, by Presbyter Cicestrensis.

† ‘He (Blackmore) produced *A new Version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the tunes used in Churches*; which, being recommended by the archbishops and many bishops, obtained a licence for its admission into public worship; but no admission has it yet obtained, nor has it any right to come where Brady and Tate have got possession. Blackmore’s name must be added to those of many others, who, by the same attempt, have obtained only the praise of meaning well.’—Dr. Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets*.

It was of Sir Richard’s version that the lines were written:

He took his muse at once, and dipp’d her
Full in the middle of the Scripture;
What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himself he out-Sternhold-ed!

and Marsh, have essayed to pluck a leaf from the laurel crown of the Hebrew monarch. But it may be confidently asserted that not one has succeeded. The fact is quite patent, that from the very nature of things it is impossible to improve any portion of the Holy Scriptures, or our beautiful Liturgy, by turning it into verse: it is an unnatural attempt to 'gild refined gold.'*

We hear much in our day of the desirableness of an authorised hymnal for our church, as there is for the American Episcopal and Scotch Presbyterian churches. Something certainly may be said in favour of it, but on the whole we greatly doubt the prudence of such an undertaking. The general impression is, that our liturgical fetters are already sufficiently stringent; and in the divisions of our church it would be a vain hope to look for unanimity in the choice of a hymn-book. The High Church party would require a collection made up mainly of translations from the Latin and Parisian breviaries.† Now, some few of these are beautiful, many are objectionable; and it may be confidently predicted that a hymnal which for the most part consisted of them could never be popular among our people. The opposite party in our church would select hymns of a less objective and more experimental character. We must remember, too, that at intervals, not very distant, there are welcome additions to the hymnology of our country—for we do not absolutely

* Many of Lyte's compositions are very beautiful; but they are, for the most part, paraphrases rather than literal translations of the Psalms.

† See *Christian Remembrancer*, LXVI.

subscribe to Montgomery's dictum, that 'the appearance of a genuinely good hymn is about as rare as that of a comet'—and it would be a matter of regret that these should be excluded from our churches by the decree of authority. Besides, if we are to have authorised hymns, our cathedrals must have authorised anthems, and we must all have authorised music. We do not, therefore, think it expedient, even if it were possible, to enforce uniformity in this department of our church service.

If—(writes a reviewer in the *Quarterly*, more than thirty years ago)—if, in the present state of ecclesiastical affairs, it should appear inexpedient to regulate this part of our service by law or by episcopal authority, yet, if a selection could be made which should meet the approbation of the rulers of the church, and emanate from the great organ of the establishment—the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—we are persuaded it would gradually work its way into most congregations; and we trust that the candour and moderation of those whose views it might not entirely meet would admit the expediency of some sacrifice of their personal feelings or opinions, for the great and sacred end of promoting unity within the church.*

We wonder whether the reviewer be alive to see the fulfilment of his suggestion. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge published a few years ago a collection of 'Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship,' but the sharply conflicting opinions that have been passed upon it confirm our belief in the impossibility of bringing all parties to acquiesce in one hymnal. At the

* *Quarterly Review*, No. LXXV., October, 1828. *Hymns*, by the late Reginald Heber, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta. The *Christian Psalmist*, by James Montgomery.

same time we hardly doubt the fulfilment of the reviewer's prediction, that it 'will gradually work its way into most congregations.'

The publication has undergone some sharp criticism, and it is well that it should, coming out under such high authority. Mr. Gurney's hints* for its improvement were not without their use; but we regret much that he should have induced the committee to alter the line in Milman's hymn from 'Gracious son of David,' as it originally stood, to 'Gracious son of Mary.' It may be a foolish prejudice; it is not one in which we ourselves at all sympathise; but that which appears to many, however incorrectly, a Romish invocation, will ever act as a drag-chain on the circulation of the book.† Mr. Pearson styles it 'a very inadequate work.' Does he mean in quantity or in quality? We do not hesitate to say, and Mr. Pearson in another part of his essay admits, that one hundred and seven psalms, two hundred hymns, and thirteen doxologies, are enough for any requirement whatever. So far as the quality goes, it is, on the whole, one of the best compilations we know.

* *Hints for the Improvement of a Collection of Hymns just published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.* By J. H. Gurney, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone.

† The hymn, as introduced by Mr. Mercer into the earlier editions of his collection, has for its refrain, 'Gracious son of David, hear.' In its last edition, this is changed into, 'Jesu, born of woman, hear.' Now, as Mr. Mercer acknowledges having received some judicious hints from the Dean of St. Paul's, we may suppose this alteration to have originated in one of them; and we may almost conclude, that this is the form in which the author of the hymn is now not unwilling to see it.

The psalms have been selected with the evident purpose of adhering literally to the original text. The hymns necessarily vary in quality, but of none need you be ashamed. We would exclude some half dozen of them, and add about as many others, if we had the arrangement of the work;* but, after all, this may be only a matter of individual taste.

* H. 45 (Easter-day) is but a meagre paraphrase; the same may be said of H. 50. H. 56 is Milton's paraphrase of the 136th Psalm; H. 24 and H. 58 are Watts's paraphrases of the same psalm; and amongst the psalms there are two versions of it, the one by Keble, the other N. V. H. 88 is a somewhat jejune paraphrase of the thirty-first p. by Dr. Watts. H. 152, altered from one in Tate and Brady's supplement, is scarcely worth insertion. Hs. 98, 184, 185 are not good specimens of that peculiar kind of metre.

Insert Byrom's 'Christians, awake;' Mrs. Barbauld's 'Again the Lord of life and light' (Easter-day); 'Hail, thou once despised Jesus' (Easter-tide); C. Wesley's 'Rejoice, the Lord is King' (Easter-tide); C. Wesley's 'Let saints below in concert sing' (a saint's day); Watts's 'There is a land of pure delight.'

[This article was written in 1860. Since that time the collection has been considerably enlarged: it now contains 300 hymns and 25 doxologies, besides the psalms. We do not presume to say that the compilers have been influenced by our hints, but their ideas of fitness have certainly run in the same groove as ours. The hymnal is now beyond dispute a very satisfactory one. The chief fault we have to find with it is, that in a few instances better judgment has been yielded up to the tyranny of popular fashion or fancy. Why insert, for instance, those three translations by the Warden of Sackville College? Dr. Neale in his Preface to the second edition of his *Mediæval Hymns* expresses his thankfulness that among others of his translations, the two, *Jerusalem the Golden* and *To thee, O dear, dear country*, have been admitted into so many collections. For our own part, we are surprised that these verses should be admitted

Having obtained a suitable hymn-book, your next desideratum is a selection of good tunes. The theory of church music has lately undergone a marked improvement. If we go back a century we reach the commencement of a vulgar era in that species of sacred music which belongs in particular to our places of public worship.

Modern collections of psalm tunes (writes Mr. Havergal) differ greatly from old collections. The efforts of modern editors, till very recently at least, have tended to obliterate all that is old and good, and to introduce whatever is new and bad. These efforts commenced a century or more ago. They increased as the century advanced. Till dissenting bodies began to publish collections of tunes, the many local collections printed by country churchmen, generally contained a majority of the old and good. But the plague of sing-song, glee-like, not to say, nothing-like productions, has spread into almost every part of the established church.*

into any Hymnal whatever. We have found them lately in several collections of sacred poetry for children—which is their appropriate place. The tune, too, entitled ‘Alexander Ewing,’ which has been so popular as attached to *Jerusalem the Golden*, may be appropriate in the drawing-room; but, in our judgment, it is too treacle-and-watery for public worship. Then, we are surprised at the insertion of Cowper’s hymn, *There is a fountain filled with blood*—so extravagant in sentiment and uncongregational in tone. Again, in the 124th Hymn (sacramental), we would rather not have met with those somewhat perplexing lines—

Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This bless’d cup of sacrifice.

Is it not well to avoid all ambiguous expressions?—1866.]

* *Old Church Psalmody*. By the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A., &c. Prefatory Remarks.

Since this was written a gradual improvement in church music has been going on. Some thirty or forty years ago it had no distinctive character at all. Whether it were the refuse of the gin-shop or the opera-house, it was still considered sacred music if it were sung in a place of worship. Generally speaking, we now take a different and more correct view of the art. It is very likely that ranting, rattling, jiggish melodies may suit congregations in a lively state of palpitation; but the effect of all such music must be to adulterate sacred thought and sensualise devotional feeling.

Sacred music must be *sui generis*. 'It would seem,' says Mr. Hullah, who has perhaps more than any other man laboured to inculcate the true principles of church music, and to diffuse throughout the country a thorough appreciation of them in practice,—

It would seem to be a truth so plain as to need no demonstration, that if the fine arts are to be brought to the aid of religion, they should put on a dress as unlike that which they wear in their intercourse with the world as possible. To confine the principle to one art, surely every one will agree that religious music should have a character of its own; that whether it express strains of joy or sorrow—whether the goodness of God be sung, or his mercy supplicated—the singer and the hearer should at once feel that they are not in the theatre, the concert-room, or the private chamber, but in the house of the Most High.*

* Preface to his *Psalter*. See Hooker's *Eccles. Pol.*, v. § 38. The same rule of church music is insisted on by Dr. Crotch in his lectures, by the Rev. W. Jones of Nayland, and every other judicious writer on the subject. See preface to the Rev. W. H. Havergal's *Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes*. 1859.

If the architecture of our cathedrals differs from that of the warehouse, the baronial hall, or the humbler dwelling, no less ought the music of our churches to be distinct from that of the drawing-room, the opera, or the tavern.

In these days a clergyman or quire-master can have no difficulty either in selecting a good tune-book or arranging his own in manuscript. 'If,' says Mr. Hullah, after eulogising the compositions of Ravenscroft, 'if there be a thing not wanted in English music, it is a new psalm tune.' The two works of Mr. Havergal, his *Old Church Psalmody*, and *Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes*, Mr. Hullah's *Psalter, Hymn Tunes*, by Chr. Ign. La Trobe, Dr. Maurice's *Choral Harmony*, Mr. Mercer's *Church Psalter*, in union with his *Hymn Book*, the *Tune Book* published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in connexion with its *Hymnal*, are all excellent publications, in which the true principles of church music are fully recognised and all but universally adopted. The tunes they contain must soon entirely supersede in our churches the Calcuttas, the Lydias, the Mount Pleasants, and the jigs generally of the last generation.*

* [We remember that the late Mr. John W. Parker, the editor of *Fraser's Magazine* at that time, had great misgivings about this Paper, from an idea that the subject was of limited interest. From the many letters however we subsequently received in reference to it, the question was evidently beginning to attract general attention. Since then—we say not *propter hoc*, but *post hoc*—the country has been inundated with Hymnals, and their accompanying Tune-books. *Pari passu* with the Society's Work

It may seem a great hardship for the young lady fresh from her boarding school to have to join in a tune

runs the collection entitled *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, compiled apparently by Sir Henry W. Baker and others, with music arranged by William Henry Monk, of King's College, London. This publication certainly takes somewhat high ground. The hymn for St. Stephen's day, for instance, begins, 'First of martyrs, thou whose name.' Canon Wordsworth, feeling that this was too like an invocation of saints, has 'He whose name.' We cannot, again, see the propriety of such a composition as that in reference to Mary Magdalene. The music generally is agreeable and attractive; but to us it wants the nerve and old Church character of Turle's Collection. The work however satisfies many tastes; and, if the Marquis of Westmeath's statement in the House of Lords is to be credited, a million copies of it have been sold. The *Congregational Hymn and Tune Book*, by the Rev. R. R. Chope, has met with much less success than it deserves. The *Chorale Book for England*, the tunes compiled and edited by William Sterndale Bennett and Otto Goldschmidt, is perfect in its music; but as the hymns are nearly all translations from the German, it does not sufficiently embrace our popular English tastes to be admitted into public worship among us. The last edition of Mr. Mercer's *Church Psalter* is almost a new work. Kemble's Hymn Book, which has been in circulation for ten years, now comes out with Tunes attached, arranged by Samuel Sebastian Wesley. The music is good; but as a collection of hymns, we doubt whether this publication can hold its ground in the general competition for popular favour. The Rev. Mr. Hall's Hymn Book, so well known thirty years ago as patronized by Bishop Blomfield, has been revived with an appendix, and with tunes arranged by 'John Foster, Gentleman, of H. M. Chapel Royal.' The music seems to be good; but we fear the old horse can hardly be brought to its wind again. We have also met with a publication, now in its third edition, entitled *Tunes, New and Old, comprising all metres in the Wesleyan Hymn Book, &c.*,

where there is a note to a syllable and a syllable to a note—where flourishes must be eschewed, and repeti-

compiled by John Dobson, and for the most part revised and re-arranged by H. J. Gauntlett, M.D. Contrary to our expectation, we found these hymn-tunes to be characterised by sobriety of tone and soundness of taste, quite unlike the rants we sometimes associate with Methodism. Indeed, it was said by the late Dr. Wesley, that these lively jigs were introduced into the Meeting House against the will of his uncles the Wesleys, but that John was carried away with the tide. The expression so often attributed to him, that the devil should not have all the best tunes, originated, we think, not with him, but with Rowland Hill. This is not the first work of the same kind. There was a Tune-book published at the latter part of the last century adapted to the Wesleyan Hymn Book. It is called the *Sacred Harmony*, and was by C. T. Lampe, a composer of some eminence at that period. It was compiled at the request of the Rev. Charles Wesley. The book contains many excellent tunes; and Novello acknowledges the use he has made of it in his preparation of the *Psalmist*. We have also additions to our hymn and tune-books, from the Rev. T. Davis, of Rounhay, the Rev. J. Robinson, of Settle, the Rev. Henry Parr, late Vicar of Taunton, and several others. We see, too, that the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth is bringing out a fresh edition of his father's *Christian Psalmody*, with a supplement—a work comprising originally about nine hundred psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs—with appropriate tunes, selected and arranged 'by William Hutchins Callcott, an eminent musician.' Of publications confined either to the music or the words, we have had a large increase. We have *A hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes* composed by the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A.; *The Church of England Choral Book*, by F. Weber; *The Parish Tune Book*, compiled by George T. Chambers, F.R.A.S., a very sensible and useful collection. Among hymnals without music, Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise* stands out conspicuously for the care and accuracy with which it has been compiled. Dr.

tions as a rule are devoutly exercised ; but listen to a thousand voices together, and you will at once perceive the grandeur and sublimity of such tunes as the Old Hundredth and Dundee, in comparison with your meretricious Lydias. Much, again, depends on the natural arrangement of your harmonies. We were one evening in a pew near to an elderly gentleman who for fifty years had been under the impression that he could join in the Old Hundredth, and never failed to sing lustily what he called 'the bass part.' Now it happened that a fanciful organist had given the choir, which was a professional one, the tune with Novello's arrangement, for that particular occasion ; and thus it sounded to our neighbour weird-like and strange. 'What do they mean, sir?' he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance ; 'the men are drunk, sir ! they can't sing the Old Hundredth, sir !' The musicians were perfectly sober ; it was the Old Hundredth, drugged by Mr. Novello, that was tipsy.

Kennedy's *Hymnologia Christiana* is a very interesting work, but too large to be used in public worship, and containing compositions not adapted to that purpose. *Hymns of Love and Praise*, by John S. B. Monsell, LL.D., is an agreeable publication, but will not be adopted for congregational use. The *Holy Year*, by Canon Wordsworth, is very devotional, but never likely to take its place as a hymnal for public worship. The *Canterbury Hymnal*, by R. H. Baynes, M.A., is one of considerable merit. Then we have been favoured with *Lyras* in abundance and much neatly got-up sacred poetry, which are likely to give pleasure and to do good, but cannot with any consistency be admitted into the public services of any church.—1866.]

We would scarcely go so far as to say that a musical repetition must never be introduced into a tune; but if it be, let it have a force and a meaning. It is not unusual to hear the last line of a verse ranted over three or four times when the gist of the sentiment lies in the former part. And the evil is still greater when a line is divided, as it frequently is—sometimes a word—exciting the most grotesque images in the mind. One Sunday afternoon we joined a clerical friend in a visit to his school. He was by no means either a musical or an energetic character: indeed, to tell the truth, he was known by the *sobriquet* of ‘Old England,’ because he ‘expected every man to do *his* duty.’ Our friend closed the school with Watts’s hymn, ‘Lord, how delightful ’tis to see,’ in which is the following verse:

O write upon my memory, Lord,
 The text and doctrines of thy word;
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 And love thee better than before.

The tune was a miserable one, called ‘Job’—as miserable as the patriarch in his worst estate; and it required a division in the last line, so that the words ran thus—‘And love thee bet—and love thee bet—and love thee bet—ter than before.’ Now what was our consternation at catching a great hulking fellow telegraphing a buxom damsel on the other side of the room, and accompanying the sentiment, ‘And love thee, Bet,’ with what he considered a little pleasant pantomime, while ‘Old England’ seemed to be reposing in that state of dreamy self-complacency which is Old England’s characteristic at all

times! We felt a strong impulse to take Betsy by the ears, and bundle John out by the shoulders; but we contented ourselves with wondering whether John and Betsy or their spiritual guides were more to blame.*

In order to make your singing congregational, observe this rule,—attach to each hymn and psalm an appropriate tune, and be careful that as a rule the music and the words be not divorced. We know instances where with an infinitude of pains the clergyman selects the pieces to be sung on the following Sunday, and the organist fixes to each any tune that may suit his immediate caprice. We cannot conceive a more injudicious plan. Endeavour, if possible, to associate certain words and ideas with certain music, so that the melody may never be dissevered in the mind from the sentiment, and it will prove a marvellous help in the furtherance of congregational singing. Mr. Dickson says that we can never have ‘congregational song’ till both a hymn-book and the tunes for each hymn are unalterably fixed by authority.† We agree in his principle of linking

* Many similar absurdities will be remembered by those who have paid any attention to congregational singing. For instance,—‘And my great cap—and my great cap—and my great cap—tain calls me hence.’ Again—‘My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor pol—luted soul.’ We have heard of an Oxford man reading in the country for his ‘little go,’ and being saluted with the changes,—‘Cannot pluck me—cannot pluck me—cannot pluck me—from thy hand,’—when, like a Virgilian hero, he drew from it a propitious omen; but we were never told whether the oracle proved true.

† *Letter to the Bishop of Salisbury*, p. 25.

together the words and the music ; but we see not how authority can do more than individual common sense in the matter.*

The taste of your organist must influence the character of your congregational singing. It is a sad reflection that your ranting organist, like your ranting preacher, is most admired by the mass of hearers. We have repeatedly heard loud praise of a performer for his wonderful execution on the instrument, when he had shown it by such feats as engrafting on his chants rapid passages from 'Rory O'Moore,' or 'Pop goes the weasel.' Such a man may be efficient in an opera, but for church music he has no soul, nor can congregational singing ever flourish under his guidance. He is destitute of devotional feeling.

[* We know how obnoxious this rule is to organists generally, but we are more and more assured that, wherever it is not adopted, there can be no hearty congregational singing. We heard the other day of a clergyman timidly expressing to his organist the propriety of such a course, when he was met by the answer,— 'Why, sir, you may as well have a barrel organ!' We have attended churches lately where the Society's Hymnal was used, but where tunes were sung which we had never seen in any collection. These might have been the compositions of the organist, or they might have been taken from some of the numerous tune-books that have lately been published; but they were unknown to us, and evidently so to the congregation; for the singing was confined entirely to the choir. And what else can you expect in such a case? On the other hand, take any of the hymns and psalms in which all join—say the Old Hundredth and Ken's Evening Hymn. Would they have been so popular, and so universally sung, if tunes had been capriciously applied to them?—1866.]

‘Now,’ says Mr. Latrobe, very justly, ‘of all inanimate creatures the organ is the best adapted to portray the state of mind of the individual who performs upon it. If pride and musical foppery possess the seat of intelligence, the faithful instrument will be sure to proclaim it in the ears of the congregation. Every “fond and frivolous ornament” proclaims his conceit, however he may seek to smother it under high-sounding stops and loaded harmonies. A person accustomed to mark the style in which an organ is played cannot be insensible to the devotion or want of devotion of the performer—a fact worthy of the continual remembrance of every organist.’ *

‘What do you think of our organist?’ asked a clerical friend of us not long ago, after his service, and waited for an answer of approbation. ‘My opinion is,’ was the astounding reply, ‘that he is neither more nor less than a puppy!’ and immediately the gentleman himself stepped into the vestry where we were, with a doctor’s hat in his hand and a silver-headed cane, and an air of unusual self-complacency. ‘A puppy!’ said our friend, after he had left, ‘I grant you that he is personally; but what do you think of his playing?’ ‘That he is a greater puppy in his playing than in his person, if that be possible,’ was our very ungracious reply. About half a year ago we heard a somewhat celebrated organist in a go-ahead city playing all sorts of fantastic tricks with one of Tallis’s sober anthems, when we ventured to inquire of him whether it would not be better to adhere to what was written. ‘O!’ said he, shrugging his shoulders, and turning up his coat-cuffs, ‘we go with the times here, sir! we go with the times!’ †

* *Music of the Church*, p. 122.

[† At one of our annual Church Congresses we heard a distin-

We know not how far it would be possible, as Dr. Maurice suggests, to make the subject of music one branch of a university education.* ‘A schoolmaster,’ says Luther, ‘ought to have skill in music; neither should we ordain young fellows to the office of preaching, except before they had been well exercised and practised in the school of music.’† Certain it is that an acquaintance with the art must be of eminent service to

guished organist affirm oracularly that the clergy, from their ignorance and caprices, were the great obstructors of church music. Now, we do not altogether exculpate the clergy: nay, we are ungallant enough to fear that their wives are sometimes delinquents, by introducing tunes from the drawing-room piano to the church organ. But we are quite sure that the organist is as great a culprit as either incumbent or curate in this matter. His natural inclination is to be heard: he has no desire to have his refined touches drowned by a full flow of song. Whether he be conscious of it or not, his mode of conducting the musical department of the service has often a tendency to check and repress rather than encourage congregational singing.—1866.]

* Preface to *Choral Harmony*.

† Quoted by Mr. Hullah in his ‘Introductory Lecture’ at King’s College. . . . We know not how far our bishops might be competent to examine candidates on such dark subjects as sol-fas, clefs, and semibreves. The bishops might undertake, but who would undertake for the bishops, as was asked of a certain foreign ecclesiastic? We were once, after the consecration of a church, in the presence of one of our bishops—a learned and pious man—when he praised with a grave face the musical part of the service and singled out for special commendation one tune the air of which was precisely that of the *Maid of Llangollen*. All the while they were singing this flowing melody, we had been wishing the sweetly smiling maiden back in her native valley.

the incumbent of a church either in the town or country. If the clergyman, the schoolmaster, and the schoolmistress take a pleasure in congregational singing, a very fair choir may be raised up out of the most unpropitious neighbourhood. Nor can anything promote good feeling in a district more effectually than a union of various ranks in the effort to promote and diffuse a love of choral harmony and sacred song. While music is a universal language, it has the incomparable quality of suggesting no topics on which people need disagree; at the same time that it affords enjoyment, it refines the taste, and elevates the moral tone of those who come within its influence.

We can hardly estimate the beneficial effects that must follow from a judicious and extended cultivation of this art among all classes of our people. Good church music joined with good sacred poetry becomes a memory for life, and survives among the pleasantest associations that connect the present and the past in their electric links. We have heard our 'young men and maidens' in crowded cities lightening their daily toils with sacred songs, where the poetry was such as to elevate, and with music and voice which would have been creditable to any choir. We have heard them enlivening their winter evenings at home with a concert of many family voices, and apparently happier in the exercise than the luxurious opera-lounger listening to some foreign favourite. We have heard them at their church and schools pouring forth a stream of sound, blending and swelling like the rush of many waters. We have perceived that the

sentiments and melodies of beautiful hymns have often returned to the mind, linked with many a softening association, when a life of struggle and perhaps spiritual forgetfulness is drawing to a close ; and we have sometimes found that the recalling of such lingering impressions has afforded the only hope of awakening feelings of devotion that were once vivid, but are now almost dormant. And while good psalmody will ever attract our working classes to a place of worship, it must at the same time elevate the devotional tone of the whole congregation. We should rejoice, therefore, to see our church music and hymnology studied and improved more and more, not with the object of inculcating special doctrines or furthering sectional views, but with the broad catholic purpose of enlarging religious feeling, diffusing healthy enjoyment among our people, uniting class with class, and preparing our congregations here to join in that grand Hallelujah chorus of ten thousand times ten thousand voices hereafter, when every earthly sentiment and expression shall be lost in the one boundless, endless flood of praise.

V.

THE MEETING IN MANCHESTER OF THE
BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE AD-
VANCEMENT OF SCIENCE, 1861.

IF the British Association had been in scientific search of a contrast, it could not have succeeded better than in fixing upon Manchester next after Oxford as its place of meeting. The two cities are striking types of two phases of society; how distinctively marked, and how widely dissimilar! Around Oxford are gathered the historic associations of many centuries. Kings have had their residence in its palaces; parliaments have met in its halls; superstition has brooded over its towers; martyrs have died in its streets, leaving a purified faith to revive and spread from their ashes; and from its colleges have issued forth the learned and the noble of our land—generals who have led armies to victory, statesmen who have swayed senates by their eloquence and wisdom, preachers who have stirred up the soul from its depths, and philosophers who have won their trophies from the deep mysteries of nature. Manchester,

indeed, is not without its historic associations, but they are of a less romantic character : it is of ancient origin, but of modern celebrity. The conflict of armies has sometimes raged in its streets ; but it is better known as having long been the seat of peaceful commerce. It is only however within the last century that it has risen to its great eminence, and achieved a name and a fame which have been carried by its ships and merchandise to the furthest corners of the world. In the very buildings of the two places there is a striking contrast. On looking at those sombre colleges, our minds are carried back to the days of gloom and monasticism. Those shady cloisters and low windows and cell-like rooms tell of times and customs and phases of thought long past : they impress you with a feeling of mediævalism. The architecture of Manchester, on the other hand, is remarkable, but it is in direct contrast with that of Oxford. The warehouses are palaces, costly and highly embellished, decorated within and without, stretching along whole streets, and forming large squares, which in architectural effect may vie with any in the capitals of Europe. How different, again, is the employment of the people you see in these two cities. In Oxford the mind is concerned most with the abstract and the ideal : the philosophy, the history, the poetry of ancient times, as handed down in the languages of Greece and Rome, are the subjects over which the head becomes confused and the eye grows dim. The Manchester mind deals not with abstractions ; it is employed only on the practical business of life. It would turn from the dead

languages as things to be most properly buried out of sight, and rest on the tangible productions of living industry and skill. The very faces of the men and the aspect of the streets in these two cities bear ocular testimony to these truths. Transfer the contemplative philosopher from Magdalen Gardens or Christ Church Walk, where he takes his daily airing, solving a problem peradventure, or reducing an argument to a syllogism, or weighing in his mind the ponderosity of a Greek particle; transfer him to the streets and squares of Manchester, and the bustling energetic men who are there in desperate pursuit of their calling would at the best sadly discompose his philosophy of thought and temper. How the old gentleman, dignified and corpulent, would be jostled in his walk, as though he were no more than some movable antediluvian petrification, even if he were not annihilated by an impetuous spring van, or rolled over bodily by the shot of a stout lurryman as he was pitching his parcels from his vehicle into the warehouse! Oxford is the embodiment of a stationary idea. Men pass their lives there in easy study and quiet contemplation, eating well-cooked viands, and drinking choice wines, and pondering over ancient folios. They dread change, whether in university statutes or national laws; they are well content with the present condition of things, and are ready to bring down Scripture on the head of him that is given to change. Manchester, on the other hand, is the type of progress; its watchword is Onward. Change it must have, whether its tendency be to reform or to deform.

Manchester must ever be devising fresh laws and demanding more freedom—freedom of conscience, of controversy, and of commerce. Manchester must be still inventing and advancing, striking out new kinds of trade, and discovering fresh outlets for its manufactures. The Manchester train sometimes hurries on too fast, it is true, and rolls down an embankment with a crash; but even this is assumed to be better than for the wheels and springs to rust from inaction, and the carriage-timbers to rot in the rain and mire.

Now we firmly believe, almost paradoxical as our assertion may seem on the first consideration of it, that Manchester is really a more appropriate centre for the gathering of our scientific men even than Oxford. What! you may exclaim in astonishment, the metropolis of cotton to become the metropolis of mind—where the atmosphere is an impregnation of sulphuric acid, tar, and coal-dust, and the rivers run ink and a decoction of logwood—where clouds are suspended overhead like a pall, and five days out of the seven drop, not fatness, but a solution of soot—where the eye is attracted by tall chimneys vomiting forth their volumes of coal-black smoke, and the ear is assailed by the rattle of machinery and the ringing of anvils—where the ledger is the book of science, and a knowledge of double entry is more coveted than a mastery over the subtlest investigation of Newton—where free-trade is the noblest of sciences, and money-getting is the noblest of arts—where the cotton-plant is held to be the finest specimen of vegetative nature, and cotton-twist the finest production of

human skill—where the merchant prince and the cotton lord think much of their ventures as they consign them for transit across the great deep, but care very little *per se* about the theory of tides or the influence of the magnetic pole—where—

Thank you, thank you, my good sir. Now that you have almost ‘tired yourself with base comparisons,’ listen to what we have to say. Oxford was pursuing her investigations into the mysteries of mind, the subtleties of philology, the dark records of ages long gone by, and the disputed tenets of theology, a century and a half ago, as she is at this day, and we honour her for her discoveries in the regions of the immaterial and the abstract; but the mind of Manchester, in its combination of science and art, has been directed to the advancement of national wealth and greatness, and to the increase of social and individual comforts. Consider the changes that have passed over our country during the last hundred and fifty years. Of those which have contributed to our daily convenience and personal well-being, how few have had their origin in our learned universities! On the other hand, how many in a greater or less degree have sprung either out of Manchester itself, or the trade that centres in and radiates from Manchester!

But without further preface, let us open the thirty-first meeting of the British Association; and the President’s address, though it were not so intended, may supply us with some reasons in proof of our theory, that Manchester is entitled to a high position as the promoter of science in its application to the arts.

Assuming that the Committee of the British Association, when at Oxford last year, decided, not inappropriately, upon holding their next meeting in Manchester, then very gracefully did they select for their President Mr. William Fairbairn, LL.D., F.R.S., a good specimen of a Manchester man. Dr. Fairbairn entered the battle of life with no other advantages than those of a clear head and a strong will ; but these, as a rule, are more powerful auxiliaries than any which can be derived from the *prestige* of rank, wealth, or position. He is of Scotch extraction, and carries on his face every mark of the rugged hard-headed native of the North. He has raised himself into celebrity mainly by his powers of mechanical calculation and his experiments on metallic substances. His distinction is associated chiefly with the profession of the engineer, and his efforts have been constantly directed to the development of practical truth in constructive science by the patient induction of experiment. He has published several works, which, being the result of his personal investigations, are of undisputed accuracy. The titles of his publications are a sufficient indication of their contents ; as, for example, *Remarks on Canal Navigation ; Application of Cast and Wrought Iron to Building Purposes ; Account of the Construction of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges ; Useful Information for Engineers ; A Treatise on Mills and Mill-Work ;* the article 'Iron' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.* There are other treatises

[* To this list we may now add a *Treatise on Iron-ship Building*.—1866.]

which he has read before various philosophical societies, and which have been published in their records. He is at this time carrying on his experiments on the construction of metal plates for the most effectual resistance to the heavy rifled ordnance of the present day. The Queen's medal was presented to Dr. Fairbairn this year by the Royal Society for his experimental researches in practical science, when the chairman, Major-General Sabine, paid him some graceful compliments. 'Perhaps it may be said with truth,' were his words, 'that there is no single individual living who has done so much for practical science, who has made so many careful experimental inquiries on subjects of primary importance to the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country, or who has so liberally contributed them to the world.' Mr. Fairbairn probably did not start in life with the presentiment that he would obtain the medal of the Royal Society, or be distinguished by the title of LL.D. *honoris causâ*; but it is quite certain that his honours have not spoiled the unassuming character of the man, or changed the native kindness of his disposition.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 4th of September, the session of the British Association was opened in our Free Trade Hall—a building so called rather from traditional associations than its present uses. It is now turned to account for any purpose whatever, social or political, secular or religious, when a sufficient attraction is held out to draw, or to be likely to draw, a large body of persons together. The old plain building, the veritable Free Trade Hall, has been supplanted by an

edifice of considerable architectural pretensions. The 'sweet voices' of corn-law leaguers have given way to the sweeter voices of Mrs. Sherrington and Mr. Sims Reeves; the political performances of former years have yielded to the ventriloquisms of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul; and instead of some yeasty patriot frothing and perspiring for his country's good, and out of his electric flashes summoning 'thunders of applause,' we find on the evening mentioned our townsman, Dr. Fairbairn, opening in a quiet unobtrusive manner a scientific meeting, in the presence of some three thousand ladies and gentlemen, and surrounded by men of deep still thought and patient investigation from many lands.

The scene was a gay one; but the ladies will pardon us if on such an occasion we naturally turn our opera-glass towards the men of European reputation that surround the President. There we see veterans in scientific research, still hearty and vigorous in their pursuits—such as Airy, Murchison, Brewster, Sedgwick, Sabine, Phillips, Owen, Hopkins, Daubeny, Willis, Miller, Crawfurd, Lankester, Belcher, Robinson, Hamilton, Wheatstone, Rawlinson, Sykes, Harris, Babington, Richardson, and a host of others. There is something very overpowering as you feel yourself in the presence of such an assembly. You have before you the embodiment of the collective science of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Novel thoughts chase each other through your mind as you gaze thereon. These men, who must be sublimated into the abstract and ideal,—how do they live, we wonder? Have they wives at

home? Have they children? Do they ever rock the cradle? Do they condescend to mix themselves in the affairs of everyday life? Suppose these walls were to collapse and extinguish altogether the lamp of science that is burning so brightly before us: how long would it take to repair the shattered argand, and re-fan the flame of knowledge to its present brilliancy? At how much would you think it necessary, in a commercial point of view, to insure the lives of these wise men, if they were collectively in danger? Such a question perhaps has never entered into the deliberations of the 'Sun Fire and Life' Directors. It is true, men's lives are valued in our courts of law, and the price is deducted from railway dividends. A peer of this realm, a bishop, a dean, a member of parliament, a cotton lord, a railway director—each of these may be the subject of a jury's assessment, be his worth much or little. But how value a man of science? The broken leg of a cattle-jobber, or the dislocated kneecap of a pig butcher, or the fractured rib of a butterbadger, may be worth forty pounds on an average; but the head that carries in it the unwritten history of the pre-Adamite world,—at how much, Mr. Foreman, would you assess the damage if that head were smashed? Awe-inspiring doubtless is the presence of this learned assembly; and yet, by degrees, as you watch the motions of these men, and see that they are but corporeal beings in coat, waistcoat, and trousers, your feeling of timid wonderment wears off. One of them you had pictured to yourself as constantly wielding the thigh-bone of a

megatherium, as Hercules brandished his club; another you could only fancy as existing in the midst of variously coloured flames, chemically produced, like some awful stage impersonation; another you had figured to yourself as peering perpetually through a mighty telescope; another as stirring up metallic substances in a fluid state; another as reducing eternity to seconds by means of cabalistic letters and mathematical symbols. But after a while they come down to your own level as ordinary bread-consuming mortals. Indeed, we have found out that philosophers are not necessarily stoical ascetics, but oftentimes men of good appetites and sound digestions, of clear heads and stout viscera—men who love turtle in its real entity better than in its mock substitution—men who can not only discuss the organisation of the finny tribe generally in the deep waters, but in particular the appetizing qualities of turbot and lobster sauce on the mahogany—men who can analyse the ingredients of fluids and propound to you the laws of hydrostatics in the lecture-room, but do not object to enter upon the more practical test of imbibing moderately in the dining-room the juices of the grape in their several varieties, vintages, and flavours.

We propound a question for the ladies—What is your opinion of the personal appearance of our scientific visitors as a whole? When great names have been long familiar to us, we have a natural curiosity about the looks of those who own them. Are they handsome or plain, bulky or thin, awkward or graceful? Philosophy, somehow, from the days of Socrates downwards, seems to have been associated in men's minds with unprepossessing features,

though Aristotle is said to have been a dandy. 'He is very clever,' we once heard a man say of another. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'he is quite ugly enough to be clever.' We think however that the theory is falsified by the most prominent members of the British Association. Occasionally you saw a quaint set of features in union with a comical figure; but generally the philosophic faces were very pleasing.

The President's address was a lucid, carefully written, but at the same time unpretentious review of the progress of science, especially of that department of science with which he is most familiar. He considered it more particularly in its application to works of practical utility, such as canals, steam navigation, machinery, railways—which in combination have multiplied almost beyond calculation the industrial resources of our country. Now, in so far as regards what is termed Applied Mechanics, Manchester need not yield to any other place in the successes it has achieved.

'One hundred years ago,' says Dr. Fairbairn, 'the only means for the conveyance of inland merchandise, were the pack-horses and wagons on the then imperfect highways.*' First of all probably the original track was beaten out by the successive tramplings of horses and men; then succeeded the primitive carriage road, following this path, which generally took the high ground, to avoid the undrained swamps and marshes.† Along this

* Address.

† From an advertisement in the *Mercurius Politicus*, April 1, 1658, we find that stage coaches were then beginning to run

ill-formed way heavy carriages lumbered slowly, with their wheels deeply sunk in rut and mire. By degrees the highways were improved, straightened, macadamized, and scientifically constructed, till thirty or forty years ago they had arrived at perfection for all the purposes of travelling; and along their smooth surface the gallant stage-coach, drawn by four high-mettled thoroughbreds, dashed at the rate of twelve miles an hour to the lively march of the guard's bugle. Then came the railway, with its train shaking the very earth by its motion, outstripping the swiftest race-horse, and never tiring in its speed. We have often stood on a hill-side—a small property of our own—along the great northern road, and marked the old pack-horse path, the original carriage road by its side, the scientifically constructed highway, and the railway, all within a stone's throw—symbols of the several stages of progress and civilisation through which our country has passed.

from London. From contemporaneous history however we may gather that the roads were what the Americans call 'Corduroy.' Indeed, they can have been but little traversed by carriages for another century. In 1754 a 'flying coach,' was started between Manchester and London; and, in the advertisement of the daring project, we find the following assurance:—'However incredible it may appear, this coach will actually (barring accidents) arrive in London in four days and a half after leaving Manchester!' In the *Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle*, we find that he and his friends performed the journey from London to Scotland on horseback about a hundred years ago. In 1784, when Pitt, at the suggestion of Mr. John Palmer, of Bath, reformed the system of mail conveyance, the post-office coaches travelled at the rate of barely four miles an hour.

Facility of transit is at once the precursor and the corollary of enlarging trade. Thus canals began to be cut some hundred years ago, and increased gradually till they traversed difficult tracts of country, rose to seemingly impossible levels, and penetrated into apparently impracticable localities. 'The impetus,' says Dr. Fairbairn, 'given to industrial operations by this new system of conveyance induced capitalists to embark in trade, in mining, and in the extension of manufactures in almost every district.'* Now, among the first promoters—if not the very first promoter—of this mode of carriage, was the last Duke of Bridgewater—the father of British inland navigation, as he is termed—an eccentric character, who left the gay world of London on the rupture of a love-match with one of the beautiful Misses Gunning, or, we may more properly say, the duchess of Hamilton; and reduced his expenditure to four hundred pounds a year at Worsley, that he might complete his daring undertakings, in conjunction with Mr. Gilbert, his agent, and Brindley, who was originally a millwright. Of this remarkable man we have neither biography,† nor monument, nor statue, though much has been said about his introduction to the company of the great Duke,

* Address.

† In *The Lives of the Engineers*, which is announced as nearly ready for publication, we see that Mr. Smiles will give us biographies both of the Duke of Bridgewater and Brindley. [He has incorporated many particulars of the Duke's life in the biography of James Brindley. He has also, in some preceding chapters, given us an interesting account of our 'early roads and modes of travelling.'—1866.]

Sir Robert Peel, Dalton, and Watt, in our Infirmary-square; but the monuments of his wonderful enterprise yet remain, and to him assuredly applies the inscription on the tomb of the great architect—‘Si quæris monumentum, circumspice.’ His canals—for they are yet called the Duke’s—still penetrate far away under the hill-sides—awful tunnels, which nevertheless our Queen has explored;* his barges, or those of his successors, still bear the produce of his mines to Manchester and the surrounding districts, not certainly over pellucid waters, but over a fluid compounded of dingy and odoriferous ingredients. He was a great man, and he did a great work in his generation. What would have been his sensations if, as he stood on the Worsley hill-side, he could have seen the first railway train rumbling over Chat Moss, and could have heard it, as it were, snorting and shrieking an unearthly defiance to all past projects of conveyance and locomotion!†

* The Earl of Ellesmere, writing before this event, says—‘Distinguished visitors have visited this curious nether world. The collective science of England was shut up in it for some hours, rather to the discomfiture of some of its members, when the British Association held its meeting at Manchester in 1843. Heads, if not crowned, destined to become so, have bowed themselves beneath its arched tunnels; among others, that of the present Emperor of Russia. The Duc de Bordeaux is the last in the list.’—*The Quarterly Review*, No. cxlvi.

† Only the other day we met with a lady, between eighty and ninety years of age, who recollects the Duke very well. She was a relative of one of his stewards, and a friend of Mr. Gilbert, his head agent. She prides herself on once having had, as a girl

And here we are reminded that from Manchester our present system of railway conveyance took its rise. 'I well remember the competition at Rainhill in 1825,' says Dr. Fairbairn in his address, 'and the incredulity everywhere evinced at the proposal to run locomotives at twenty miles an hour. Neither George Stephenson himself, nor any one else, had at that time the most distant idea of the capabilities of the railway system.' Since that period, what a social revolution has been effected by it! Our country has embarked millions upon millions in the construction of railways; trade has enlarged itself with enlarged facilities of carriage and commu-

of fifteen, a recognition from him at Worsley,—a very unusual occurrence, for he invariably turned aside when he caught sight of a female dress at a distance. She described him as a man of middle height, inclining to be stout, somewhat undukely, and with an aspect not unlike that of George the Third. He took an immense quantity of snuff; and consistently he was dressed from head to foot in a snuff-coloured cloth. He was never seen after dinner, except by some favourite agent, and he is said, like Cato of old, to have warmed his cold chastity every evening with mellow liquor of some kind. (*Hor. Car.* iii. xxi.) This agrees on the whole with what Lord Ellesmere has related of him in the *Quarterly Review*. He seems to have had some presentiment of the reign of railways. 'At a period,' writes Lord Ellesmere, 'when he was now beginning to reap the profit of his perseverance and sacrifices, Lord Kenyon congratulated him on the result. "Yes," he replied, "we shall do well enough, if we can keep clear of those d—d tramways."' It is clear that in 1796 he was not wanting either in patriotism or money. When Pitt started his 'Loyalty Loan,' the Duke 'tendered a draft at sight on his banker for £100,000.'—*The Annual Register*, 1796, quoted by Lord Stanhope in his *Life of Pitt*, vol. ii. p. 390.

nication; national wealth has proportionately increased; the broad and unreasonable distinctions of society are in some degree broken down; domestic comforts are placed more within the reach of the poor; distant places are brought near; intercourse is facilitated; and the smoke-begrimed operatives of the town have their pleasant trips, and are enabled on occasions to bask awhile in heaven's sunshine, as they gaze on the well-wooded hillside, the glittering lake and the green valley, or as they inhale the refreshing breezes that come from the 'hoary sea,'—unthought-of recreations in olden time!

In the discovery of steam as a motive power, Lancashire, we know, had no share; but in the application of this stupendous agency our county has a peculiar and pre-eminent concern. Beneath its surface lie coal beds in great abundance, which more than compensate the sterility of the soil where they are found. The southern division of the county, it is true, is almost destitute of iron, but it has a ready communication by rail, canal, and sea-coasts, with Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, Furness, and Wales, where this metal is plentiful. Without overlooking our unrivalled water power and convenient sea-ports, on our coal beds and minerals, it may be asserted, rests mainly our manufacturing and mercantile supremacy. Then comes in mighty steam, the offspring of our coal, and the fellow-worker with our iron; and if we were not at the birth of the young Titan, we have given him plenty of employment as he grew up; we have arrayed him becomingly in his working dress; we have invented

instruments by which he might labour, and improved upon engines by which he might labour more effectually. In our foundries he is engaged in wielding the hammer that would crush the granite rock, or driving the delicate lathe that polishes the finest steel. In the mine he toils unceasingly, lightening labour in that 'void abysm.' On our railroads he whirls along incalculable burdens almost without a strain on his powers. From our ports he carries forth our merchandise to every land, almost in defiance of the elements above and the great deep beneath. Consider the action of steam and machinery on cotton manufacture alone :

When Arkwright (says Dr. Fairbairn in his Address) patented his water frames in 1767, the annual consumption of cotton was about four million pounds weight. Now it is about one thousand two hundred million pounds weight—three hundred times as much. Within half a century the number of spindles at work, spinning cotton alone, has increased tenfold ; whilst by superior mechanism, each spindle produces fifty per cent. more yarn than on the old system. Hence the importance to which the cotton trade has risen, equalling at the present time the whole revenue of the three kingdoms, or £70,000,000 sterling per annum. As late as 1820, the power loom was not in existence ; now it produces fourteen million yards of cloth, or, in more familiar terms, nearly eight thousand miles of cloth per diem. I give these particulars to show the immense power of production of this country, and to afford some conception of the number and quality of the machines which effect such wonderful results.

Nór is the machine itself more wonderful than are the tools employed for its construction :

When I first entered this city (says the President) the whole of the machinery was executed by hand. Now everything is done

by machine tools, with a degree of accuracy which the unaided hand could never accomplish. The automaton, or self-acting machine tool, has within itself an almost creative power; in fact, so great are its powers of adaptation, that there is no operation of the human hand that it does not imitate. For many of these improvements the country is indebted to the genius of our townsmen, Mr. Richard Roberts, and Mr. Joseph Whitworth.

And further on, the President alludes to the inventive faculty of the latter—a man who has raised himself from a comparatively humble position solely by his energy and skill :

To Mr. Whitworth, mechanical science is indebted for some of the most accurate and delicate pieces of mechanism ever executed; and the exactitude he has introduced into every mechanical operation, will long continue to be the admiration of posterity. His system of screw threads and gauges is now in general use throughout Europe. We owe to him a machine for measuring with accuracy to the millionth of an inch, employed in the production of standard gauges; and his laborious and interesting experiments on rifled ordnance have resulted in the production of a rifled small arm and gun, which have never been surpassed for range and precision of fire.

The science of chemistry, again, comes within the special cognizance of certain departments of the Manchester trade. Chemical theories on calico-printing, dyeing, and bleaching, seem to be yet somewhat crude and imperfect among us. Hitherto, our countrymen engaged in these trades have been guided more by their experience as colorists than by the study of chemical laws in the abstract. In France, this science in its application to calico-printing, has been constituted a

definite one in the government schools, and it has consequently made greater progress there than in our own country. Here however the subject is attracting more attention from year to year; fresh facts are brought out from time to time on the nature of colouring matters, and the application of colours; and we doubt not but that the field of exploration, yet only imperfectly worked, will one day yield a plentiful harvest of discovery and of profit to the scientific analyst.

It is this utilitarian turn of the Manchester mind which not unfrequently raises the sneer on refined lips. There is something ignoble in this unceasing pursuit of the useful, backed by the question, 'What can we make by it?' Well, be it so. This mode of thinking and acting, when carried too far, is of the earth, earthy: no doubt there is something more sublime and spiritual in the love of knowledge for its own sake. But this is not 'human nature's daily food.' Men and women have to eat and drink, to be warmed and clothed, to be housed and bedded; and in providing such rather important items of hourly existence, Manchester has done good service. Come now, grumbler as you are, be candid and charitable; look around you, and see what you owe to our energy. As a husband of a stout wife, and father of six extensively dressed daughters, calculate what you would have had to pay in the articles of dress merely, if our Lancashire faculty of invention had not been exerted in cheapening their production. Each of those dear pledges of affection is enveloped from head to foot, from flounce to flannel, in our manufactures,

which we have reduced in cost some five or tenfold for your benefit. Look around your drawing-room, and consider how much you owe to us for the quality and low price of much of its furniture. Your coals are cheapened through our means; your household expenditure is reduced; your travelling is facilitated; your general comforts are increased. Enjoy then the benefits we confer on you, and be ashamed of your sneers.

On the Thursday morning the sectional meetings commenced, and continued throughout the session with unabated success. They were as a rule well attended both by ladies and gentlemen, and the audiences seemed to take a lively interest in their proceedings. The several lecture-rooms were in the very heart of the business part of the city; and there seemed something like an incongruity in the scene, as flocks of scientific ladies and gentlemen were threading their way in pursuit of knowledge in the midst of spring vans and loads of calicoes, as fat lurrymen were gee-who-ing to the interruption of learned conversation, and omnibus conductors were touting for sedate philosophers who would not respond. It was science among cotton bales. In this particular, we admit, Oxford presented a more consistent picture. The pedestrians you met there were habited in academical costume, moving along with classic step; its very streets were silent and decorous; there was not an echo to disturb the ideal.

If we were to give the substance only of one half the papers that were read at the meeting, it would occupy volumes. We will merely touch on some of the most

noticeable. Mr. Warren de la Rue opened the mathematical section with a very interesting contribution 'On the Progress of Celestial Photography since the Meeting at Aberdeen.' By improvements in that marvellous art he had succeeded in fixing the images of the heavenly bodies; in the case of comets however he had been entirely baffled. Professor Owen favoured the meeting with four or five short treatises on zoological subjects. Sir David Brewster contributed several dissertations on different phases of vision. Du Chaillu read two papers—'On the Geography and Natural History of Western Equatorial Africa,' and 'On the People of Western Equatorial Africa,' which however did not give any additional information to that contained in his book of adventures. Mr. Crawford, the President of the ethnological section—and, we may be permitted to say, the most dogmatic of all the Presidents—delivered an address 'On the Antiquity of Man from the Evidence of Language,' in which he brought together a great amount of information, but deduced no logical conclusion whatever from his much elaborated premisses.*

* [Is not this fashion of dogmatising on very uncertain data a growing infirmity among our scientific men? No one can peruse carefully the discussions and treatises on this very subject, the Antiquity of Man, which is now so popular, without perceiving that mere suppositions are reasoned on as facts, and that conclusions, apparently preconceived, are arrived at with unusual facility. We presume not to say how soon any definite hypothesis can be substantiated; but in the mean time we would ask our philosophers to keep in mind the saying of an ancient, that

There was a discussion on Darwin's Theory, introduced by Mr. Fawcett, to which hypothesis the same remark will apply. Darwin's facts are well arranged so far as they go, but they do not prove his theory; there is no logical link between the two. Dr. Daubeny contributed several interesting essays on botanical and chemical subjects. Professor Airy gave the result of his Greenwich observations on the laws of terrestrial magnetic force. In the mechanical section, there were some useful treatises produced, and discussions elicited, on such topics as Steam-ships, Artillery *versus* Arms, Iron-cased Ships, Experimental Targets, Iron Columns, Wrought-Iron Bridges and Girders, and Enlarged Projectiles, in which debates the principal speakers were Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mr. J. Scott Russell, Dr. Fairbairn, Captain Blakely, Mr. Vignoles, and Mr. Bateman. In the Economic and Statistical department, our own townsmen came out vigorously; and we had papers on the Cotton Trade, Printing, Bleaching, Manchester Improvements, Strikes, Co-operative Societies, Taxation, Sanitary Improvements, Education, the Census, Capital Punishments, and questions of a like character.

The officials who have to decide on the papers to be produced, have doubtless a difficult and delicate task; and they fulfil it very satisfactorily on the whole. Still we think they might have curtailed the list with advantage, striking off what was very obscure on the one hand, and what was only commonplace on the other. The
'the very nerves and sinews of knowledge consist in believing nothing rashly.'—1866.]

Astronomer Royal in his opening address laid it down with his characteristic good sense, that ‘nothing ought to be brought before the meeting which could not be comprehended *ipso facto* by the majority of those present—that it was no use to bring complicated formulæ, which could not be understood without a month’s study in a printed book.’ And yet he admitted his bewilderment when his eye met such a thesis as this,—‘On the Canonical Form of the Decadic Binary Quantic.’ On the other hand, we venture to think that the importance of some of the essays would have been amply satisfied by their being read before the members of a local Athenæum or printed in the *Weekly Chronicle*.*

The lion of the meeting was unquestionably M. du Chaillu. The ladies were all inquiring, which is

* [We remember that the committee of selection refused several papers, because they touched on religious or scriptural topics. We are not blaming the association for laying down the rule that such subjects are to be excluded, still less for adhering impartially to it. But why, at its meeting in 1864, make such an ostentatious—nay, vulgar—demonstration, as it appears to us, in glorification of Dr. Colenso, who was impugning the veracity of Holy Writ. If the rule of neutrality is not to be a dead letter, it ought surely to be maintained among honest men where the Scriptures are attacked, as well as where they are supported. We should not say that the meeting at Birmingham (1865) has been a success either in the class of its subjects, or in the position of those that discussed them. As philosophers delight in laying claim to the character of impartiality, they ought to show by their conduct that there is a reality in their profession. An Association of truly learned men, in its original formation, may degenerate into a mere ‘Young Men’s Mutual Improvement Society,’ held once a year on a large scale.—1866.]

Du Chaillu? And then they were amazed to find that this gorilla-killer is a little thin man, who does not look very formidable after all. Yes, but his face had been bronzed by an African sun, his moustache was very black, and his accent was quaint and foreign, all which characteristics are so interesting. It is true there were Anti-Chaillu-ites of the male species, but they were silenced, of course. Then, we think Professor Owen, his chivalrous supporter, though not a handsome man, was next favourite with the ladies. His fine head—his modest, but cool, self-possessed manner—the interesting subjects he handles so well—are all in his favour.

Professor Owen is a native of Lancaster; he was educated at the Grammar School there,* and there also he passed through his preparatory training for the medical profession. We are ourselves a native of the neighbourhood of Lancaster, and Owen used to be a frequent visitor at our house in the holidays, as a friend of some members of the family who were our seniors; he is described as a rough, straightforward lad, without a particle of conceit in his composition. That he should then manifest no assumption of superiority, is reasonable enough; but that he should still retain the same unpretending character, after a course of unexampled scientific success, would be more remarkable, did we

* The Rev. Mr. Rowley of Lancaster, who has now arrived at a very advanced age, can dwell with a lively recollection on having wielded the school-master's cane over both Professor Owen and Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity.

not generally find that a consciousness of mental power is associated with a freedom from silly vanity and rude dogmatism. It is a vague sense of their own mental weakness that makes men arrogant and presumptuous. They are desirous of compensating for want of mind by confidence of manner. A near relative of our own had the control of a ducal mansion and property near Lancaster; and as the family never resided there, pic-nic parties were occasionally permitted to enjoy themselves in the grounds and to practise the patient art of angling in the fishponds. Professor Owen, long after he had acquired a name of world-wide celebrity, used to ask permission when he came down to Lancaster, to have an afternoon's fishing in the old grounds; he would wend his way three miles, rod in hand and pannier on back, to enjoy himself doubtless; but not so much in catching half a dozen roach, with an occasional perch of some few ounces in weight, as in reviving old recollections and youthful associations, in sauntering through pleasure grounds linked with pleasing memories, and reclining under the shadow of some ancient beech, while a pert sportive dace might be making free with the bait of the great anatomist. He would delight in spending a solitary sunny afternoon, not reconstructing some gigantic skeleton from a few of its smallest relics, bringing together like the prophet in the wild valley 'bone to his bone,' investing them with 'the sinews and the flesh,' and 'covering them with the skin from above,' but forgetful of pre-adamite creation in the gush of youthful feelings long pent up, turning back the finger

of time, reducing the man into the boy, and revelling for a space in childish day-dreams.

There were not many incidents of a salient kind in the sectional meetings. That interminable question about the ape's *hippocampus minor* was again introduced. Owen, whatever he may be with the ladies, is not a favourite with many of his scientific brethren: he is charged with a provoking indifference to all theories that run counter to his own, even though a host of opponents confront him. When Du Chaillu had finished one of his readings, he was subjected to a somewhat severe cross-examination on his African knowledge; the interrogation however was not well received by the audience. In one of the sections an erratic associate got up and declared that he was permeated bodily by a powerful current of electricity—that it had burnt a hole in his flannel shirt and discoloured his watch. He pulled out his watch for inspection, and would willingly no doubt have pulled off his flannel for the same purpose. The President however on gravely examining the piece of mechanism, decided that it was in very serviceable order and not at all injured. The eccentric member did not consider that he met with becoming attention; so he issued a 'proclamation' summoning a meeting in which he engaged to elucidate 'all the phenomena of nature;' but whether he achieved his arduous enterprise we never heard. The only discussion of genuine liveliness was on the Patent Laws, in which Sir W. G. Armstrong, Dr. Fairbairn, Lord Wrottesley, Mr. Groves, Captain Blakely, the Right Hon. J. Napier, the Mayor

of Manchester, Lord Stanley, Mr. Aston, and Mr. Scott Russell took part. Whether new light was thrown on the Patent Laws we pretend not to say; but this effervescent debate proves thus much—that it is every-day needs which really come home to the heart—that our globe may revolve, comets burst on us, eclipses recur, and marvellous discoveries be made in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, and that all the while the mind moves serenely as the moon itself; but only enter that innermost shrine, that *adytum*, the breeches' pocket or the bank-book, and the heart waxes warm, the face red, and the tongue voluble. What is there for dinner? or, is there any dinner? is a more pressing problem than, Who inhabit the planets? or, have the planets any inhabitants at all? The *argumentum ad crumenam* is more powerful than truth.

But the most popular entertainments of the week were the evening *soirées* and lectures in the Free Trade Hall. The large room had been elegantly fitted up and decorated with choice pictures for the meeting of the Association; and when filled with some three thousand ladies and gentlemen, it presented a gay and pleasing sight, without any reference to scientific attractions. Then some of our best organists were engaged, and played at intervals selections from the music of our great masters on the fine instrument which is in the hall. Here the ladies were at home; it might be a question how far they had been able to follow in the morning that paper 'On the Theory of Glacial Motion;' but now the eye was fascinated by agreeable scenes,

and the ear entranced with harmonious sounds, and the thoughts engaged in interesting conversation, without any anxious study or sense of mental perplexity.

On the Thursday evening there was an exhibition of first-class microscopes, under the direction of the microscopical section of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. In all there were some hundred and fifteen instruments with their respective curious objects—an unprecedented number to be collected under one roof. The Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society is an institution venerable in years and distinguished in the world of science. Among its members, past and present, honorary and ordinary, we find many distinguished names; and discoveries have emanated from it of world-wide celebrity. The results of Dr. Dalton's researches were for the most part first published in its memoirs; the original conception of his Atomic Theory seems to have sprung from his essay on mixed gases.* We have the germs of Dr. Fairbairn's future discoveries in some of his papers read before the Society. In its memoirs we first find an exposition of Dr. Joule's researches into the laws of elastic fluids. There also were originally made known the results of some of Professor Hodgkinson's experiments—to whose life of patient investigation and recent death the President made graceful allusion in his opening address.

On the Friday evening, Professor Miller delivered in the Concert Hall a lecture 'on the Spectrum Analysis,'

* *Memoirs of Dr. Dalton*, by Dr. Henry, pp. 24 and 62.

a subject of considerable interest and some difficulty. We should despair of making it intelligible to our readers, even if our space permitted the trial; but the Professor, with his abundant illustrations, succeeded in leaving a general idea of it on the minds of his hearers. He traversed the path of discovery on this subject step by step, from the researches of Newton to those of Kirchoff and Bunsen, showing how these investigations revealed to us, not only something of the nature of those distant solar orbs which stud the firmament, but also of substances so minute as to have hitherto defied all the powers of analysis and the subtlest chemical skill.

‘What a wonderful triumph of human intellect it was,’ said Dr. Robinson, on proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, ‘even to measure the dimensions of the sun; to pass over that vast field that separated him from us, and to weigh that great orb in the balance, and to say that it was of such a specific gravity! By the marvellous powers of sight—those powers which linked together for us distant portions of space—it might be conceived that we could pass over that enormous void; but what a triumph it was to say that we could travel there with the understanding—to say that the sun was of such a magnitude, of such a gravity, contained such elements, was composed of such substances, and was a part of our system, bound to us by a community of elements!’

On the Saturday evening the *soirée* in the Free Trade Hall might be termed magical without indulging in rhetorical hyperbole. Arranged in the central part of the room were nearly eighty telegraphic instruments, illustrative of the progressive improvement in their structure, and of their varieties as in present use. Mr.

Grove gave a very instructive address of half an hour on the history of the telegraph, tracing the several steps of invention whereby it had arrived at its present completeness. Then messages were dispatched from the hall to distant parts, each of which received an almost immediate answer. Can you in your imagination picture a scene of more lively interest? The wildest fancies of Eastern romance never came up to the reality as here brought before the eyes. A hall of magnificent proportions and size, splendidly fitted up, overcrowded with the representatives of beauty and fashion, of philosophy and commerce! the eye resting on fair faces, rich dresses, gay colours in motion, intellectual features, wherever it turned! Then we hear the whirring of wires, the ringing of bells, the flashes of the electric spark, and the click of the telegraphic instrument. Next a message is despatched to St. Petersburg,—‘What is the time, and how is the weather?’—and the reply is almost instantaneous—‘Weather beautiful, sky clear, time 10·52, temperature 12½ degrees Reaumur.’ But this is not enough; the question must be speeded on to Moscow, whence also comes an immediate answer. Nay, more—communication is opened with Odessa, and still further, with Nicolaief; and had not a violent storm intervened in some unknown locality, it would have been carried to Taganrog on the north-east coast of the sea of Azof. As it was, there were compliments interchanged in sixty seconds between that hall and some bleak, dreary place 2800 miles away. It is with majestic power that the Greek poet describes how the

lamp of fire flashed from promontory to hill, from hill to shore, from shore to isle, from isle to watch-tower, skimming over ocean, and lake, and plain, till the message of the destruction of Troy was conveyed from the burning city to the haughty Queen Clytemnestra in her halls at Argos;* there is something grand and graphic in the onward speeding of the fiery cross of Roderick Dhu; there is a spirit-stirring dash in Macaulay's description of the telegraphic rousing of the nation by watchfires, when the Spanish Armada was expected on our shores; but all these poetic descriptions, beautiful as they may be—strained as the mind must have been to summon images from the realms of fancy to produce them—how tame are they in comparison with such a scene as is here exhibited in fact, when the spark of heaven is made the messenger of man, and does his bidding at the speed of 200,000 miles—as much as eight times round the earth—in the space of a single second!

On the Monday evening the lecture of the Astronomer Royal on the late eclipse was a great treat. What a pleasing impression does Professor Airy leave upon the mind, not so much from that unrivalled mathematical genius with which he is confessedly gifted, as from his affability and good-humour! He seems to be a man who would adapt his conversation to the capacity of a child with as much genial kindness as he would discuss some abstruse problem with the mathematician. His lecture was illustrated by a large orrery and numerous drawings of

* Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, l. 273—307.

eclipses under every phase. He exhibited also very effectively the process of the polarisation of light. After the lecture, Mr. Warren de la Rue projected upon the screen the two photographs he had taken of the eclipse, which were singularly striking and beautiful. Professor Airy's voice was too weak for a room so large and overcrowded; but they who could not hear from the distance kept quiet for the benefit of those who could. We have frequently witnessed speakers called popular, and who thought themselves somewhat, put down ruthlessly on that platform by an assembly which could not hear; but the visitors on this occasion maintained a becoming and respectful stillness, and there was never the slightest prospect of the Astronomer Royal being Free-trade-hall-ed.

We are here reminded of an incident preceding the lecture which is very characteristic of our people. In consequence of the crowded state of the hall no places could be obtained near the platform; but unluckily some gentlemen who were perspiring in the crowd caught sight of a considerable number of reserved seats, empty and tempting. Now, Manchester hates monopoly: the name of protectionist is an abomination to it: besides, monopoly in the Free Trade Hall! Gradually we observed a moving of heads in the direction of the reserved seats—a swaying about as if certain bodies were put under particular pressure: then exclamations arose, apparently of defiance between the propelling and the resistant forces: it was the question between anti-monopoly and police protection. All the

time the Astronomer Royal, who was on the point of commencing his address, looked down from his altitude with philosophic composure, as though he had witnessed such scenes before. At length the barrier gave way, and the anti-monopolists rushed into the reserved seats. We marked one brave combatant in particular, who took up a conspicuous position: he was round-faced, corpulent, and palpitating; his white waistcoat and shirt-front were disordered; he hitched up first one shoulder and then the other, as though his braces were deranged; he moved restlessly even on the favoured seat, as though his trousers were not comfortable; he wiped his forehead convulsively with his white handkerchief; and he glanced defiantly on all the people before him, much as we might suppose Tom Assheton Smith did when the mob persisted in drowning his oratory, and he, desirous of changing the mode of dialectics, challenged the best man of the crowd to a fair stand-up fight. Our friend's tumultuous emotions might perhaps subside under the oil of science, as the storm abated when the Ledæan star arose;* but we fear much that he would only enter imperfectly into the arcana of eclipses and the polarisation of light.

The last *soirée* was as well attended as the preceding ones. There was on the occasion an exhibition of botanical and zoological specimens, numerous and choice, contributed by the members of the Manchester Field Naturalists' Society. This association is mainly in-

* Hor. *Odes*, i. 25.

debted for what success it has achieved to Mr. Leo H. Grindon, a local naturalist of considerable eminence, by whom a paper 'On the Flora of Manchester' was read before the Botanical section. The members during the summer months take Saturday afternoon excursions into the country by rail and otherwise; and as ladies are of the company, we may conclude that the trips are agreeable, if not altogether devoted to science. How far all may add to their zoological knowledge and botanical specimens, we cannot say; but they will add to their health by breathing the pure air of the country, and they will share in and diffuse a rational enjoyment.

On looking back over the week's session, a bystander might perhaps be impressed with the notion that but few new truths had been elicited, but few doubtful speculations cleared up, but few discoveries achieved in the limitless region of the unknown. Be it remembered, however, that the process of discovery is a tardy one: the whole science of physics is one of induction; and this procedure is slow, if it is to be sure. The metaphysical and moral sciences have advanced but little since the days of Aristotle; nor is there any scope for their progression, from the very nature of their subject-matter; but physical science has only been commencing its onward march in earnest within a comparatively recent period. The collective gathering of one year's truths may seem to be small in itself, but it is so much added to the previously accumulated mass. The *ἐπιστήμη* of the Greeks implies a step onward; and at every

meeting of the British Association there is some further advance into the Cimmerian region of the undiscovered—some higher stand-point taken in the atmosphere of knowledge—some observable ascent into the dark defiles and mountain fastnesses of nature. Consider, not how much one year or one session has brought to light, but how much has been recovered from obscurity since the formation of the society. If but a few shells yearly be picked up by the side of the great ocean Truth, the museum is enlarging silently and gradually; and we are permitted to inspect at our leisure those articles of rarity which have cost the philosopher so much labour, anxiety, and time in the search.

The museum of inductive truth is now co-extensive with the world. Philosophers pass away; but their contributions to this world-wide exposition of facts remain behind. Particular languages are so generally intelligible, that a discovery in one tongue becomes a discovery among all civilised nations. Intercourse between the ends of the earth is now so comparatively easy and rapid, that the knowledge of one hemisphere is equally shared by the other. Discoveries may be concealed for a time; the spread of invention may for a while be restricted by laws; but the truth developed by the individual soon becomes the property of the world. And more than all, science is indebted for its duration to one of its own offspring, the marvellous art of printing. Without this, we could have no guarantee but that in the lapse of ages, or the devastation of kingdoms, or political revolutions, or national decay, arts

might perish and knowledge vanish away. It has been so in former times. The literary products of mighty minds have crumbled away and gone for ever; the light of discovery has been re-clouded; science, in some of its departments, has gone out, leaving succeeding generations darker than their predecessors; inventions have been lost, and been revived after the lapse of ages; specimens of art have come down to us from remote antiquity, which baffle the ingenuity of the nineteenth century and defy our attempts at imitation. But this gradual extinction of the lamp of knowledge cannot be apprehended now. The known is stereotyped in many indelible forms, and, so far from being stationary, is borne over land and sea, to be reproduced in every quarter of the globe, and to endure, we may suppose, so long as the earth itself shall endure.

To some minds there is a justifiable cause for alarm in this intense love of investigation and this wide diffusion of knowledge. They are in perpetual dread lest the discoveries of physical science should come into collision with divine revelation. But while we advocate ever a reverential investigation into the secret things of the material world, we would venture to ask whether the very sensitiveness of such men, springing though it does out of a good motive, may not in its excess injure the very cause of divine truth which they are so anxious to maintain? There will be found no discrepancy whatever between the terms of revelation and the discoveries of physical science which the sincerest Christian may not willingly allow. It resolves itself mainly into

a question of words. A physical law may not be inaccurately, though it may be unscientifically propounded. Besides, it is not the purpose of divine revelation to teach the laws of physical science. Revelation, strictly speaking, is concerned only with matters above the investigation of unaided reason: the hidden things of creation are properly left for the exercise of the reasoning faculties alone. Why reveal what is not essential to our eternal welfare, and what our intellect can sufficiently explore for any needful purpose? Whatever statements are made in Scripture on natural laws are but incidental to the main design, and were clearly intended to be in consistency with the intellectual advancement of the people to whom they were addressed. Could it have been otherwise? Would not scientific explanations have been the means of darkening spiritual knowledge? Should we not have suspected the genuineness of a writing which propounded certain minute laws of astronomy, for example, in scientific terms some thousands of years before they could have been comprehended?

Let science, then, pursue her course reverently, and we anticipate no results but what are good. Doubtless the great Creator, in implanting within us our mental faculties, has as surely intended that they should be exercised to the utmost of their powers, as that our bodily members should be brought into most serviceable use. It would be a contradiction to suppose that He who said, 'Let there be light, and there was light,' should forbid the creature to study the properties of

that subtle, all-pervading, life-bestowing agent—that He who ‘garnished the heavens’ with their millions of shining orbs, should not allow us to carry our researches into the wonders of his surpassing handiwork—that He who formed the globe with its marvellous adaptations to human wants, should not permit us either to penetrate beneath its surface and trace out its changes, or dive into the secret recesses of the great deep, and out of all the secondary causes educe proofs of the goodness and wisdom of the first great Cause—that He who formed man, so curiously and skilfully constructed in bodily frame, and in spirit partaking of the divine effluence, should not be willing for us to apply the mental faculties of His giving, to investigate within ourselves the evidences of His designing hand and the extent of His creative power. Natural science in its very nature is progressive: the revealed word is unchangeable. Philosophy will carry on her speculations, sometimes rising upward like the eagle to the sunlight, and sometimes, like the eagle battling with the storm, baffled in her daring ascent. But the Word of God will remain the while unprogressive, unchanging, fixed—unmoved amidst the advances of human learning and the revolutions of earthly empires—not developing new truths, but guarding and perpetuating old and the greatest of all truths, the way-marks to a kingdom that changeth not—steady as the rock, while the stream of scientific speculation is sweeping onward at its base—firm as the foundation of the everlasting hills—like its author, ‘the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’

VI.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE, STUDIED
UNDER SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

Do not start, timid reader, at the term philosophy as applied to marriage; it is not our intention to enter into a discussion upon 'love in the abstract'—a question on which Sydney Smith once heard a Scotch couple coolly engaged as they stood up to dance amidst the crash of a brass band. The philosophy of marriage is not necessarily the metaphysics of marriage. Alas! how much power of thought—healthy, germinating, budding thought—has run to noxious weed on the sterile soil of metaphysics! How much mental steam has been blown off through the metaphysical safety-valve with no other effect than an unearthly shriek and a startling whistle! The term in its philological derivation, as Aristotle informs us,* signifies 'after physics;' the concrete is of course the first in time, the abstract succeeds. Would it not have been possible to have

* Aristotle's treatise on metaphysics is entitled τῶν μετὰ τὰ φυσικά.

postponed the latter *sine die*? Could we not have dispensed with the whole tribe of metaphysicians since the world began? They form no necessary link in the catena of animal creation. Are they subject to the same feelings as other human beings, we wonder? Do they eat, drink, and get married? Are they fathers of families? Do they enlist into Volunteer Rifle regiments? Or do they live in an atmosphere of mind, feeding on the light food of reflection and fresh air? Happily they quarrel and fight; else we might take them for pure abstractions. Then what dogmatic, supercilious, patronising creatures they are! We have had the honour of being acquainted with several; we have even shaken hands with Mansel; but they, one and all, seem to look down on you from their eminence of thought, as though they dwelt, like the deities of Lucretius, in some empyrean of their own. One of them seems to say, You do not understand my theory of idealism; another, You cannot fully comprehend my system of consciousness. Very well: we admit that we do not quite fathom either your *rationale* of idealism or of consciousness; and what benefit would accrue to us if we did? Would our perceptions be clearer if we understood all the operations of the human mind? Should we be practically wiser if we could dive into all your mysteries about the wonderful first person singular, 'I'? Of all subjects of speculation, that of metaphysics is the most barren. Great minds are ever engaged on it; but the issue is ever the same empty exercitation,—stale, flat, and unprofitable. The subject is old and dry as Adam, or a

Scotchman, or a dust-heap in an east wind. We are now rustivating; and as we sit before our desk, we see a horse-breaker at a distance lunging his four-year-old in its gallant trappings round and round in an unceasing circle. The gentleman in corduroys with a long whip in his hand is a symbolical representation of the metaphysician. From the earliest days of Greek philosophy down through the learned times of the Roman Empire, right across the refinings of the middle ages, even to the Kantian speculations of Germany, Edinburgh, and Oxford, metaphysics has been trotting round the same circle in its gorgeous trappings without ever leaping its bounds or doing the slightest practical good to the human species; and so it will go on trotting round and round like a circus horse with a spangled lady on its back for the next thousand years, unless it come into collision a few years hence with Dr. Cumming's *Great Tribulation*.

Our philosophy then, be it understood, is a practical one. We are a bachelor in declining years—just old enough to study human nature with an insight tolerably clear and a temper reasonably crusty; in other words, after having picked up some crumbs of experience in our way through life, we have arrived at an age when we are justified in setting up as a practical philosopher. For what is practical philosophy but an assumption of experimental superiority with a dash of bitterness in it? We have, like Ulysses, 'seen many men and visited many cities;' we have buffeted with the world; we have 'had losses, go to;' we have had tender disappointments perhaps, ahem! We are therefore entitled

to give advice to our juniors upon topics in general, and upon love and marriage in particular. A somewhat delicate and dangerous responsibility, we are aware, is that of giving advice to youths and maidens, especially on the subject of marriage. A young gentleman tumbles over head and ears into love, and he awakes in the morning finding that he and Fanny Larkspur have become engaged at the last night's ball. He rubs his eyes and begins to calculate his income. He wonders whether he has acted prudently. Then he rushes off to a practical philosopher like ourself, to satisfy his doubts and scruples. He merely puts the question, Shall he propose or not? He keeps out of sight altogether the fact that he has done so already, and been accepted. You dissuade him from the match; you point out to him how impossible it is to keep a giddy girl on 300*l.* a year; you venture, in your zeal for your friend's welfare, to abuse the lady; you call her insipid, ill-mannered, devoid of taste. Woe be to you! Away he goes, and the same evening tells her all you said; and you have in her the bitterest foe that nature can compound, even to the day of your death. Should a young gentleman, then, ever come to you, with a pale face and flurried manner, and ask you whether it is advisable for him to marry any Fanny Larkspur, put this question to him at once—'Come now, Harry, tell me plainly and truthfully, are you not engaged to her already? Out with it like a man.' Do not forget this caution, unless 'in the nymph's orisons' you wish your 'sins to be remembered.'

But you ask, What business has an old bachelor to discuss the question of marriage? What experience has he had in the vicissitudes of wedded life? What does he know of its delights and its cares? Must he not be in entire ignorance of those numberless delicate incidents which arise behind the scenes matrimonial? It seems little better than impertinence for an old curmudgeon who has lived all his life like a snail in its shell to attempt a treatise on the æsthetics of marriage. He may be a mathematician, a metaphysician, a politician; he may be an adept at all the isms and ologies of science; but the fellow deserves a whipping for poking his nose like a Paul Pry into the inner shrine, the penetralia, of married life. My dear madam, you look but on the surface of the question; you skim over it, gracefully no doubt, but lightly as Camilla. We hesitate not to say that we are far better fitted to write upon the subject than your 'experienced' paterfamilias who has run half a century in matrimonial double-harness. Can such an one be an unprejudiced observer? He must either be an uxorious moon-calf or a woman-hating misanthrope. But you know nothing of the mysteries of matrimony, sir. Indeed! we know more than you fancy, madam; the man that sees only with the outward eye is a fool. Then, we are not affected by petty incidents that distort the judgment. We take an enlarged view of our subject: we generalise upon it with the broad views of a philosopher. The man who has been compelled to rise from his bed on a winter's night to nurse a squealing baby has surely enough upon

his hands and in his ears without going beyond his own bedroom. If he had to write a treatise on marriage, his induction of facts would be limited and imperfect, and his conclusions narrow and inaccurate. He would lay down no general principles. His view of the matter in question would be simply, that matrimony was something closely connected with disturbed rest and squealing babies. So would it be throughout. Your hen-pecked craven would consider it in connexion with domineering wives; the father of twelve children would treat it as something squally, as well as terribly anxious and expensive. Each would write accordingly as the shoe pinched. You would not employ a corn-doctor to compose a treatise on the physiology of the human frame.

Besides, is not the Professor under whom we have studied the subject—Sir Cresswell Cresswell *—a bachelor? And a very wise act it was in Her Majesty to appoint an unmarried man to the judgeship of the Court of Probate and Divorce. We will answer for it that the Queen, with her enlarged experience, matured judgment, and sound common sense, did not fill up the post thus by mere accident. Sir Cresswell Cresswell is a free man, untrammelled by those cares and vexations, those delights and dalliances, which would be likely to warp and distort his judgment. He has no ugly prejudices, no reminiscences, pleasant or unpleasant, to stand

[* Since this article was written, we have had to lament the death of this distinguished lawyer and able judge, in the prime of life and in the vigour of intellect. The casualty that befell him will be fresh in the memory of most of our readers.—1866.]

in the way of equitable decisions. He has no dread of a curtain lecture at night for dealing heavily during the day with some erring one who might have attracted his wife's pity. Besides, a judge who has just left a scolding wife, depend upon it, does not assume composure with his wig. He would assuredly deal roundly with any such vixen whose conduct came immediately after under his adjudication. 'In the reigns of the Tudors,' it is said, 'the judges of assize rode over hill and marsh, armed to the teeth, from Carlisle to Newcastle, and avenged themselves for the fears and fatigues by the summary execution of whole batches of suspected malefactors.'* What could be more natural? And might not a judge of the Divorce Court, who at the best is but a mortal man, after enduring a battery of hard words from his wife at breakfast, revenge himself on the same day by making havoc of some virtuous shrew who had yielded to no infirmity beyond the venial feminine one of an excitable temperament and a fiery tongue, and of sending forth her *ἔπεα πτερόεντα*, like winged arrows, rather too briskly. Socrates, no doubt, was a model husband; but would you have ventured to place him in Sir Cresswell Cresswell's seat after an earwiggling from Xantippe? Or, take the more agreeable side of the question. View human nature in its more amiable aspect. Suppose the judge to be some Sir Coddle Coddle. He regards his wife as an angel clothed in flesh, blood, and crinoline. He never leaves her in the

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 213. The Roman Wall.

morning without a kiss, and an earnest request from her that he will be careful of his health. She assists him as he puts on his overcoat, ties a muffler round his neck with her own dear hands, and sees him safe in his carriage. Why, that man would be of a more than human type if he could act as an impartial judge. He would imagine that all wives were ducks like his own, and he would avenge himself on the drakes, who might be innocent and harmless. It is said that the whole creation of married men may be logically divided into two classes, the hen-pecked and the wheedle-pecked. Now, as a judge of the Divorce Court, if married, must come under one or other of these categories, it follows as a logical conclusion, that his perception would be clouded and his faculty of judgment distorted, when he ought to be administering even-handed justice.

Then, with what a feeling of self-complacency will Sir Cresswell regard the cases that pass through his court.

'Tis pleasant safely to behold from shore
 The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar;
 Not that another's pain is our delight,
 But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
 'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
 The moving legions mingled in the war.*

* Dryden.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aquora ventis,
 E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;
 Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
 Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.
 Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
 Per campos instructa, tuâ sine parte pericli.

Lucretius, ii. 1—6.

We do not acquiesce altogether in the philosophical dicta of the Epicurean poet; but if there be any truth in this passage, our present Judge Ordinary must be a happy man as he beholds the miseries of married life passing like gloomy phantoms in review before him from day to day. He sees at a distance the raging of domestic storms, and he hears the artillery of matrimonial warfare as he sits on his eminence of state, undistracted and unbiassed. Then follow him to his own mansion after the business of the day. Will he not eat his dinner with peculiar relish, and sip his claret afterwards with the *suave mari magno* feeling of the poet? As he falls asleep in his easy chair, what strange dreams will disport themselves in his brain—wild, fantastic, and dimly pleasurable! And when he retires to rest, will he not lay his head on his pillow with a sense of self-satisfaction that no other head is near—that he is not teased by frilled nightcaps—that he can lie abed longitudinally, diagonally, or curvilinearly, according to his own sweet will? O, happy Sir Cresswell Cresswell!

After all, there is something perplexing to an outsider in the revelations of that Court of Probate and Divorce. It has disturbed our previous notions of conjugal felicity. We have begun to doubt the reality of our eyesight. Passers-by on a dark and cold evening, as they have witnessed from without a family party seated round the tea-table, with the fire burning brightly, have lingered on the scene as exhibiting a picture of happiness. People are now beginning to be shaken in their credulity. How do you know that the smooth-faced man who is

shelling shrimps is not in the habit of turning the house out of the windows two or three times a week? Are you sure that the lady who is handing round that cup which cheers without inebriating does not indulge in a more exhilarating beverage when alone? May not the children, with their spindle shanks and frilled trousers, be rickety dolls, more fitted to suck lollipops through life than to engage in its warfare? We met a benignant-looking gentleman last evening at dinner, who was constantly addressing his wife across the table. 'Was it not so, my dear?' was the frequent question. 'Yes, love,' was the ready reply. Now we strongly suspect that no sooner had they entered their carriage than he began to pinch her arm till it was black and blue, because she had carried on a lively conversation with a handsome fellow who was conspicuous for his figured waistcoat and killing moustache. Then, too, when our very pompous friends, who were married a few years ago, and have been blessed with two or three snub-nosed, dirty-faced children, come to us with their patronizing airs, and say, 'My dear fellow, do get married; it is the only happy and respectable style of life'—we are not willing altogether to accept their statement as an axiom; we require something like reasonable proof. We call to mind the fox in the fable, which lost its caudal appendage in a trap. We suspect that there may be such 'helps to knowledge' as curtain-lectures in the background. We become at once stoutly anti-caudal.*

[* We suspect a quibble here upon the name of the famous Mrs. Caudle.—1866.]

Why don't the men propose? Around this thesis we have observed that a brisk controversy has been carried on in one of our local papers. A disconsolate bachelor answers the question in one way; Maria the Gentle in another. A father of twelve children enters the lists vigorously; a mother with six unmarried daughters is intensely earnest in the discussion; James the Grave says that ladies now-a-days are not trained to be good housewives and mothers, but simply moveable wax dolls in expansive petticoats, set off with a slight knowledge of French and music; Fanny the Sprightly asserts that young men are mere puppies in these degenerate times, and think more of their moustache and rifle corps uniform than of the fair sex. Is it not strange that these keen controversialists should have overlooked this mumbo-jumbo of a Divorce Court? What more likely to throw a wet blanket over an ardent temperament than a little cool reflection on those dissolving views in Westminster Hall? * It is true the consideration may have an

[* On the publication of this article we received several anonymous letters in the handwriting of ladies. We give two as specimens respectively of the amiable and the unamiable. The amiable: 'Miss Flouncer, President of the Society of Flirt-about, presents her compliments to Mr. —, and begs to thank him for his very instructive essay on matrimony: it is the express aim of the members of the Flirt-about Society to get good husbands, and then to rule them with a mild but firm control.' *Per contra*: 'In "Fraser's Magazine" for this month appears Mr. —'s "Reasons against Matrimony." His strictures on the Divorce Court we admit to be in the main correct, though it does not establish a decision against matrimony. It would have been

opposite effect. Some may assume more unhesitatingly the connubial chain, from the knowledge that they can easily break it, if need be. Do not reckon however, my adventurous friend, on this easy mode of deliverance. Sir Cresswell Cresswell, in knocking off the *vinculum conjugale*, generally bruises the limb with his heavy blows. It is no trifle to come under this legal Vulcan with his ecclesiastical hammer. It is not every one who can endure the ringing strokes of the iron mallet with the unshrinking sullenness of Prometheus as the three armourers riveted him to the Scythian rock.*

It must have been a startling sight to Cadmus when armed men sprang up suddenly from the seed of the dragon's teeth and commenced a furious conflict. It is scarcely less astonishing to us that such multitudes of husbands and wives should rise up all at once before our eyes in fierce contention, and demand to be released from their matrimonial bonds. We always knew that

better had Mr. ——, instead of writing down matrimony, directed his pen against those who marry from mercenary motives, or, as is too frequently the case now, mere boys and girls, who enter the marriage state without reflecting, not on the "dissolving views in Westminster Hall," but the solemn responsibilities of husband and wife. As a whole, the essay appears to us the effusion of either a disappointed man or a man void of natural affections; and we confess we envy not the man who can wrap himself up in solemn state, alike indifferent to the love and sympathy of woman; and, on the other hand, we should pity the woman who could trust her affections to such a Diogenes.' 'By my troth,' madam, we may say with dame Quickly, 'these are very bitter words.'—1866.]

* *Prometheus Vincetus*—opening.

there were mismatched gentlemen and ladies in our land; but who would have expected that there were hundreds of pairs struggling in their collars, like so many coupled pointers—snarling, snapping, fighting, and tumbling over each other in their eagerness to get loose? Upon the propriety of giving to these unfortunates the privilege of dissolving their union we give no opinion: it hardly comes within the scope of our essay. Sir G. Bowyer declared that the Divorce Court 'was becoming too scandalous to be tolerated. It was growing into a sort of encumbered court for the transfer of married women, and instead of being a court for marriages, was in reality a court for adultery.'* O for shame, Sir George! Still, in a modified sense, your statement is not altogether untrue. The Act establishing the court and system ought to come under the title of 'Divorce made Easy.' Women not long ago were sold in the marketplace with a halter round their necks, and the purchase-money was perhaps a few coppers, with a pot of beer for luck. This was done under a local system of divorce—a sort of Lynch law. Now-a-days, for a hundred-pound note apiece, men may change wives under legal sanction. In this age of clubs for everything, even for getting yourself comfortably out of purgatory, why not establish one for extricating unfortunate gentlemen and ladies from incompatible unions, subscription one shilling a month? It would do a brisk business, we suspect, and afford a good living for several

* Parliamentary Debates.

hungry officials. Besides, is it not carrying out the principle of free trade? In this our day we are met by the strange matrimonial phase,—that, while one set of couples is rushing in at the right-hand door, another is pushing out at the left. The ancient rhyme is likely to be verified :

Marriage is but a rabble-rout,
A hurly-burly din ;
Where all that are in wish to get out,
And all that are out to get in.

But as we purpose to consider the natural history of marriage, let us begin at the beginning. What is its motive cause? In what principle or affection of human nature does it originate? An easy question, you may say: love is the loadstone that brings two gentle hearts into sweet affinity. Well, it may be so frequently; but your proposition is not a universal one. A few days ago, in answer to an inquiry after a certain article—not a wife—an old lady remarked to us, ‘You cannot get it either for love or money.’ We do not mean to resolve all motives into these two: still, we may conclude that money is a powerful loadstone; and perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we class it with love as another inducing cause of marriage. This, it is true, is not a strictly logical division of motives: for love is subjective and money is objective. We might more philosophically arrange the inducing causes of marriage into a love of the lady—for the gentleman is supposed to take the initiative—in her natural entity, and a love of the lady in her accidents, of which money is the chief,—an

affection for her in her intrinsic qualities, and an affection for her in those separable properties which gather round her in the shape of carnalities and creature-comforts. If the Stagyrite had discussed the question, he would have told us that money is to be understood as not exciting desire for its own sake, but for the pleasures and possessions it enables us to obtain—such as splendid equipages, rich banquets, refined leisure, cellars filled with old wines, hunting-boxes, seats in parliament, foreign travel. We have not time to follow out this train of thought. As we are writing for the million, it may be enough to say that love and money are the principal impellent or attractive forces that bring together the sexes, and guide them coaxingly under the matrimonial yoke.

Love! Can we discuss a topic endless, boundless, unfathomable, in a single paragraph? The number of volumes that have been written on it since the creation is incalculable; and yet as a principle or instinct within us it remains involved in mystery. What is love? Shakspeare gives us the elements of which it is composed—

Good shepherd! tell this youth what 'tis to love.

It is to be made all of sighs and tears;

It is to be made all of faith and service;

It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and obedience;

All humbleness, all patience, all impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance.*

* *As You Like It.*

In an old poem entitled 'Alcilia' (1613), supposed to be by John Chalkhill, the friend of Isaac Walton,* we find to what singular and varied sensations a lover may be subjected. Many persons perhaps take a love-fit as coolly as a head-ache. You may imagine the Tipton Slasher bewailing his crushed nose, but not his crushed affections: you may conceive a heavy porter groaning under the load of several hundred-weight, but not under the pressure of blighted feelings. Our author however was a poet, and poets are lovers by profession. Listen to him as he is just discovering that he is over head-and-ears in the tender passion:—

What sodaine chance hath chang'd my wonted chear,
 Which makes me other than I seem to be?
 My dayes of ioy, that once were bright and cleare,
 Are turn'd to night, my mirth to miserie:
 Ah, well I weene that somewhat is amisse,
 But sooth to say, I know not what it is.

If it be Love to waste longe houres in grieffe;
 If it be Love to wish, and not obtaine;
 If it be Love to pine without reliefe;
 If it be Love to hope, and never gaine;
 Then you may thinke that he hath truely lov'd;
 Who for your sake, all this and more hath prov'd.

I am not sicke, and yet I am not sound,
 I eate and sleepe, and yet methinkes I thrive not;
 I sport and laugh, and yet my griefes abound;
 I am not dead, and yet methinkes I live not.
 What uncouth cause hath these strange passions bred,
 To make at once, sicke, sounde, alive, and dead?

* *The Philobiblion*, vol. ii. p. 173.

Something I want, but what I cannot say ;
 O now I know, it is myselfe I want ;
 My Love with her hath taine my heart away,
 Yea, heart and all ;—and left me very scant.
 Such power hath Love, and nought but Love alone ;
 To make divided creatures live in one.

But after awhile a change comes over his sensations ;
 his love is not requited, and he escapes from its thral-
 dom. Hear him now :—

What thing is Love ? A tyrant of the minde,
 Begot by heate of youth, brought forth by sloth ;
 Nurst with vain thoughts, and changing as the wind,
 A deep dissembler, voy'd of faith and troth :
 Fraught with fond errors, doubts, despite, disdain,
 And all the plagues that earth and hell containe.

Again :—

Nay, think not, Love, with all thy cunning slight,
 To catch me once again : thou com'st too late :
 Sterne Industry puts Idlenesse to flight,
 And Time hath changed both my name and state :
 Then seeke elsewhere for mates that may befriend thee,
 For I am busie, and cannot attend thee.

And soon, looking at the passion coolly, as philosopher
 and poet, he thus describes it :—

Love is honie mixt with gall ;
 A thraldome free, a freedome thrall ;
 A bitter sweet, a pleasant sowre,
 Got in a yeare, lost in an howre ;
 A peacefull warre, a warlike peace,
 Whose wealth brings want, whose want increase ;
 Full long pursuite, and little gaine ;
 Uncertaine pleasure, certaine paine ;
 Regard of neyther right nor wrong ;
 For short delights, repentance long.

Love is a sicknesse of the thought ;
 Conceit of pleasure dearely bought ;
 A restlesse passion of the minde ;
 A labyrinth of errors blinde ;
 A sugred poyson, fayre deceit ;
 A baite for fooles, a furious heate ;
 A chilling cold ; a wondrous passion
 Exceeding man's imagination :
 Which none can tell in whole nor part,
 But onely he that feeles the smart.

Where is its seat? You place your hand on your heart, madam. Now, anatomists tell us that the heart in its material composition is incapable of all sensation whatever. Uncle Toby's theory on this subject was unique, after he had ridden briskly from a visit to the widow. How much more poetic is the pillow prepared for it by the Greek tragedian!—

Thou, Love, who sleepest through the live-long night
 On the soft couch of virgin-beauty's cheek ! *

According to Cicero, † Aristoxenus the musician, dwelling on his fiddle strings, made love the result of a certain nervous tension. How far is this from the truth? Shakspeare is more comprehensive and less definite. Listen to the moon-struck Duke:—

How will she love when the rich golden shaft
 Has killed the flock of all affections else
 That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and filled. ‡

* Ἔρως,
 ὃς ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαιῖς
 νεάνιδος ἐννουχέυεις.—Soph. *Antiq.* 782.

† *Tusc. Quæst.* b. 1. c. 10.

‡ *Twelfth Night.*

A lady might perhaps be startled at such an expression of devotedness as this—‘ Allow me, for the remainder of my life, to dedicate my liver to your service ! ’ If Mr. Samuel Weller had used this formula, he would have added—‘ As the bilious gen’l’man said to the brandy-bottle.’

If there be a mystery about the internal causation of love, there is less dispute about its outward evidence :

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
More in the eyelids than the eyes—

are ‘ the best tokens of love,’ according to a noble poet,* for whose memory, to say the truth, we have no great respect. Sophocles, though a married man with an unruly household, could yet describe the manifestations of the soft emotion :

Love beaming from the eyelids’ fringe prevails.†

Horace tells us that he was convicted of the tender weakness by his ‘ languor and silence, and deep-drawn sighs.’‡ Hear Mr. Burke—‘ When,’ he says, ‘ we have before us such objects as excite love and complacency, the body is affected, so far as I could observe, much in the following manner : the head reclines something on one side, the eyelids are more closed than usual, and

* Byron.

† νικᾶ δ’ ἐναργῆς βλεφάρων
ἡμερος.—Soph. *Antig.* 795.

‡ Conviviorum et pœnitet,
In queis amantem et languor et silentium
Arguit, et latere petitus imo spiritus.—*Epodon*, xi. 8.

the eyes roll gently with an inclination to the object; the mouth is a little opened, and the breath drawn slowly, with now and then a low sigh: the whole body is composed, and the hands fall idly to the sides. All this is accompanied with an inward sense of melting and languor.* In reference to this description, some might perhaps be inclined to say, with the madman:—

Thou mayst admire how I could e'er address
Such features to love's work.†

On looking up the last paragraph, we are appalled at the number of our quotations, and yet we have not half exhausted the stock of them that crowds upon our memory. From Anacreon to Ovid, from Ovid to Moore, from Moore to the last puling rhymester in the *Lady's Magazine*, we might make extracts, that would fill a volume, illustrative of the influence and might of that passion which is personified by a naked fat boy with a bow-and-arrow in his hand. 'O Love, invincible in battle!' ‡ sings the Greek tragedian. Sir Walter Scott affirms that it 'rules the court, the camp, the grove,' and does many marvellous things besides. Some one or other apostrophises it three times as 'making the world go round.' In one sense perhaps this is philosophically true. It may not affect the material gravitation of the heavenly bodies, but it impels to matrimony, and matrimony results in families; and so the earth's surface is peopled with human beings, and the world turns round.

* *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, iv. 19.

† *Julian and Madalo*.

‡ Ἔρως ἀνίκητε μάχων.—*Soph. Antig.* 781.

By the way, a quaint idea sometimes occurs to us on this matter. Suppose there was a universal resolution that there should be no marriage for a century, what a self-annihilation of the human race would ensue! We do not recommend such a determination, because it would be a contravention of a divine command; and if we did urge it, we suspect our advice would not be adopted. As a poetical idea, however, it might do good service. Campbell's 'Last Man' is a sublime image; but fancy an old bachelor and an old maid as the last survivors of their race, walking about on sticks, tottering and toothless, snarling and scratching, patriarchal without posterity, and snappish without anything but cats and dogs on which to exercise their temper!

And if love be powerful as a moving force, so also is money. Misanthropes call it the root of all evil. *Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.* Still, most misanthropes love specie, even though they hate their species. What indeed can we do without it in these days, when almost everything depends on the circulating medium? We cannot take to feeding upon acorns, like our forefathers. It is certainly a will-o'the-wisp which now and then draws a poor fellow into the quagmire, but that is no reason why it is not in itself a thing to be desired. Only, if we had our way, we would decree that it should be more equally divided. We go on to our 'Change, and we see merchants who have returned as their profits for 1859 one hundred thousand pounds. Money seems to drop into their lap like ripe fruit; it scarcely requires the labour of gathering. Nay, if you

listen to the speeches of our traders, they do not seem to set wealth before them as their primary object. They advocate freedom of trade, it is true; but in the expansion of commerce they see more particularly a guarantee for the peace of nations. They form associations for the cultivation of cotton in various parts of the globe, but that is with a view to the extinction of slavery and the civilisation of the peoples.

Specifically in reference to marriage, money is no doubt an attraction. It is a melancholy reflection that it should be so. It would be much more pleasing to surround the rite with an ethereal atmosphere, and to suppose that the mind which was fixed on such a consummation had taken leave for a time of all sublunary things, and revelled only in the spirituality of Platonism. But then men and women must live; corporeal beings cannot exist for ever on the spiritual; they must descend to solids, even to beefsteaks and dumplings. Are people to blame who, like Dugald Dalgetty, have an eye to the provant? *Sine Cerere et Baccho Venus friget*, so says the proverb; and it is the more likely to be true, seeing that it is found in many languages. Our own edition of it is, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love leaps out at the window.' Love's young dream vanishes at the sight of an empty cupboard. Hence follow matches of convenience. Miss Pudsey is stout, slightly pimpled, red-haired, and with an obliquity of vision; she is somewhat loose in the arrangement of her dress, and in the allocation of her aspirates. Her parents at some remote period kept a pork-shop in the

city; but this is a secret. She has, however, many golden charms besides her hair—she has an income of five thousand a-year unencumbered. Can the Honourable Charles Montmorency do better? He is one of a younger branch, idle, and out at the elbows; he is far too fine a man to work for his living; nature never designed him for anything so low and menial. He is handsome; and by the aid of his plausibility and moustache, his title of Honourable and his cab on credit, he succeeds in carrying off a lottery-prize in the person of Miss Pudsey. *Per contra*, Mr. Indigo Jones is old, wheezy, and asthmatic; he has spent much of his time in India; his face is yellow, and his liver is unsound. But he has a princely mansion, splendid equipages, and everything to match. Mr. Jones proposes to Miss Golightly, the belle of the locality, sparkling and effervescent as champagne. Well, she reasons, he is not so disagreeable an old gentleman after all; he is probably very manageable, if you go about your work in the right way; it may please Providence to take him before long, at which event I should be truly sorry; still, it becomes us to be resigned under dispensations we cannot prevent; at all events, I shall be mistress of Indigo Park. There we leave Mr. and Mrs. Indigo Jones.

Following out the *rationale* of marriage, we come to the mode in which matches are made. Love and money are powerful motives, no doubt; but there must be a *modus operandi* in which they are developed. There are certain rules which are generally observed preparatory to the ceremony in this civilised age of

ours. Mailed warriors and moss-troopers do not carry off ladies nowadays against their will, and marry them *ex tempore*. A remnant of such a practice, we are told, yet lingers languidly in Ireland. But, generally speaking, we make love according to formula, and marry in peace.

Marriages are sometimes 'arranged,' as the newspapers say. We fear the mercenary motive is often the prevailing one in such a case as this. It is not the clergyman who ties the knot here, or even the district registrar—but the lawyer, with his abstracts, title-deeds, and settlements. Master Slender was looking forward to matrimony as 'arranged' when he thus reasoned: 'I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another; I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt' Sometimes we meet with instances of love at first sight, and marriage *impromptu*. The pair agree with the dramatist, that—

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;

and so they banish the spectral figures at once by veritable embodiments. Sometimes engagements spring out of romantic incidents. We have heard of gentlemen rescuing young ladies from a watery grave, and then leading them to the hymeneal altar. We ourselves knew a lucky fellow who was thrown off his horse and

broke his leg : no great luck here, you may say ; but he was picked up by a good Samaritan in the shape of a handsome lady who was driving by, and as soon as his leg was united, he himself was united to the lady, who was amiable and rich. Young clergymen again, and young ladies who are Sunday-school teachers or district-visitors, are in circumstances of great temptation : they go on doing good together and talking pleasant talk, moralising upon human joys and sorrows, analysing the feelings and affections of those around them, till they find themselves in love with each other without knowing how they became so ; the tide of tender emotion has risen gradually and imperceptibly to their throat, and they launch out upon the sea of matrimony. 'Then we see many falling into love because they have nothing else to do. 'Maidens call it love-in-idleness.' Young gentlemen and young ladies, for example, sojourning at the seaside in the summer months, must needs take up with the tender passion, simply to put on time. 'A youth and a maiden,' says Rasselas or Doctor Johnson, 'meeting by chance or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of each other. Such is the common process of marriage.' Ladies fresh from the bathing-machine, with hair dishevelled, are to the poetic mind so many Venuses rising from the saltwater—'sea Cybeles fresh from ocean ;' and are they not interesting creatures as they are seen tripping from rock to rock, or stooping down in scientific search for 'common objects,' or promenading in the cool of the evening?

How far is Dr. Watts from being right when he says, that

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do ?

Idleness and temptation are twin-sisters. Then follow marriage and a month's elysium !

There is one way for the arrangement of marriages against which there seems to us to be a somewhat unnecessary prejudice—that by advertisement, we mean. We have a thorough disgust for those ruffians who are constantly playing practical jokes on these matrimonial advertisers. There can be no valid reason why such matches, arranged with discretion, may not eventuate in domestic happiness and worldly prosperity. How many young men in large towns are anxious to be married, but have never obtained admission into a circle of acquaintance from which a wife could be chosen ! And would you say that the Honourable Augustus Galopade has a more intimate knowledge of Miss Louisa Lovelace, so far as her real temper and disposition go, than the rising young man of business has of the lady he is to meet through a notice in the *Daily Express* ?

We admit that this mode of proceeding is something like 'love at a venture,' and we are far from recommending its adoption without the exercise of much judgment and caution. In one of our local papers we have observed from time to time these matrimonial advertisements, and we will give our inquiring readers a few specimens of them :—'A young gentleman, of

good family, disgusted with his experience as a bachelor, and anxious to escape from the obsequious blandishments of an intriguing mother and simpering fair ones, is desirous of forming a matrimonial connexion with a young lady of buoyant spirits, pleasant countenance, and agreeable manners; age not to exceed twenty; fortune dispensable, though not objectionable. No spurious communications from adventure-seekers will be entertained.' This may be classed under the category of 'bounceable and dangerous.' Again, 'A young lady of fortune, with many personal attractions, well educated, and not yet twenty, is desirous of forming a matrimonial alliance. Address Amy, post-office, York.' Is not Amy too delicious a creature to be genuine? 'A gentleman, of good appearance and domestic habits, age twenty-six, wants a wife; she must be good-looking, and approve of the volunteer movement. A little money will greatly facilitate matters.' Here the young puppy is wishful to inveigle a fortune by the bait of his rifle uniform and 'good appearance.' 'A young gentleman of evangelical principles' is anxious to obtain a lady of corresponding sentiments and of good fortune. The lazy, prosy fellow is willing clearly to attend to the talking department while his wife provides the pudding. Of all such advertisements a cautious lady or gentleman will be wary; but there is no reason whatever why a plain common-sense statement of your case should not meet with a plain common-sense response, and end in a happy marriage.

What is commonly termed 'popping the question'—

the question—the question of all questions—is to most persons a formidable proceeding. It is an event much to be remembered. A lady looks back on it as an epoch in her existence; it stands out as a sort of beacon-light, attracting the eye of memory amid the dark night of the past. Did it take place in the drawing-room, or in the back-kitchen, or under the milkwhite thorn at a picnic, or by the seashore, or in a steamboat, or in an omnibus? You have not forgotten, madam, we will wager a fourpenny-piece. But how do you advise me to proceed in this delicate matter? a young gentleman perhaps is inquiring—nay, why not a young lady, for it is leap-year? You must be guided by circumstances, we reply. Only avoid letter-writing, if possible: *litera scripta manet*. Your admirably-composed epistle, full of fervour and Tennysonian quotations, may be brought out of the cabinet forty years hence by the grandchildren of the lady who rejects you, and paraded in the face of your descendants and of the world. Better go through the business orally. It may cost you some natural fears; but like Macbeth be, if not bloody, ‘bold and resolute.’ The hero of a hundred fights is most probably changed into a Bob Acres when he comes to the critical proposal. Mr. Thomas Sayers doubtless, who would jump into the prize-ring like a buck, felt fairly knocked off his legs as he offered his death-dealing hand to the object of his affection. A mad fellow of our acquaintance once told us that he had snatched a victory out of the jaws of defeat on an occasion of this kind. When the lady had refused

his proposal, he raised his eyebrows in token of surprise, and throwing a tone of injured innocence into his voice, he answered, 'Well, ma'am, and who asked you, pray?' He thus caused a diversion in his favour, and, as he said, made a retreat worthy of Xenophon. We knew another youth who met with a strange misadventure at this critical juncture in life. He had fallen in love at Scarborough with a giddy harum-scarum hussy, who had nothing to recommend her but a glib tongue and a pretty face, simply because he had nothing else to do; and he determined, like Master Slender, to 'make a shaft or a bolt on't.' He was brave as a lion ordinarily; but his courage failed him here, and he resolved to commit his speech to heart. The dialogue between the pair ran as follows:—'Miss Boulton.'—'Sir?' 'I had no idea three days ago'—'Probably not'—'no idea three days ago that I should have encountered such a shock'—'Was your tumble a severe one?'—'encountered such a shock to my comfort.'—'What on earth has happened?' 'I am not however without some hopes of relief'—'Dr. Potts is the favourite medical man here'—'for the disease being of the feelings, like the spear of Achilles'—'The feelings of Achilles' spear! The feelings, you mean'—'like the spear of Achilles, the same object which causes the wound'—'Homœopathy!'—'the same object which causes the wound, may relieve the smart.'—'Homœopathy and poetry combined!' 'And—and—and,' he was going to add, 'that object is Miss Caroline Boulton;' when a rascally donkey-driver, with the organ of self-preservation strongly developed, es-

caping from the wheels of a carriage, rushed with his head against the lower part of our friend's stomach, and caused the word that was trembling on his lips to issue in an elongated 'Oh!' At that moment Mr. and Mrs. Boulton approached; and as they had arranged to leave early on the following morning, the youthful pair parted, and to the best of our belief they never met again. Our friend, like Achilles himself, lamented the loss of his Briseis, by the shore of the 'much-resounding sea' for one evening,—

βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης*—

probably with a cigar between his lips; but as he rose in the morning, the only remains of his love-fit was a slight pain in the stomach from the momentum of the boy's head.

What is it, we occasionally wonder, which gives to some men their fascination in the eyes of women? Not long ago we read in the newspapers of a dirty, sneaking, ugly-looking Uriah Heap, who had married half-a-dozen wives in succession, and seemed, give him fair play, to have the whole female population at his mercy.

* [Beside the many dashing ocean's shore
Silent he passed.—Lord Derby, *Iliad* i. 34.

Or perhaps as applicable to his melancholy condition might be the description of Achilles, 'swift of foot,' as he,

plunged
In bitter grief, from all the band apart,
Upon the margin of the hoary sea
Sat idly gazing on the dark blue waves.

Lord Derby, *Iliad* i. 408.—1866.]

The *Times* accounted for his wonderful power of attraction by the fact that he had published himself as a member of the aristocracy. This however is a coarse and unphilosophical way of solving the problem. There was evidently something about the man *per se*, as in the case of Sterne's mysterious little Frenchman, which took with the ladies. It was not a handsome appearance, or any graceful accomplishment; was it a quiet submission to their will—a deferential respect for all they said—a willingness to acquiesce in their slightest behests—a plying his suit assiduously but imperceptibly—an achievement of victory, like that of the Parthians, by a seeming retreat? We should have wished much to have studied that man's mind and character—to have analysed his idiosyncrasy. Though but a plumber's assistant, he had a secret which Lord Chesterfield had never discovered.

In discussing the question of marriage we abjure the dry statistics of the registrar-general. It matters little to us what is the annual number of weddings in our country, or at what rate the population is increasing. We have no fondness for such details; it seems like a profanation of the sacred rite to pound marriage with the pestle and mortar of fractions. Nay, the registrar positively affirms that the number of weddings varies according to the cost of the quartern-loaf. Alack-a-day! can that well-got-up youth with the demonstrative cravat, and that ærial sylph in white satin, who might be supposed to exist on a sublimate of nectar, be influenced by anything so low as the price of flour? We

are beginning to feel a thorough disgust for those prying fellows who go about collecting small facts. A baby cannot be born without some intrusive official demanding to know whether it is a boy or a girl. If it should ever come to pass that we have occasion to tie up the brass knocker in a white kid glove, and we should see a rascal prowling about with a notebook in his hand, we vow solemnly that we will make an example of him. What business has Parliament to order any man to pry into the secrets of our family? Has not every dissenter throughout our land been asking indignantly, What right has an inquisitive government official to meddle with our religious profession? *A fortiori*, then, what right has he to meddle with our babies? Cannot our lady have a boy or a girl as she pleases in peace, without being pestered by the inquiries of these statistic-mongers? We hold that such intrusion is an infringement on the liberty of the subject. It contravenes the theory that every Englishman's house is his castle. It is an aggravation of the original sentence on woman.

From the preliminaries of marriage we proceed to the ceremony itself. We know not what is the mode of linking a couple together in Scotland or in a registrar's office; our information is limited to the procedure as it is conducted in our Church. There the ceremony is essentially the same in all cases; but what a variety is there in its accessories! What a difference is there, in the external aspect of the affair, between a marriage graced by a procession of ten carriages, and one between a weather-beaten farmer and his bride in a spring-cart,

or that of a hard-handed collier with his dingy face and his sweetheart in gingham ! Then what fuss and bustle ensue in the vestry ! With the farmer or the collier matters are arranged easily enough—a rude signature or a rough cross completes the registration ; but what can you do when you have to bring up half-a-dozen bridesmaids and as many bridegrooms-men for their autographs ? What pretty little, simpering, sensitive ways are exhibited by the dear creatures ! What a rustling of dresses is there on all sides ! What efforts to pull off fast-sticking gloves ! What unlucky spots of ink fall upon the white kids ! You may understand from all this, that there is reason in the apparently unreasonable custom of the Rev. Mr. Rubric being ‘assisted’ by his reverend brother Calendar. Their five-pound-note apiece is fairly earned by their delicate tact in conducting the ceremony, and by their sentimental speeches at breakfast.

Now out of those very signatures a man of philosophical mind will derive matter for grave reflection. The bride’s hand often trembles, and her writing is consequently shaky. We generally consider this as an omen that she will not forget the promise of becoming obedience which she has just made. Sometimes the hand is firm, and the writing stiff and steady as an oak. We are here under a slight alarm for her future pliancy. Nay, we have seen strong-minded ladies who have rattled off their names like locomotives, and added a flourish to the last letter. Such an one always reminds us of Southey’s heroine, who brought to church in her pocket

a bottle of water from the power-dispensing well of St. Keyne. But of all the instances of audacity we ever witnessed, the most surpassing was one exhibited by a hard-headed, impassive-looking lawyer: he actually took his office-penknife out of the pocket of his white silk waistcoat, and mended his pen before signing his name, as deliberately as if he had been at his own desk, muttering something at the same time about the importance of a clean signature. Well, thought we, you are a cool hand, at any rate; we have a strong suspicion that you will be manipulating the carotid of your bride with that veteran of a penknife before your honeymoon is over! And yet we have reason to believe that this stern lawyer, this devourer of widows' houses, has faithfully fulfilled his promise of 'loving, comforting, and cherishing' his lady: we saw her not long ago, and she had six fat children and a double chin.

Might we be allowed here, parenthetically, to say a word on the subject of vestries? In building a church why is this portion of it so little regarded? Why do we so often find a magnificent edifice with a vestry about the size of a hackney-coach, and cold and wretched as a dog-kennel? Cannot the stony-hearted builder foresee that within the four walls of that room feelings and affections will well up from the heart's fountain in association with the most momentous incidents of human existence,—marriages, births, and deaths? To go no further than a bridal party,—does it not seem a cruel thing to introduce into a cold, cheerless, dusty cell these whose hearts are palpitating with emotion, under a

covering of the finest lace and the most snow-white satin? We knew a Board of Guardians who selected a clergyman, as the chaplain of their workhouse, from a long list of candidates, simply because he stood out from the rest for his rueful countenance, his sepulchral voice, and his lugubrious address. Was it not the act of men whose hearts were petrifications thus wantonly to lay an additional weight of misery on the unfortunate? And must not that architect's disposition be chiselled out of his own granite who can suppose that a place which might be fitted for a coal-hole is good enough for a vestry, where every thing ought to be cheerful to the eye and animating to the mind, and not calculated to create deeper gloom and depression in feelings sufficiently fluttering and confused already?

But to return. Various as are the accessories of the marriage ceremony among us, there is the same substratum of human nature underlying the custom, whatever it may be. When our Princess Royal was 'led to the hymeneal altar,' she was attended by six, or it may be twelve, young bridesmaids from the most aristocratic families in our land, decked out in every ornament that money and millinery could provide. We pretend not to give an account of the ceremony; for this we refer our reader to the *Court Journal* or to Mr. Phillip's picture. We only allude to it as being a type of our aristocratic marriages. Now, if we go back three thousand years in the world's history, we find similar customs. Theocritus, in his 18th Idyll, is the Court Journalist, or Poet

Laureate who rejoices in singing the epithalamium of Helen.

Twelve Spartan virgins, the Laconian bloom,
 Choired before fair Helen's bridal room—
 To the same time with cadence true they beat
 The rapid sound of many twinkling feet,
 One measure tript, one song together sung,
 Their hymenean all the palace rung.*

Take another sample from the bottom of the ladder of social life. In a former essay,† we alluded to the unusual number of marriages celebrated at the Old Church, now the Cathedral of Manchester. We ourselves are acquainted with a Minor Canon there who for more than a quarter of a century has married thousands of couples every year. He is a bachelor, and yet he stands *in loco parentis* to as many of the human race as were drawn up in battle-array on the plains of Solferino. If the Vicar of Wakefield's principle be correct, that he is the most loyal man who raises up the most subjects, who is so loyal as our friend? Why should not our Premier give him something good in the way of preferment? True, he has not 'Honourable and Reverend' before his name. Well, never mind, my Lord, give a plebeian a turn now and then; falsify for once that ugly remark of a rude fellow about a certain 'gigantic system of out-door relief.' If we were the dispenser of ecclesiastical patronage—But we must not forget Johnny Green's wedding, and his drive from Oldham to the Old Church at Manchester:—

* Chapman.

† Manchester, vol. i. pp. 118, 119.

Neaw, lads, where ar yo beawn so fast;
 Ye happen ha no yerd whot's past?
 Au gatten wed sin au'r here last,
 Just three week sin come Sunday.
 Au axed th' owd folk, an aw wur reet,
 So Nan and me agreed tat neet,
 Ot if we could mak both eends meet,
 We'd wed o' Easter Monday.

That morn, as prim as pewter quarts,
 Aw th' wenchies coom an browt th' sweethearts;
 Au fund we'r loike to ha three carts,
 'Twur thrunk as Eccles Wakes, mon.
 We donn'd eawr tits i' ribbons too,
 One red, one green, and tone wur blue;
 So hey! lads, hey! away we flew,
 Loike a race for th' Leger stakes, mon.

Reet merrily we drove, full bat,
 An eh! heaw Duke and Dobbin swat;
 Owd Grizzle were so lawm an fat
 Fro soide to soide hoo jow'd 'um:
 Deawn Withy Grove at last we coom,
 An stopt at Seven Stars, by gum,
 An drunk as mich warm ale an rum,
 As 'd dreawn o' th' folk i' Owdham.

When th' shot wur paid an drink wur done,
 Up Fennel Street, to th' church, for fun,
 We donc'd like morris-dancers dun,
 To th' best of aw meh knowledge:
 So th' job wur done i' hoave a crack,
 Bote eh! whot fun to get th' first smack!
 So neaw, meh lads, 'fore we gun back,
 Says aw, we'll look at th' College.

* * * * *

Then deawn Lung-Millgate we did steer
 To owd Moike Wilson's goods-shop there,

To bey eawr Nan a rockink chear,
 An pots an spoons an ladles:
 Nan bowt a glass for lookink in,
 A tin Dutch oon for cookink in,
 Au bowt a chear for smookink in,
 An Nan ax'd proice o' th' cradles.

Then th' fiddler struck up th' honeymoon,
 An off we seet for Owdham soon,
 We made owd Grizzle trot to th' tune,
 Every yard o' th' way, mon.
 At neet oich lad an bonny lass,
 Laws! heaw they done'd and drunk their glass;
 So tiert wur Nan an I, by th' mass,
 Ot we lay till ten next day, mon.*

Now tell us, where is the essential difference between the wedding at Sparta and that from Oldham? Was not fair Helen formed of clay very similar to that of Nancy Green? The one may have been more of the porcelain order than the other; but the material elements of each were substantially the same.

There is a Lancashire phrase, that 'folks wed in haste, and rue at leisure.' That is however as the case may be. Some couples continue through life to coo like turtle doves in duet; others soon begin to cry with Sterne's starling, 'We can't get out.' A newly-married pair are like two travellers in an unknown country; fresh views of each other's disposition are opening out before them every day, some beautiful, some unsightly, and mostly unexpected. A breeze occasionally springs up which may either enliven the journey by clearing

* Hone's *Year Book*, 1832, p. 86.

the atmosphere, or damp the ardour of the excursionists by ending in a thunder-storm. In the second week of the honeymoon, say, Mr. Lovejoy is not sufficiently attentive to his lady as she is struggling through a style. Mrs. Lovejoy begins to pout, and ventures to suggest that she would not have been so treated a month ago; Mr. Lovejoy begs pardon, but in a half-reserved, half-churlish manner. The lady, who might hitherto have been made up of sunshine and sugar-candy—hewn out of that transparent confectionary called ‘Indian rock’—is now slightly obscured by the shadow of a cloud, and manifests symptoms of acidity in her composition. The gentleman, who for the last twelve months has been laying his heart at the lady’s feet, begins to think that he might as well keep it under his waistcoat. We next see them walking side by side in silence, each a very ill-used being; but by degrees the sun breaks through the cloud again, and the fear is, lest they rush for a time into a more ardent affection than ever. The weather may be marked now as ‘changeable;’ but by degrees it will become more settled. If any couple have ordinary judgment, they will so arrange their differences and dovetail their likings and dislikings as to jog on together agreeably on the whole. The cant of incompatibility of temper is for the most part the excuse of knaves or fools.

The man and the woman who employ themselves rationally, and never allow silly fancies to arise in their minds through the vacuum of idleness or the vapours of frivolity, may be sure of a tolerably pleasant journey

together along the highway of life. As people marry sometimes because they have nothing else to do, so for the same reason do they quarrel. Long separations should be avoided: your Penelope may not go on weaving and unweaving her web for ever. It is not our business to take upon ourselves Mrs. Ellis's prerogative of lecturing married ladies; but we venture to say that, if common sense be exercised, kindly feeling cherished, excuses made for slight faults, and habits of intemperance avoided, any pair may live amicably together. A couple of brutes radically vicious, or one such, no Rarey in the shape of counsel or experience can break into double harness: so let them kick themselves loose as soon as they please. Mr. Moore, in his *Life of Lord Byron*, tells us that genius rarely contains within it the compatibilities necessary for happiness in married life. We suspect that the incompatibilities are to be found in the bad moral disposition which is sometimes unhappily associated with genius. If we had our way we would bring such lofty intellects to reflection and common decency by a cat-o'-ninetails. And yet their biographers must ever be parading their abominations in the eyes of the world as things to be admired!

We were in conversation not long ago with a very sensible lady who had been married thirty years, when she propounded this rule as a most desirable one to be observed between husband and wife. 'Never,' she said, 'let both be angry at the same time.' 'Yes,' we replied, 'it is an excellent law if it can be maintained. But we knew an old gentleman who had a standing bargain with

his coachman, that when he drove him out to dine, they were on no occasion to be tipsy together. Now, as the master managed to drift into that condition nine times out of ten, John began to complain that he had not fair play, that it was not holding the reins with an even hand, that it was not chiselling on the square. Might it not be the same between husband and wife in their contentions? Might not one get nine-tenths of the innings?' 'Yes,' she admitted, 'such might be the case sometimes.' 'Then, would not this addition to your rule,' we inquired, 'be an improvement?—Never let both be angry at the same time, and let them claim the privilege turn and turn about. The very discussion between them of the question which had been angry on the last dispute would often bring them into a good temper again, and lead them, like children, to kiss and be friends.'

If however the ladies would condescend to take advice from ourselves we could teach them a better lesson still,—and it is this:—Never be angry at all—at least, never show your temper—keep it under strict control. If the lovely creatures only knew the power with which they are invested, and wielded it with discretion, they might undoubtedly rule the world. Anacreon enumerates the several weapons of offence and defence with which the various orders of creation are endowed, and he concludes his catalogue by allotting to woman the gift of beauty as her spear and shield. She has smiles, she has tears, she has coaxings, she has poutings, she has winning devices and attractive ways; and if she uses these weapons aright she has only to advance and

conquer. But when she indulges in anger and chiding, and seeks to storm the fortress by main force, she runs a risk of getting pitched headlong from the battlements. It is well perhaps that ladies are often ignorant of their power, or fritter it away by misuse, or the male portion of the human race would lie at their feet as docile and tractable as a lap-dog. We very much doubt—sad as it is to suppose such a contingency—whether even the Pope, the College of Cardinals, and the Romish priesthood, would not have to succumb under an influence more prevailing and irresistible than their own.

It is said that a large proportion of the cases that come before Sir Cresswell Cresswell are from the plebeian order, proving, as Mr. Roebuck declares, that ‘middle-class morality is one of the greatest of shams.’* The term middle-class is very vague, and if widely extended might include two-thirds of a population. The *Times* is somewhat more definite. ‘Five-sixths of the petitions for a dissolution of marriage,’ it says in a leading article, ‘are unopposed, not because there is any collusion between the parties, but because the case is perfectly clear, and no defence is possible. The petitioners belong for the most part to what may be called the lower part of the middle class, and the facts generally disclose either that a wife has left her husband and children to live with some one else, or to pass her life in open profligacy; or that a husband, after beating his wife for a year or two, has abandoned her and lives with a mistress

* Parliamentary Debates.

either in England or the United States.' It is quite true that the divorce cases are ordinarily of a dull, humdrum, everyday character. Cab-drivers, journey-men carpenters, Cornish miners, mechanics, chimney-sweeps, blacksmiths—what have they to say in the presence of Sir Cresswell? 'Story, sir; bless you, we have none to tell you,'—except perhaps that the lady took to drinking and the gentleman beat her; the lady ran into debt, and the gentleman advertised that he would not be answerable for 'any debt or debts' contracted by his wife; the lady ran away with a neighbouring shoemaker, and the gentleman was left alone. It is only when some couple of aristocratic pretensions—some incipient lord or officer in a crack regiment, with his wife—enter the court and have money enough to pay for their own exposure, that we see the romance of self-contracted misery and unchecked natural perverseness.

If we classify the suitors to Sir Cresswell by their positions in life, we think that the military profession has supplied the most salient instances of matrimonial disension. Is it that in the piping times of peace our gallant officers must find some outlet for the superabundance of their pugnacity? When they have no foreign foe to encounter, must they perforce take to boxing the ears of their wives? Our country gentlemen and ladies too, who frequent the cover-side and follow hounds, have sometimes leaped their light coursers over the rail of propriety, and found themselves in the morass of the Divorce Court. Fashionables of a London season,

who may have been seen cantering gracefully along Rotten Row in the morning, and making themselves attractive in gilded saloons at night, occasionally appeal to Sir Cresswell to slip off their matrimonial handcuffs, or stand before him in the unenviable character of correspondents. Do not our legislators also, hereditary and elected, now and then claim the benefit of their own enactment? Do not our professional and literary men sometimes come before the public gaze linked to their respective ladies about as lovingly as two convicts at their labours? On the other hand, we doubt very much whether any cool-headed, practical farmer has ever yet sought for a divorce. We have a notion that a good husbandman will for the most part prove a good husband. He has no enthusiasm in his composition; he takes matters in the world as he takes a wife, 'for better, for worse.' We were once in company with a Surrogate who was in the act of granting a marriage licence to a farmer. 'What's the damage?' asked the man. 'Two pounds,' said our friend. 'Two pounds!' exclaimed the agriculturist; 'it's a vast sight of money to charge for getting wed.' 'Well,' said the Surrogate, good-humouredly, 'if your intended wife is not worth forty shillings she's worth nothing at all.' 'Ah!' replied the other, shaking his head seriously, 'you may talk in that way; the lass is weel enough; she's fair and tidy at house and dairy work; but this wedding, you see, is a hit or a miss like—it's but a bad bargain i' times.' The truth is, he had not run headlong into the engagement; he had counted the cost beforehand. Is

it not Shakspeare who says, that there is no prescience in love? The farmer however proves to us that the rule is not without an exception. He views matrimony in reference to his pigs, his cows, and his dairy; he subjugates his conjugal to his bovine affections; he subordinates home stock to farm stock; he regards with more complacency the increase in his cattle than the increase in his house; he loves, not intensely, but in such a measure as will last.

We venture not to classify the cases of Divorce, according to religious denominations. Comparisons of this kind would be odious indeed; distinctions would be impolite and invidious. One averment however we may make—that no quaker has yet had to ask the aid of Sir Cresswell. Perhaps there is nothing wonderful in this: quakerism in its inner life is a mystery. Who ever saw a quaker marriage? Who ever saw a quakeress prospective of motherhood? Who ever saw a quaker baby? Who ever saw a quaker schoolboy playing at leap-frog? Are quakers full grown to begin with? Have they realized that weird wish of Milton, and kept it a class secret among themselves, that some fresh method might be invented for perpetuating the generations of mankind? They live in an atmosphere of their own. They buy and sell and get gain, it is true; but do they marry and give in marriage? Are they composed of flesh, blood and bones, or are they mere mental abstractions? Some of them look square, real, and solid; but we doubt whether, so far at any rate as they are concerned, the theory of Bishop Berkeley be not correct.

Well, did you ever? As we are a mortal man that lives by bread, we have turned over our last leaf! After writing thus far *currente calamo*, we have reached the end of the tether imposed on us by the autocrat who presides over *Fraser's Magazine*. And yet we have scarcely crossed the threshold of our subject. We purposed to treat it subjectively, objectively, æsthetically, analytically, synthetically, ethnologically, and in several philosophical modes besides; we intended to turn it upside down and inside out, to examine it in every nook and crevice. Are we to retire from this extensive field of investigation when we are only on its borders? Are the ladies of England, married and unmarried, to be deprived of the moral lessons that would be involved in our disquisition? Perish the idea! We have resolved at once what we will do. We will write a Treatise on this interesting topic, and this Article shall form our introductory chapter—an octavo volume of 500 pages, commencing with a steel engraving of the author, embellished by numerous well-executed illustrations, and dedicated to the women of England, wives and mothers, who are and who are to be. Do not be offended, Mr. Editor, if this seems to be a gentle puff of the *opus magnum* in prospect. What is to be done in these bustling times without puffing? Every one, from the dealer in second-hand clothes to the millionaire merchant of our city, deals directly or indirectly in puffing. Every medical practitioner, from the vendor of Parr's Life Pills to the Licentiate of the Royal Col-

lege of Physicians, studies the art of puffing. Platform spouters, members of Parliament, free-traders, protectionists, teetotallers, political reformers, popular preachers!—ah! how assiduously do ye puff your pet scheme, and how often are ye puffed in return, till verily ye become like inflated bladders and well-filled wind-bags! Shopkeepers puff their wares, railway directors their lines, artists their pictures, landlords their hotels, mothers their marriageable daughters, and if we are to believe S.G.O., even secretaries can puff the religious societies with which they are connected. Great Britain seems to have become one vast, ventose Puffin Island. Then, O ye publishers and authors, are ye not experts in this delicate art, and believers, as Mr. Biglow says, ‘in humbug generally?’ Moreover, the system is creeping over our periodical literature. Listen to the Magazine Article puff—‘We have good reason for saying that the treatise on the manufacture of mouse-traps in the “Monthly Luminary” which has excited so much sensation, is from the pen of the celebrated literary character, Mr. So-and-so!’ Bless Mr. So-and-so and his mouse-traps! May his fame shine forth as the sun! He richly deserves the puff and the proprietor’s cheque, be it for little or much. Derogatory all this, do you say, to the character of our learned age? Nonsense!—it is in the spirit of the times; it is as necessary to our literary existence as is the air we breathe to our physical being. You will not therefore, we are assured, Mr. Editor, strike out this puff

preliminary—this gentle zephyr—which will enable our trim vessel, when it is launched, to catch the *auram popularem* with its gently swelling sails, and will waft it like a thing of life over the broad, smiling sea of profit and applause.

VII.

OUR COTTON TRADE AND FACTORY
OPERATIVES.

THE district of which Manchester is the metropolis has but few attractions to the casual observer : the surface of the country is marked by no natural beauties ; the manners of the people are characterized by but few artificial graces. And yet, as a mart of commerce, a hive of industry, a magazine of art, a nurse of invention, a workshop of constructive skill, a spring of wealth, it stands out, in its shroud of smoke, an object of more practical importance and scientific interest than the most fertile and sunny portions of our land. It owes its distinctive characteristics for the most part to human agency. If it be true, as in a modified sense it is, that ' God made the country, man the town,' the aphorism is especially fulfilled in its application to our manufacturing districts. Neither are they of ancient origin, as such. They are not like the green fields, which have supplied food for the cattle from the earliest times : in their distinctive features they are not a century old. A hundred

years ago there were no tall factory-chimneys, no palatial warehouses, no colossal foundries, no gigantic workshops. But suddenly the coal-beds which had slept their deep sleep unheeded so long, were opened out, and the waste moor which covered them became thickly populated; the streams that had dashed down the hill-sides, and pursued their more sluggish course to the ocean, for a thousand years almost unnoticed, were now turned into yoke-fellows of art, as agents of motive power in the production of manufactures, and those hill-sides became instinct with human life; discovery and invention—discovery of power and invention in applying it—were born almost together, and grew and increased hand in hand, bidding the wilderness flourish and the lonely places teem with vast multitudes; the rumble of machinery was now heard on many a heath which aforetime had echoed no other sounds than those from the splash of the cascade, or the bleating of the sheep, or the chirping of the moor-fowl; fishing villages became seaports, and large towns sprang as it were out of the earth under the wand of the great magician, Steam; within the last thirty years lines of railway have been carried in every direction over these rough and rugged districts, exalting the valley and laying low the hill and perforating the mountain, bidding towns and peoples spring up by their side; old things have almost passed into the forgotten, and a century has witnessed the growth to matured vigour of one of our most populous and important counties.

And indeed this district, not only in its physical but

its economic characteristics, bears on it the mark of a late origin and a sudden rise. It wants the consolidation of centuries. It is variable in its condition, oscillating between extremes. It is like one of its own engines, often working with smoothness and precision, but sometimes breaking loose and spreading consternation and ruin. Like its own machinery too, it is occasionally thrown out of working order by seemingly trifling causes. The mechanism that will turn the wheels of a factory, or measure to the millionth part of an inch, may be deranged by the point of a needle; and that stupendous organism of trade on which so many human beings depend for subsistence, may be thrown into confusion by causes so small in their origin as to have been entirely unforeseen. The principles of trade are neither uncertain nor imperfectly understood; and yet the interests of the manufacturer may be disturbed by forces almost as light and imperceptible as the breeze which agitates the smoke from his tall chimney, while in his individual prosperity or adversity is involved the welfare or want of many hundreds of his poorer fellow-creatures.

These oscillations however, so far at least as they depend on irregularities of opinion on the part either of the employer or the employed, seem to be gradually moving over a smaller arc. In the early period of our manufactures an inventor was in personal danger from the mob, and his new machine rarely escaped destruction. Hargreaves, Kay, and Arkwright had to fly for their lives. From the commencement of the present century commotions in our manufacturing districts have

constantly recurred. Sometimes these have originated in disputes between masters and workpeople on the question of wages, ending in strikes and lock-outs; sometimes in want of employment and consequent destitution, as springing from depression in trade; sometimes in a union of commercial stagnation and political discontent. At a season of distress, agitators, with certain properties to qualify them for popular leaders, have frequently risen up, to impress upon the workpeople that their trials were caused or increased by some defect in our legislation; and uneducated men in a state of privation are naturally ready to listen to any charlatan who declares that they are suffering under a grievance, and can suggest a remedy for it; as a patient in a lingering sickness is eager to try any specific which is suggested to him, even though it be one of the panaceas of a quack advertisement. Then riots and disturbances have often followed: there have been times, not a few, when a large portion of Lancashire has been under a reign of terror from these threatening demonstrations and fierce outbreaks. But of late years much more moderation and discretion have been displayed both by masters and operatives in their mutual relations. Even in the long lock-out at Preston in 1854, there was nothing approximating to a riot. Experience probably has taught a useful lesson and suggested juster sentiments to both sides in the antagonism of capital and labour.

The present condition of our manufacturing population, in its cause, is entirely exceptional, and in its effect it is singularly illustrative of the improved tone of all

classes among us. It would be superfluous to allude at any length to the patience which the operatives have hitherto manifested under their privations. Eloquent testimony has been borne to it by the most distinguished orators and statesmen in our land, and it has been watched with silent sympathy by those whose duty has called them into immediate intercourse with suffering families. And while distress, on the one hand, has summoned forth the latent virtue of submissive endurance, it has called into being on the other an intensity of sympathy which no former period has witnessed. As yet the several classes among us—the upper, the middle, and the lower—have entertained but one feeling of mutual kindness and goodwill, from a general consciousness that there is a community of suffering springing out of an unavoidable cause.

From the period when this fratricidal war commenced in America, we trace the gradual and progressive march of destitution throughout the whole of those districts which depend on the cotton-trade. The manufacturer of limited means, whose stock of cotton was but scanty, soon began to feel the pressure, and to prepare for working short-time. By degrees the larger capitalist experienced the same tightness of trade from the scarcity and dearness of the raw material, and reduced his hours of employment; till at length few mills remained in full work, except those in which the fine threads were manufactured or spun, and but little cotton comparatively was required. Ere long the doors of many of the factories were closed, and the tall chimneys stood smoke-

less from morn till night. Then idlers were seen lounging about the streets ; beggars, many of them impostors, became more importunate along the thoroughfares ; the workhouse gates were more thronged ; the doors of the relieving-office were besieged. The Poor Law Commissioners' returns are plain prosaic facts, and we gather from them that the increase of pauperism between June 30, 1861, and June 30, 1862, in some of those unions which are most dependent on the cotton manufacture, amounted to three and four hundred per cent.

The painful characteristics of the present distress are its wide area and its long continuance. During an ordinary lock-out or turn-out an individual town may suffer very severely, but the mischief does not extend further. During a period of general commercial pressure there is often a considerable amount of distress equally spread over the manufacturing districts, but it passes away gradually, when the temporary obstacles are removed that impeded the stream of commerce. Now, however, we are met by commercial stagnation in its widest and most enduring form. The fountain has been closed that poured forth its streams, and by its irrigating floods infused fertility into the parched desert. Our usual supply of cotton is cut off, our mills are deserted, our machinery is standing, our money is stagnating. We may have hoards of gold in our banks or strong-chests, but it is comparatively useless unless it is circulating. Have you ever reflected upon that marvellous dispensation of Providence, whereby a livelihood accrues for the millions of a nation out of the

mutual action of trade, and the consequent interchange and diffusion of capital? If the blood stagnates in the body, life becomes extinct, but there is energy and vigour as it courses through the veins; and so is it with capital in relation to our body-politic. When it flows on in one unceasing round, rushing out through the arteries and streaming back through the veins, permeating and winding through the smallest ducts to the very extremities of the system, there is life with a supply of all its necessaries. Mark, how slowly the lifeblood of our manufacturing districts is now flowing, in what feeble streams it is trickling on, how many of its usual channels are dry!

It is computed that, in round numbers, 450,000 persons are employed in the cotton manufacture throughout the United Kingdom, of whom 315,000 reside in Lancashire. The total population of the Lancashire cotton districts may be set down as 2,000,000. Now, assuming that the average weekly earning of each of the 450,000 is 10s. 6d., the amount distributed in wages every seven days would be £250,000. At this time 80,000 are unemployed, whose united earnings would be £42,000, and 370,000 half-employed, whose wages would be upwards of £97,000; so that now the weekly circulation of £139,000 is entirely cut off, and that mainly in one county. But this only represents a portion of the pressure. Some 200,000 persons are engaged in certain departments of business which are dependent on the cotton-trade, and so suffer and rejoice with it in its depression and its prosperity. Indeed, in a purely

manufacturing town it would be difficult to imagine any one of the inhabitants who was not in some degree affected by its trade. The manufacturer suffers of course in a time of commercial stagnation; the shop-keeper is often mainly dependent on the factory operatives for his trade—and as a consequence, when they are out of work, his profits and his rates are in an inverse ratio; and the owner of cottage property has frequently to forego one-half his rental.

Of the comparative pressure from this commercial stagnation upon our several manufacturing towns, we have yet had no tabular statement compiled. From careful enquiries, however, we have reason to believe that at this time,* in Blackburn, Ashton-under-Lyne, Stockport, and Preston, more than one-half of the cotton operatives are entirely out of work, and one in six, seven, or eight, out of their respective populations, is receiving parochial relief. From the varying phases of employments dependent upon cotton, it is very difficult at present to arrive at any statistical accuracy; but the distress has been creeping onward gradually, till all our manufacturing towns have now begun to feel it severely. They are not suffering indeed, neither will they suffer, in the same degree, from the nature of the occupations and trades that distinguish them. Such places as Blackburn, Preston, Stockport, Ashton-under-Lyne, Stalybridge, Hyde, are almost entirely dependent on the cotton-mills; so that when these close a sad spectacle appears before us. Rochdale, on the other hand,

[* This article appeared in September, 1862.—1866.]

is carrying on an active business in the woollen manufacture, in which some 2,650 are now fully employed ; it contains also extensive foundries, as well as some small silk-mills and dye-works. Oldham has several foundries and machine-shops, one of unprecedented magnitude. Bolton too has its large foundries, machine-shops, and bleach-works ; in these there are now 5,000 persons working full-time. In Wigan many of the residents support themselves and their families from the surrounding collieries. Manchester has an aggregate of 13,540 workpeople now fully employed in silk and small-ware mills, in print-works, dye-works, machine-shops, and foundries ; while 4,443, who are usually engaged in such kinds of labour, are on short-time, and 5,628 wholly out of work. Besides, the characteristic trade of Manchester is not that of the manufacturer, but the merchant : large numbers have their occupation in our warehouses.

During the last weary twelve months, while the manufacturing districts have been gradually sinking into a state of deeper gloom, we are thankful to believe that the poor have not been neglected. Much distress doubtless there has been and is, but we are convinced that vigilance and sympathy have not been wanting for its relief. The Poor Law has been modified for the next six months ; and though we regret that the measure was postponed to the end of the session, and passed hurriedly, we think it will enable our Boards of Guardians to meet any emergency that may arise. The Government took a prudent step in sending their Com-

missioner throughout the distressed localities to advise and report. Our Guardians of the poor, we think, have, as a rule, been faithful to their trust. Their duty is an invidious one; they have to watch over the interests of the ratepayer as well as the applicant for relief; they have to guard themselves against imposition on every side; they have to be vigilant and firm, lest the money entrusted to them be squandered on the dissolute and idle; for a season of distress is a signal ever for the impostor to come forward with his importunities, whether as an applicant to the Board or as a beggar in the public streets. Then how very largely has parochial aid been supplemented by the funds that have been placed at the disposal of our relief-committees! Soup-kitchens have been established, and food of most kinds has been distributed gratuitously and largely. Sewing-schools also, and institutions for the employment and instruction of our young women, are becoming most useful adjuncts in the combined efforts to sustain the wrestling spirits of our deserving poor.

The only subject worthy of notice on which a feeling of disaffection has yet been manifested among our operatives is the labour-test, and even this is not such as to create any great uneasiness. Towards the Government of the country they do not seem to entertain any hostile sentiment; they do not attribute blame to the Ministry for the distress they are enduring. They have had their meetings to discuss the question of intervention between the American belligerents, but the predominance of opinion among them appears to be,

that premature interference would have rather an injurious than a beneficial effect upon the general interests of trade. The labour-test, however, is a matter that comes home to them daily ; and as there are always some among them who are gifted with considerable fluency of speech, it forms a suitable topic for their harangues. It is a question on which the Guardians alone must decide. To abrogate it altogether, as some Boards have done, is undoubtedly to debase a spirit of benevolence into a lax tone of management, and is calculated to produce an injurious effect, however kindly may be the motive that suggests the course. It is opening a floodgate to great abuse ; for the chronic recipients of relief are mostly those who have an utter objection to all work. At the same time it would be injudicious and unfeeling now to insist upon the test in its stringency. The honest, independent workman would rather do something for his money than receive it in idleness. But let the law under which he has to labour be carried out in a generous and humane spirit, and with a becoming regard for the exceptional circumstances of men who are anxious to obtain employment, but cannot from the necessity of the time.

On turning our faces towards the future, we look into darkness and gloom ; the utmost we can see are indistinct shadowy forms, that leave a melancholy impression on our minds. We sincerely wish that Mr. Villiers' expectations may be realised, and that in October we may experience a revival of trade by a more abundant supply of cotton ; but by what process of reasoning and

on what data he has arrived at that conclusion, we are quite at a loss to discover. We fear that we have not yet reached the gloomiest stage of the distress; but, come what may, we do not relax our confidence in the energy of the Lancashire will and in the largeness of the national heart.

Our friends at a distance, as we may gather both from newspapers and private communications, are beginning to regard us as in the very extremity of destitution. The Press is opening its columns freely to those who seem inclined to take the gloomiest view of our condition, and to describe it in language too harrowing and sensational; and thus the world at large is brought to look upon our manufacturing towns as filled with men and women, pale and haggard, and almost dying in the open streets. There is great privation, we allow, more particularly in some few of our manufacturing districts, and we fear the worst is not yet; still, no revolting scenes meet the eye, and in Manchester, for instance, a casual visitor would not remark any signs of especial distress in our streets. We are far from wishing to make light of our position—it is sufficiently grave; but we would caution our readers against being led away too hurriedly by pictures which are frequently larger than life, and by that superfluity of sentiment with which we seem likely to be inundated.

As the afternoon is pleasant and sunny, let the idle reader join us in a short tour of inspection through some of the back-streets, where factory operatives are for the most part resident. See here; we have one to

our mind—long, straight, and somewhat narrow, opening out at the end into a broad thoroughfare. The houses contain one sitting-room and two bedchambers, and average about three shillings in weekly rent. Here and there you observe the pathway is turned into a drying-ground, where linen fresh from the wash is suspended on rails,—linen, the make-up of which we need not too closely scrutinize; only take care you do not get a flap on the eye from it as you pass. Of living objects, the first that attracts our attention is an ancient figure, in somewhat dilapidated attire, with a long beard, not cut in military fashion, and a hat out of all shape jauntily stuck on the side of his head. He is leading along a venerable donkey and a creaky cart, filled with sandstones and rectangular blocks of salt—solid parallelograms twenty inches long—each of which we might imagine would be a half-year's consumption for a moderate family. As we pace along the causeway, we get an inside view of many of the houses, the doors of which are for the most part open. Some of the interiors seem to be neat and clean; while others exhibit a random scene, where everything is where it ought not to be—a confused grouping of chairs, tables, crockery, pots, pans, stools, many of the articles topsy-turvy, and all more or less covered with dust and dirt,—the whole still-life view suggesting in its graceful negligence an idea of the picturesque rather than the comfortable. Still, we do not see many idle operatives inside, male or female: the men, if unemployed at the mill, are picking up 'odd jobs;' the young women are most

likely at the sewing-school. Moving on, we come to a stout lady of forty sitting on a stool at her door and sunning herself, her baby stretched on her extended knees, with its head bent back and its mouth open—a pleasant posture, it may be, for the flexible, gutta-percha limbs of childhood, but by no means an agreeable one, we should fancy, for humanity in mature life. The mother is smoking her pipe leisurely and lazily, and seems to be in a state of comatose enjoyment, which, if not so sublimated, may be quite as real as that which, according to philosophers and poets, springs from the mental or emotional. ‘How’s the baby?’ we venture to ask. ‘Well,’ she replies lazily, the smoke curling slowly from her lips, ‘middling, nobbut middling. Bless its little heart! it nayther dees nor does;’ meaning that it does not thrive—it neither comes on nor goes back. As we advance, we come upon a group of young girls, some half-dozen of the rising generation. They are engaged in the game of ‘hop-sotch,’ the diagrams having been carefully drawn with chalk on the causeway; they are very earnest in their pursuit of pleasure, and seem to be singularly indifferent about cotton-famines, or anything else but their match. But hear! a voice from a distance. ‘Lucretia!’ shouts from her door the mother of one of them, who is away without leave.—No reply. ‘Lucretia!’ an octave higher.—No reply. ‘Lucretia!’ in a scream, ‘come here, or I’ll——,’ ending with a threat, which in its plain, Saxon terseness is in *striking* antithesis to the classical name of the chaste Roman matron. Inside this house we see a girl of seven scouring the floor, as

old-fashioned as if she had scoured floors for forty years. Children here, you must remember, are not brought up with a nurse apiece. Now we meet a wandering tradesman, enveloped from his neck downwards in a swelling pyramid of bladders, glittering in their variety of colours. He might be some heathen deity clothed in his rainbow or sparkling cloud. He is much disturbed by the little children, who will follow him and play with his bladders, while, like a fashionable lady in her crinoline, he cannot come up to them within striking distance. He does not seem to be much patronized.

Moving forwards we approach a knot of matrons, various in size and form,* who are holding a gossip

* A few months ago we witnessed a spirited feat by one of this order of gossips. Four women were standing, as we may suppose the above were, discussing the current topics of the hour, when some half-dozen lads came along, and passed them at a running pace. One of them, a lanky, hulking fellow of fifteen, who seemed, as he swung himself forward, to be all head and clogs, kicked intentionally a can of water that belonged to one of the women, and sent it rolling to a distance. Not a moment was lost. The owner of the vessel sprang after him like a greyhound from the slip. She wore a short dress suitable for running, and black stockings, which you could follow nearly to the calf, and her legs were very thin. 'Well done, Dolly!' 'At him, Dolly!' 'Go it, Dolly!' the rest shouted in encouragement. The lad dodged here and there like a hare hard-pressed, and Dolly was ever close upon him. At length, on emerging from a passage she made her spring, caught him by the back of the neck, gave him two hearty cuffs, one on each side of the head, and returned to her gossips, rather 'puffed,' as she would have termed it, but recompensed for her efforts by a sense that justice had been satisfied, as well as by the shouts of acclamation that greeted her.

with a vendor of useful articles,—toasting-forks, grid-irons, and suchlike commodities. He is a Cheap John, and a wit accordingly. ‘Come, dames!’ he says coaxingly, ‘buy a toasting-fork and a gridiron—only ninepence together, as we are old cronies, you know.’ ‘What’s the use of toasting-forks and gridirons,’ asks a stout lady, ‘if you don’t bring us a four-pound loaf and a beefsteak?’ ‘Why,’ replies John, ‘I see that a Papish Archbishop in Ireland says you’re starving on beefsteaks!’* ‘Does he, eh?’ inquires a thin-faced dame, handling one of the toasting-forks; ‘I’d like to let out some of his papish blood wi’ this, lad,—I would.’ ‘Or what do say,’ John chimes in, holding up a gridiron, ‘to making a fourpenny frizzle on him?’ ‘He’s fat enough for that, I’se warrant,’ responds another of the gossips. John unhappily cannot effect a sale; and he moves on, half-threatening to sell off his effects at prime cost, realise his floating capital, and retire from public life into the workhouse. Children again! drat them. ‘Children—children everywhere!’ Here they are, swinging round a skipping-rope right across our path, while two or three bare-legged girls are leaping up and keeping time as it passes under their feet. Children! go where you will, you find them springing up like indestructible weeds. Married folks seem to blunder into families without premeditation, and then they allow their offspring to float away as carelessly as

[* Such a remark had been made,—it may have been by Archbishop Hughes, who was then in Ireland from America.—1866.]

do zoophytes of the sponge-order. But now we come across a doleful-looking man, treading with a funereal step, carrying a basket on his arm, and moaning out a cry of 'Salad, ho!' Tea-time is approaching, and cresses, radishes, and lettuces are used, in technical phrase, as 'relishes.' His halfpenny bunches seem to go off. Now the vista of the street is opening out, and we catch a glimpse of the broad thoroughfare at the end. There you remark a youth whistling some negro melody, and dancing to it heel and toe with his wooden-soled clogs, and moving his elbows also in time, in defiance of short-work; while near him is standing in meditative mood, with his tray before him suspended from his neck, a man called 'Toffy Jem,' quite regardless of his prancing and musical neighbour. Jem deals in parkin, a greasy compound of treacle and meal, and in a species of confectionary known as 'slap-up,' in Indian rock, and in prime Everton toffy—all of which he cracks with his little hammer as scientifically as a geologist, and with much greater assurance about the genuineness of the material he is handling. Jem is patronized by the little children far and near; they look up in his face wonderingly, as if he held in his embrace all the spices of Arabia, and they know that he gives them honest pen'orths. He is, moreover, regarded in his silent manner as a philosopher by the aged. We never penetrated the depths of his wisdom. It may be with him as with many others who have acquired a reputation for profound thought from their taciturnity, or for fine writing because nobody could understand it. What

Galgacus said of the fastnesses of Britain may be true of the mental fastnesses of many who are in a higher station than Toffy Jem—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico est*.*

Here we are in the broad thoroughfare; but as a penalty for dallying too long over the picturesque scene, we are now caught in a stream of human beings—men and women, boys and girls—and are in danger of being swept away by the flood. The mills are loosing; and at this point there happens to be the conflux of many tributaries. The current is not now flowing in its fullness, for some of the adjacent factories are closed; but if you are not careful, it is strong enough to sweep you away. What a clatter of iron-ringed clogs on the flags! What a hum of many voices! As we are closely hemmed in by the lads and lasses, ‘the light wings of Zephyr’ come to us ‘oppressed’ with an oily ‘perfume,’ which may not be quite so agreeable as that in a fashionable drawing-room, but which is more healthy. You observe a great variety in the appearance of the young women. Some are neatly attired, and evidently pay due attention to the personal graces on workdays. Their bonnets, shawls, dresses, boots are adjusted with care, even in the hurry of leaving the factory. Others are but careless and slovenly in dress and manner; they have thick shawls wrapped round their heads in place of bonnets, and they are quite content to appear in clogs, gingham bedgowns, linsey-woolsey petticoats, and coarse aprons.

* Tacitus, *Agric.* ch. 30.

If one of this class happen to wear a bonnet, it is sure to be stuck full of artificial flowers, sadly changed from their pristine bloom. Some of the young women, you see, are walking along with an imperturbable gravity, quite heedless of the noise around them; they are Sunday-school teachers, Sunday-scholars, and operatives of the better class. Others—those chiefly of the shawled and bedgowned order—are talking somewhat loudly, perhaps about their sweethearts, perhaps about an intended trip in Whit-week, and are perfectly indifferent whether we hear them or not. Those lively daughters of Eve are too natural to have many secrets. Mingled in the crowd too are factory operatives of the male order, and mechanics with broad shoulders and grimy faces. There are boys also in considerable numbers—tenters from the mill, and sooty-visaged young Vulcans from the machine-shop. Some of the lads are making their way home quietly to their tea; others are showing their dexterity by a friendly interchange of scientific passes, whereby caps fly into the air, and are trampled on or kicked by the crowd as they fall. From the lively demeanour of most in the crowd, you would not say that their strength had been exhausted by their day's work; nor indeed can factory employment *per se* be now considered very heavy, even for females. They do not, as a rule, speak of it as such. They soon wear out and become old, it is true; but it is not the actual labour that causes this early decay so much as the impure atmosphere in which they have to work, the changes through which they have to pass from a very

warm temperature to the cold air, their meagre dietary, their want of fresh air and outdoor exercise, their ill-ventilated dwellings, and their neglect of sanitary rules. As we inspect the female faces in this crowd, we dare not call them handsome. Here and there the eye may rest upon an interesting countenance, but this is rather the exception; their features generally are not of an attractive mould; their complexion is unhealthy, and their teeth are going or gone. Not but that we should see them under a more agreeable aspect in their Sunday dresses. In their Sunday-school the most respectable of these young women have rather a pleasing look—many of the girls have a fresh and healthy appearance. Still, in those towns where manufactures had an early origin, and the mill-operatives are, as such, in the third or fourth generation, beauty must be regarded rather as exceptional among the females.

The workpeople in our manufacturing districts have not generally stood well in the estimation of distant observers; their faults have often come out conspicuously before the public, while their better qualities are unknown. That they are without failings we are far from saying,—and among what class are we to look for perfection? Nevertheless, they have their good properties as well as their defective ones; and the benevolent may be assured, that in aiding them now their contributions will not be ill-spent, nor unrequited by grateful hearts.

Although we have aforetime described in 'Fraser's Magazine' the habits and characteristics of our work-

ing-people, it may not be ill-timed to touch again briefly on some of their distinctive traits, now that they are beginning to be regarded with so much interest by every class in our land, and almost by every nation near and far distant.

In a large manufacturing town the lowest stratum of society is a vein by no means agreeable to explore. We are under the necessity of introducing you here to a class who are emigrants, or descendants of emigrants, from the sister isle. Many of them cannot be ranked at all, except by a very wide system of classification, under the category of the working classes; many of them, being gentlemen born, are too proud or too lazy to do anything for their living, though not too independent to receive parochial relief; others are engaged as mill-hands, but their free spirits mostly chafe under the necessity of such stringent and periodic labour. In some parts of our manufacturing towns the Irish congregate in swarms, several families occupying the same house or even the same apartment; and they give full play in England to the frolicsome disposition they have brought from their native isle or inherited from their fathers, indulging in shillelagh practice, and rejoicing in the luxury of broken heads at funeral-wakes and weddings, on Sundays and St. Patrick's-day. There is a very broad line drawn between them and the English operatives both in daily labour and social life. The streets where the Irish locate get a bad name, and the English family avoids them. There is but little association between the races. The Saxon and

the Celt differ in manners, habits, and most of all in religion. Among the young women of the two countries, fierce theological discussions are carried on during the hours of work; among the men, political controversies sometimes wax warm. The Irish too are supposed to reduce the price of labour, and are consequently regarded with jealousy. There are doubtless some decent, well-behaved families among them, but in general they are a low, brutalized class, ready to quarrel and fight for anything or nothing, for hate or love, with themselves or with others—mere waifs, moved by the breath of the priest, or driven by their own wild passions, or both.*

Among our English operative population also there is undeniably a very low order. The parents are degraded, and the children grow up in like manner; the young women from childhood know but little of the decencies of life, and the young men are equally ignorant, uncultivated, and debased. They attend neither school nor place of worship on the Sunday, and probably spend that day in their ordinary working-dress. They frequent casinos, Sunday-evening music-saloons and places of a similar kind. Their language in the street is loud, indecent, and unrestrained by a sense of

* In any large town like Manchester there is a lower stratum of society than this,—a heterogeneous rabble from all nations—wandering musicians, organ-grinders, showmen, tumblers, prize-fighters, dog-fanciers, workers in plaster of Paris, coiners, pick-pockets, and suchlike—but they can hardly be ranked among the operative classes.

shame. They grow up, and in time perhaps become themselves parents of families, from which but little hope of good can be entertained.

A large body of our working-people, again, evince, as parents, some anxiety about their families, but do not sufficiently give effect to their wishes by personal example and energetic control. They are glad to see their children attend their Sunday-school and place of worship, as they themselves perhaps once did; but they are content with looking on approvingly or without disapprobation.* Out of this class many of the young people grow up creditably, and some of them make their way to a good position in the world. They use the advantages placed within their reach, and improve themselves gradually in mental and moral culture. In such cases it is not so much to parental control and direction that they owe their advancement, as to personal energy and a well-considered, steadily-pursued system of self-help.

We regret to say that the largest section is not that where parents and children are equally attentive to their several responsibilities, and follow one course of moral and religious duty. Still, such families are to be found

* We heard of a lady who, not long ago, was inculcating on her Sunday-school class the principles contained in the fifth commandment, when, addressing a girl of ten, she said,—‘ Now, Phœbe, you know what your mother does to you: what is it, Phœbe, that your mother does to you? I’m sure you know.’ ‘ Ye-es,’ replied Phœbe with a whine, which going on in a crescendo scale ended in a sob—‘ ye-es, ma’am, she mills me every day near.’

among our working-people. The young women, if they work in crowds, are careful to maintain a respectable demeanour, not mixing with the coarse and unmannerly : at home they spend their time in useful occupations ; they are regular at their school and church, and take a pleasure in doing good according to their means and opportunities. In prosperous times they are able to earn enough for their immediate wants, and to lay up a little against future contingencies. Such a family might be envied by many an one which is moving in a much higher sphere : the parents are proud of the respectability of their children, and the children exert themselves to afford comfort and enjoyment to their parents. It is a very beautiful exhibition of the reflex action of moral training, when the young and healthy feel it to be a religious duty to aid and support, along the downhill and closing stage of life, their fathers and mothers, who have brought them up under a sense of filial duty and self-respect.

Among the personal characteristics of the working classes, much has been said and written of their manliness. We apprehend that in this quality they are only like others in the same rank of life : whatever difference there may be, springs out of the peculiar circumstances in which each is placed. The labourer in the country has been brought up in the custom of touching his hat to the squire or clergyman on the road, and receiving a 'good-day' in return : in this there is neither servility on the one side, nor assumption on the other ; it is becoming in itself, and mutually agreeable. But the

operative in the manufacturing districts rarely touches his hat to anyone ; he meets his employer, knowing him to be such, without any sign of recognition whatever. They who look charitably on such behaviour may call it manly ; they who take an opposite view of it may consider it rude. We do not think, however, that intrinsically there is anything involved in it which is *per se* either manly or rude. Nothing offensive is intended by it, nothing unmannerly is understood by it. The rustic is generally in the neighbourhood of some families who are above him—those of the landed gentry and the clergy, whom from childhood he has been taught to look upon with respect : the manufacturing operative has always lived apart from any class above him ; he has grown up in the midst of his own order, and seen socially nothing beyond it. We do not mean that the uneasy, worrying jealousy between capital and labour may not render in some degree more definite the line of demarcation between rich and poor in our manufacturing towns : still, what seems independence among our operatives is simply manner springing out of their bringing-up.

Among the better order of manufacturing operatives, strange as it may seem to some, there is a native gentility, which it is pleasing to witness ; and among the class generally there is a sincere disposition to oblige. Under an uncouth demeanour there is frequently a kind spirit. We have always observed a readiness with them to direct you wherever you wished to go ; we have never found an instance of a desire to mislead you on your way,—

that species of refined cruelty which hardened vagabonds in some places have a peculiar pleasure in inflicting. For example, one Sunday evening, in the depth of winter, we were completely lost in Manchester through taking a wrong turn, and at length found ourself in a part of the town more abundant in people than in wealth. We stopped an old woman, and asked her the way to the Cathedral, a central point which, as we thought, might be familiar to both of us. 'The Casino!' she exclaimed,—'the Casino! Here, Sally, Betty, his honour wants the Casino!' Now, the Casino is scarcely a place for a respectable gentleman to be seen at, especially on a Sunday evening; so we protested vehemently against her interpretation of our words, repeating once or twice, 'The Cathedral! the Cathedral!' Still, the three persisted in making it the Casino, and in asking each passer-by where it was, till they had gathered a crowd of some dozen dames around us—one saying that the Casino was here, and a second there, and a third in an entirely different direction, but all very anxious that we should find our way to the Casino.

A generous and liberal spirit too is frequently manifested among the working classes, and especially is this observable towards those who are in distress among them. We are not alluding particularly to the present pressure; this pleasing trait is noticeable at all times. Into the hat of the beggar, often a worthless character, we see them drop their halfpennies very freely, when they are carrying home their wages; and they who are members of a religious communion,

and as such among the best of their class, are extremely liberal, according to their means, in promoting any society which has for its object the temporal and spiritual welfare of their fellow-creatures. At the present season of distress too, they who are in full employment are among the most willing and generous contributors to the aid of their suffering fellows.

We have observed another characteristic of working people in our manufacturing towns, which is much to be commended—namely, an assiduous attention to those in their families who are sick. We mean not to say that this trait is universally found among them; such a statement would be very far from correct. Still, it is not uncommon to find great kindness and sympathy shown to a son or daughter, a brother or sister, a father or mother, who has become hopelessly ill. This may seem to be no more than the common dictate of natural feeling; but attention to an invalid in a poor family, it must be remembered, is a much severer test of patience and sympathy than in the households of the wealthy. In the dwelling of the rich man the wheel of life turns round as usual, even though one be there who is drawing nigh to the grave: servants are in attendance; rooms with every appliance are set apart for the invalid; the family can scarcely be considered incommoded at all. No stranger would say that the cloud of sickness was brooding over that house. But it is very different among the poor; their time is fully employed, even when all are well; their rooms are few, and the occupation of one by an invalid is a deprivation; in the sick

person there is probably a loss of earnings also, as well as an addition of inconvenience. And yet we have often observed among them, that every trial has been willingly undergone, even during a long illness, in order to mitigate the pain and lighten the weariness of the sufferer; and we have remarked too, that the loss has been regarded with genuine sorrow, even when the removal of the invalid has relieved them from the necessity of much personal privation and self-denial.

We might extend our catalogue of the commendable qualities to be found among our industrial classes; but after all, as we are wishful to convey the whole truth, we should have to enumerate others which are less attractive. There is a moral chiaroscuro, a shadow as well as a sunshine, which must be given to the picture, if it is to be complete. Among the most prominent evils to be found in our working populations, we need scarcely mention that of intemperance. The reports of gaol-chaplains, the records of our courts of justice, the charges of our judges, all testify to its prevalence. But we need no such testimonies: we who live in large towns see too many illustrations of drunkenness and its effects, in our daily walk, to require extraneous evidence. We see them along our streets; we hear them from the brawls of the beer-shop and gin-palace; we observe them in wretched homes, poverty-stricken parents, and ragged children. The evil, we know, is not confined to the working classes; many a man of wealth dies of delirium tremens; many a tradesman goes to bed every night in a state of intoxication; many a farmer never

returns sober from the market : still, among our manufacturing population it is seen in its worst form, and with its sorest consequences. By it the health of a working-man, which is his subsistence, is ruined ; the bread of his children is cast to the dogs ; his wife lives in misery, and then sinks into recklessness ; and his whole household is pervaded with an atmosphere of ignorance, wickedness, and social degradation.

A family can hardly be expected to grow up in respectability where the father, and perhaps the mother also, are drunkards ; their example must be productive, it might be supposed, of every species of misery to those around them, and lead the children gradually as they grow up into the same fatal course. This doubtless is often the case ; and yet, strange as it may seem, the parental example has frequently the very opposite effect upon the family ; it teaches them prudence through the very exhibition of wretchedness. We have observed this in the young people that remain at their homes, as well as those who are lodging apart from their parents on account of domestic brawls and fightings—a numerous class. The very misery that has been so long in their sight, especially if they are under any course of religious instruction, as members of a Sunday-school or attendants at a place of worship, teaches them after a stern fashion, like the exhibition of the Spartan slave, that to transgress the limits of sobriety is the first step to ruin. They consequently become members of Bands of Hope and Total Abstinence Societies, and rigid disciples of the temperance creed. Many may regard such associations

with disfavour; but on the whole, we are assured, they have been very useful. They who join them, it is true, often become crotchety and self-conceited, sometimes making the rules of their club the law of their religion; they are mostly, too, very intolerant even of moderate livers who do not subscribe to their doctrines. Still, we cannot doubt but that such associations have done good service in our manufacturing districts. They must be looked upon as instituted, not to regulate the conduct of temperate men, but to meet an exceptional state of society; and though the water-drinker, as officers of insurance-companies tell us, is not the longest liver on an average, it must be admitted that if you can bind down one to the use of water only, who might otherwise have rushed into the opposite extreme, you are certainly his benefactor personally, and you are conferring a boon on his family and the neighbourhood where he resides.

With the drinking propensity of our people is closely associated the charge of improvidence which is so often brought against them. We do not deny that they might be more prudent stewards of their means; many, as we have seen, dissipate their earnings in a reckless and disgraceful manner. On the whole however, we think that a somewhat too-sweeping condemnation is passed upon our working classes for their want of forethought and care. So far as our own observation goes, the common charge against the young women of extravagance in dress is unfounded. Among the better orders of them, we have never remarked any other than a becoming and consistent taste in this particular; among

the lower, there may be vulgarity and absurdity in their attire, but there cannot be much extravagance. Besides, many of our workpeople toil hardly for their money, and lay it up with a proper sense of its value. They become depositors in the Savings-bank, or members of a Building Society, adding a monthly sum to their store. Thus, by degrees they accumulate a fund which enables them to launch out as masters into their own trade, or to enter into business as shopkeepers; or through Building Societies they become at length owners of cottage property sufficient for their support in old age. In some towns the provident workman invests his savings in co-operative associations, which are now becoming general, and are said to be successful. While, therefore, we admit that a great want of forethought may be found among our operative classes, we must not forget, on the other hand, that there are many instances of an industrious and saving disposition among them. It must not for a moment be supposed, as some seem to speak, that our working men are one and all chargeable with improvidence, and that they alone are obnoxious to the charge. What say the strong boxes of our bankers, the archives of our lawyers, the ledgers of our tradesmen, and the records of our Bankruptcy Courts? There are dukes and earls, lords-lieutenant and high-sheriffs, landowners and millowners, merchants and professional men, who may be ranked in the category of the improvident, as well as the artisan and factory operative, and with far less excuse.

As closely allied to habits of unthriftiness, an igno-

rance of all system of domestic economy, or an indifference to it, is frequently brought as a charge against the wives of our workmen. Here too we would beg our readers not to accept the condemnation without reserve. Daily labour in the factory doubtless is not the best school for household duties; but, it must be remembered, the management of a cottage does not demand any very enlarged acquaintance with the intricacies of housekeeping and cookery. Besides, so far as we could ever ascertain, we do not imagine that the culinary schemes of our philanthropists would answer very well among our working classes. M. Alexis Soyer might have luxuriated in cooking for a regiment or a club, but his recipes would not be very suitable for the homes of our poor people. In respectable operative families the young women are brought up to household work, and their shorter hours of labour have afforded them of late years more opportunities for acquiring a practical acquaintance with home-duties. There are undeniably very many households where waste, carelessness, extravagance, and dirt are the prominent characteristics; but the statement from which we started must ever be borne in mind—that there are several grades among our industrial classes; and we may conclude that, according to their rank, so will be their domestic economy.*

[* The following extract from a paper published by the 'Manchester Education Aid Society' shows how little many of the young women who work in factories know of things relating to domestic management, but it does not contravene what we have written above. It refers to a sewing-school under

Early marriages have a direct bearing on domestic economy; and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they are far too frequent. They follow upon the peculiar condition of society among our manufacturing populations. The young women are often without the guidance and protection of parents; then there are none of those stiff conventionalities of life among them, which are found in the higher grades of society; they are thrown together at their work and at their Sunday-schools; at fifteen or sixteen they are often able to support themselves. So that many begin to 'keep company' at the early age of fourteen, and are proud of being beaux and belles sufficiently attractive to captivate ad-

the control of the 'Manchester District Provident Society' during the late distress:—

'The total number of young women, factory-workers, from 16 to 23 years of age, that have passed through this school, is 963. They were instructed by ladies who gave their time and labour to the benevolent work. Of the 963 there were only 199 who could both read and write; 319 more of them were able to read, but 445, or nearly half of the whole, were unable to read at all. But what is still more important to those likely soon to become mothers of families is, that not one in ten of these young women could sew, in any available way; and not more than one in twenty could sew moderately well. They required to be taught even to hold the needle, and were made to practise first on patchwork provided for the purpose, which was frequently so badly sewed as to need unstitching after their attempts. Of domestic management they were entirely ignorant. They were unable to cook the simplest kind of food. It was very difficult to teach them to peel potatoes without excessive wastefulness. And not a single girl knew how to make bread.'—1866.]

mirers. We once asked a young married woman how long she had been acquainted with her husband. 'Ever since I can remember,' she said. 'And were you engaged ever since you can remember?' 'Well, John and me kept company ever since I can think.' 'When did John propose to you, if it's a fair question?' we inquired. 'He never proposed at all,' she answered, without any reserve; 'he kept company with no one else, and I kept company with no one else; so, you see, we took it for granted.' This, we have learned, is a very common rationale of courtship and marriage among our young people. A few weeks since we said to a youth after his marriage, 'I suppose you have now finished your probation, and got fixed for better and worse?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied good-humouredly, 'and it's about time I should, for I've had about a thousand miles of courting,' meaning that from beginning to end he had walked his young lady out about that distance.

The question of marriage is a very important one as influencing the condition of our working people. That event is the crisis in the lives of the young women. Some marriages are followed by comfort and respectability, where the family is brought up well, and society is improved. But it frequently happens that the wife sinks under her domestic cares into a kind of recklessness. Young women who, while unmarried, were cheerful, neat, almost elegant in appearance, as well as regular in attendance at public worship, and respectable in every duty of life, often change by degrees, under the pressure of family trials, till they lose all sense of what is becom-

ing both in appearance and in conduct. Do not however judge too hardly, even in such cases as these, ye who 'dwell in your ceiled houses.' The husband may prove but an indifferent one, and means of living may become limited. Then, after a time, children are born; and there is no nurse but the mother to look after them. Thus she is bound down to her house; and as the family increases, cares increase. We believe that many a young woman struggles hard to maintain her position in life after marriage, but is gradually compelled to succumb to the force of circumstances, and eventually to give up the contest.

Such is the estimate we have formed of our operative classes, after an intercourse of twenty years with every rank and degree among them, from those in the dark unventilated cellar to those in the airy suburban dwelling. If you compare, as some do, their moral and social condition with a certain ideal standard of excellence, you will doubtless find it low enough in the scale; if you compare it with society as it exists, making due allowance for peculiar disadvantages, you will discover that it contains the same elements of good and evil as any other social grade. If our operatives are deficient in some moral qualities, they excel in others. From the better class of them there is but a very small percentage of the criminals of our country; and the fact that crime is not increased by poverty, as is evidenced at the present period, proves that the principle of honesty is not an unstable one among them. There is a scum of society which supplies the cases for our courts of justice;

but this is not affected for good or ill by depression in trade. And in firm endurance our working people stand out from every other class; they are enabled by habit to live on very little, and the precarious state of employment at most periods has brought them to look want boldly in the face. We mean not that the endurance of all is that patient resignation which springs out of reflection and a sense of moral duty; it is frequently nothing more than a sullen indifference to passing want, as a result of habit or absence of thought: the various classes and characters we have attempted to describe, will feel according to their several modes of thought and positions in life. On the whole, however, it may be said that they can, one and all, pass through seasons of temporary privation with surprising equanimity.

And now we trust that they will summon into action their utmost powers of endurance; for winter is at hand, and, whatever men high in office may say, the trials of privation will only increase with the inclemency of the season. An empty stomach and a bare back are but miserable attendants wherewith to meet the frosts and snows of December and January. Nay, when are we to look for relief? Cotton is not grown in a day; and this wretched war between the Northern and Southern States of America will apparently go on in all its internecine ferocity, till the blood of their best sons has been poured out like water, and exhaustion at length ensues on one side or the other.

And while we exhort our working classes to bear manfully the visitation which cannot be averted, we are

convinced that there will be sympathising hearts to cheer them and strong arms to uphold them. Let the operatives be true to themselves in peacefulness, submission, and rectitude, and those without their pale will be true to them. The distress will continue and probably increase through the winter; but the nation has a generous heart, and Lancashire men are not cowards and sluggards, to lie down in the mire and call upon Hercules to help their waggon out of the rut.

And let us, in conclusion, again warn those who know nothing of our county and its people, to be on their guard against the many sensational narratives and descriptions which are now beginning to teem in our newspapers. A gentleman, it may be, who has never been in a manufacturing town before, rests a day in one, on his journey northward; and straightway he has a call to write a long letter to one of the metropolitan journals. Or some young man from one of our manufacturing towns, who is emulous of literary distinction, writes to the 'Times,' and, being taken in hand by that influential paper, is encouraged in the sensational style. Or a Special Correspondent goes down to gather information for one of the London journals, and he makes a point of describing minutely what he has seen in his visitations from cottage to cottage, even to the spout of a teapot or the ingredients of oatmeal porridge. And thus there is presented to the public a succession of stage-scenes painted after that rough and exaggerated fashion which will only bear to be looked upon from a distance. We are alarmed therefore, lest we be deluged

with this overflowing surge of sentiment. Let our countrymen render their aid, 'not grudgingly or of necessity,' but cheerfully and bountifully; let them be assured that they are giving to those who stand in need of their assistance; and let them rely confidently upon this, that there are those at the scene of distress who will make a right use of their contributions, and will not stand by in listlessness, while they see their fellow-creatures perishing of hunger, even though those suffering brothers and sisters be in the lowest ranks of social life.

VIII.

LANCASHIRE UNDER A CLOUD.



LANCASHIRE, more than other counties, is marked by social extremes: at one time, it is riding on in the height of prosperity; at another, it is sunk in the depth of distress. When its trade is buoyant, and money is circulating rapidly among its people; when its furnaces are roaring, and its anvils are ringing, and its machinery is rumbling; when its vessels are sailing from its ports laden with their merchandise, and returning with rich cargoes from distant shores;—this county is looked upon from a distance with a mixture of admiration and jealousy, as a hive of industry, and an El Dorado of wealth. It is an object of envy for its many natural advantages—its coal, its iron, its streams—and above all for that energy, and skill, and invention which can mould these materials into agents of incalculable power. It is an object of envy, mingled perhaps with something like contempt, as our merchants and manufacturers rise from small beginnings into millionaires, and, after devoting more attention to barter and

the ledger than to refinement and the graces, settle in the great mansions and on the broad lands which were once held, but improvidently squandered, by our noblemen and county aristocrats, who lived in luxury and ease, and knew not the meaning of a balance-sheet. On the other hand, Lancashire in its distress becomes an object of pity. When one apparently insignificant staple of trade has been cut off; when the ports of one country have been closed to us; when a single nation rises in civil war, and withholds its products,—the hum of employment ceases among us, and gaunt famine enters our homes: he who was lately luxuriating in abundance, curtails his expenditure in alarm; he who was living in comfort, experiences the pinchings of poverty; and he who was just above want, sinks into the abyss of pauperism. In its prosperity, Lancashire is the world's envy; in its distress, it is the world's pity.

In the number for September, 1862, we endeavoured to describe in *Fraser's Magazine* the most salient characteristics of our operative classes, and the general condition in which they then were.* A year has now elapsed since that article was written; and it may not be altogether uninteresting, especially to those at a distance, if we take a review of the scenes through which we have passed during that time—if we glance at the position in which we now find ourselves, and if we venture to look onward, however diffidently, into the season of winter, which is again looming before us.

* *Our Cotton Trade and Factory Operatives*, p. 271.

When we last wrote, the clouds were gathering darkly around, but the storm had not fairly burst upon us. This miserable war across the Atlantic had then been carried on for more than twelve months, and our commercial distress had been on the increase; but it had by no means reached its height,—we were then only at the entrance of the dark valley. During the last four months of the year the gloom increased in intensity, commerce became more and more paralysed, cotton dearer and dearer, work scarcer and scarcer, the unemployed more and more numerous, the idlers who did not wish to work, more and more importunate; till at Christmas our trade had sunk into the lowest deep of torpor and depression, and our operative populations were in the darkest gorge of the shadow of death.

But during this time it must not be supposed that we sat with our arms folded, and awaited our doom in sullenness. This is not the fashion of Lancashire. Whatever the natives of our county may be in other respects, they are men of action: whatever their hands find to do, they do it with all their might; they neither shrink from work nor sink under danger; and now they girded themselves for the struggle that was before them. Temporary distress, even in its severest form, they had experienced before; but now they had to face it in an intensity of pressure and a length of duration that had known no parallel. Still they were equal to the arduous task. Nobleman and merchant, clergyman and layman, tradesman and operative, joined hand to hand, and formed a closely linked chain to rescue the

hundreds of thousands that were stranded on the bare rocks of want, and were in danger of perishing in the general wreck of the vessel of trade. And then with what marvellous liberality were contributions of all kinds and from all parts poured in to our aid! The echoes of sympathy were awoke not only in the palace, mansion, and cottage of our land, but they reached us from the far East and from the far West—nay, from lands which are to us literally the very ends of the earth. Canada, Australia, India, New Zealand—all contributed to our assistance, not simply as a return for the benefits Lancashire had conferred on them by its merchandise, but as a filial acknowledgment of affection towards their mother-country, and an earnest of good-will towards their suffering brothers and sisters; while help came from peoples upon whom we had no such claim—from shores and islands so distant and obscure, that we had scarcely heard of them as emerging into the light of civilisation.* If this ordeal through which we are passing teach us no other lesson, it must convince us that the human heart conceals within it a fountain of benevolence, which is ever ready to flow forth in living streams at the touch of undeserved suffering and unavoidable affliction.

Towards the latter end of the year an influential county meeting was held in Manchester, for the purpose of stimulating the liberality of the public, and at the same

* The following statement of contributions, taken from the balance-sheet of the Central Executive Committee, just published, may not be without interest:—

time of removing some unfavourable impressions that were entertained in the country in regard to the conduct of the manufacturers. It was presided over by the Lord-Lieutenant, the Earl of Sefton, who, though a young man and inexperienced in such public meetings, went through his part in a graceful and becoming manner. It was attended by the principal nobility and gentry of Lancashire and the distressed districts adjacent, as well as by our merchants and manufacturers. It will be acknowledged to have been a success, when we state that upwards of 70,000*l.* were subscribed in the room ; landowner, merchant, and manufacturer vying with each other in the largeness of their donations. The Earl of Derby, as Chairman of the Central Executive Committee, was there, and was of course the chief

To Foreign and Colonial Subscriptions, viz.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Australia (including New South Wales) . . .	51,980	17	0	Gibraltar . . .	105	16	0
Nova Scotia . . .	5,280	0	0	Russia . . .	716	14	3
China	2,056	2	6	South America . . .	1,526	12	11
India	1,867	6	1	Austria	207	14	8
Canada	2,467	7	3	Africa	267	17	10
Cape of Good Hope	2,084	10	3	Newfoundland . . .	313	7	1
Germany	1,032	1	0	Smyrna	728	16	0
France	1,239	4	6	New Zealand . . .	2,499	15	0
The Brazils	4,622	11	4	West Indies . . .	2,664	11	9
Turkey	793	4	0	North America . . .	1,000	0	0
Egypt	1,527	3	0	Java	283	16	8
Italy	767	8	7	The Sandwich Islands . . .	755	0	0
Holland	556	5	6	Madeira and sundry foreign	993	4	2
Spain	230	16	2		£88,568	3	6

speaker. Indeed, he left but little else to be said in his pathetic pleadings for the unemployed, and his eloquent defence of the manufacturers as a body. It is pleasant to see a nobleman of his high rank and station taking the position he has done in this crisis; it looks like a revival of old English times and feelings, when our aristocracy were acknowledged as our national leaders. Before the opening of Parliament the Earl of Derby attended regularly the weekly meetings of the Central Committee, and applied his powers of organisation and administration diligently to its business. From the commencement of this distress indeed, he has manifested a watchful interest in devising the best plans for its relief, and he has thereby won the good opinion of both rich and poor. Few men have been blest with more enviable gifts than he, socially and mentally. Of ancient lineage, of enormous rentroll, of unsurpassed intellectual endowments, he has yet gained another title to distinction, equally to be desired by the wise and good, in that he has joined in the less ambitious, but no less honourable duty, of devising a means of relief for those who are indigent and needy through no fault of their own. How like, and yet how unlike, are the father and the son when they appear together on a platform, as on this occasion they did! In general aspect they resemble each other most closely, and yet their individual features are unlike. So in their mental and moral qualities there is a general resemblance: the combined powers of each achieve similar results; but those powers are individually widely diverse. The intellect

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of the father is quick, clear and penetrating, comprehending a subject as it were by intuition; that of the son requires more time and preparation for fully mastering a question: the father was born an orator; the son has to win the title with some difficulty and labour: the father is, or was, somewhat impetuous and fiery in temper; the son is rather cold and unimpassioned: the mind of the father is stored with much knowledge, and we wonder how he acquired it; that of the son too is well furnished, but we know that it has been gathered by patient watching and study. And yet the parent and the son resemble each other in the usefulness and order resulting from the combination of their mental and moral faculties, even as a marvellous likeness in the general aspect of their countenances is produced out of features and lineaments individually bearing to each other but a slight resemblance.

When the Earl of Derby took great pains to defend the manufacturers from the charge of niggardliness, he and the Central Committee were apprehensive lest the accusation, if uncontradicted and undisproved, might congeal at once the stream of benevolence that was then flowing copiously. As in charges and refutations of this kind generally, there were probably exaggerated statements on both sides. There have been instances of a noble generosity in the manufacturers; cases, again, of great selfishness might be cited against them: but, we apprehend, the bulk of them have acted with a reasonable view to their own interests, without overlooking the welfare of their work-people. No manufacturer

would willingly discharge his operatives, even for his own sake; but when we are ostentatiously told of mills running to a great loss, we would not wish to be rude, but we must be permitted to doubt the accuracy of the statement. We hear frequently—more frequently in the House of Commons than in our marts of commerce—that the manufacturers have *lost* many thousands a year by keeping their mills at work. First, what is meant by the expression ‘lost?’ There is danger of what logicians call ‘an ambiguous middle’ in the syllogism. Take the legitimate trade-meaning of the term. Suppose a manufacturer has 50,000*l.* in his concern: calculating five per cent. on that sum, he puts down 2,500*l.*; but, as a part of this capital, the machinery is valued at 20,000*l.*; reckoning the interest on this at ten per cent., as subject to wear and tear, he adds 1,000*l.*: so that, on his 50,000*l.*, he calculates 3,500*l.* as interest. This, observe, does not come into the account of profit. Whatever is absolutely netted over and above the 3,500*l.* is profit; whatever falls below that sum is loss. Now, it is possible that, from miscalculation in the waste of cotton or other reasons, there may have been in some cases a loss; it is quite conceivable, too, that a manufacturer, in order to keep his operatives together and his machinery going, will consent to a reduction for a time in the above rate of interest on his capital; but we cannot suppose that any man of business will knowingly run his mill to an absolute loss of his legitimate interest. Indeed, we have reason to believe that those mills which

have not stopped have worked to a small profit, the cessation of others giving them an advantage.*

The nature of the manufacturer, we may be assured, is in the main like that of other men: no doubt he acquires, as with most people, a few peculiarities from his position. Viewed as a type of the class, he has a certain brusqueness of manner, being indurated with much barter and occasional disputations with many work-people. On the other hand, he is far from being an unkind or illiberal man. He is energetic at his mill, and hospitable at his home; he has a good deal of the milk of human kindness under a rough cocoa-nut husk; and from the flow of money which, like an unceasing stream, is passing through his hands, he is brought to grasp it with less tenacity than one who has a settled income, and has to live carefully within it.†

* The terms 'profit' and 'loss' are sometimes used in a more imaginary sense. When a manufacturer has not 'made' up to his calculations, in loose verbiage he calls it a loss. We heard of an old gentleman bemoaning himself, in that he had 'lost' eight thousand pounds in one year by his mills; when some one initiated in the trade begged to ask him how it was possible. 'How possible?' was the explanation; 'don't you see? If things had gone on well, I should have made ten thousand pounds, whereas I have only gained two.'

† We do not think that the charge against the manufacturers of building new mills in this season of distress carries with it much weight. Previous to the present crisis trade had been for some time unusually prosperous, and consequently on the cessation of work many of the millowners had a large capital idle. Now, if you were to recommend such as they to invest their money in the Consols, or at four per cent. in railway debentures, they would regard you as a fit subject for a commission of lunacy.

Up to the present time there have been two reservoirs for the reception and distribution of the thousand rills of charity that have poured down upon us—the Central Executive Committee, which holds its meetings in Manchester, and that presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, called the Mansion House Committee. A strenuous and continued effort was made to amalgamate the two; it was thought that it would prevent irregularities, and conduce to more uniformity of principle and action, if the Committee sitting in Manchester were the central depository of power, and had the sole distribution of the funds; it was alleged that instances of unbecoming extravagance had occurred from the twofold channel of distribution. In these arguments and statements there might be some reason. Still, let the truth be fairly spoken: in the condition wherein we found ourselves during the closing months of last year, we know not what we could have done but for the liberal aid rendered us by the Mansion House Committee. We were involved in circumstances of great difficulty and trial, suddenly and unexpectedly; we were surrounded by suffering thousands, and the numbers of the unemployed

Trade they must have. At a time like this, too, it is said that mills may be built and filled with machinery at a much cheaper rate, and in a more durable manner, than in busy seasons. Then there has very strangely been all along a floating impression among our manufacturers, that there may come over by any packet an announcement that hostilities have ceased or are suspended in America. It is singular how long and how tenaciously this expectation has been entertained, even in the face of every reasonable probability.

were increasing from week to week; we were in an entirely novel position, and we could not see our way any distance before us. Then the whole country was urging us to give abundantly to those who were out of work; pressure was laid equally on Boards of guardians as on relief committees; the labour that devolved on us too was very heavy, and the pecuniary responsibility not inconsiderable. So that we must ever regard with grateful feelings the ungrudging liberality that was exercised by the Mansion House Committee: their grants were made freely, and in our application for them we were not too much trammelled by red-tapeism. We are assured that if it had not been for their ready aid, many of the relief committees would have been broken up or suspended. In bearing this testimony however to the sustaining influence of the Mansion House Committee, we speak of that exceptional state of embarrassment through which we have passed; for the future we should much prefer one central depository of control to two co-ordinate committees, having each an independent management of charitable funds.

It may savour somewhat of a paradox, but it is quite true, that the difficulty did not consist so much in collecting the streams of charity into these two large reservoirs as in distributing them again into fitting channels, thence to be divided into smaller ducts, as in the arterial process of the human system. From the two central associations funds were disbursed to the various relief committees throughout the distressed districts according to their wants; and it was only

when the money reached these smaller organisations, to be dispensed to families and individuals, that the main difficulty confronted you. It may seem a simple process to distribute charitable funds which have been intrusted to you; but it is really very hard to do so equitably and conscientiously over a large district, even with the help of paid inspection and personal visitation. It is easy enough doubtless to scatter the money intrusted to you with a lavish hand, without any scruples about the character and condition of those whom you aid; but if you are actuated by a sense of what is due to the original donor as well as to the recipient, you will find yourself engaged in no light undertaking. Imagine a district of some twenty thousand inhabitants, as placed under a relief committee. It may contain seven thousand dependent on the cotton manufacture, the class most easily dealt with; but the rest are of a miscellaneous order—hawkers, porters, tailors, shoemakers, slipper-makers, carters, labourers, jobbers, needlewomen, charwomen, and aged people, with a still lower stratum—mainly Irish—which would be classed under the head of ‘no business in particular.’ And yet all are claimants for relief; the most deserving ever the most reluctant to seek it, the least deserving ever the most importunate: every trick is practised by some—those chiefly who have reduced begging to a kind of science—to get their share in the general scramble; and thus the nicest discrimination combined with great moral firmness is required, in order to do justly, and at the same time to act with mercy.

And among those who are strictly speaking mill-operatives, it must not be supposed that all feel alike, even under the same weight of pressure. In sensibility to suffering there is a great difference among them, according to the character of the individual or the family. Some go for parochial aid without any great degree of sensitiveness, and can rough the jostling with relieving officers and Boards of Guardians without much shrinking; though this is rather an Irish than an English characteristic. Others will bear the keenest pinchings of poverty without allowing even friends to know that they are in want. We have often observed this in the respectable class of young women upon whom depends the support of the house. When two or three are earning their ten shillings a week each, they can live respectably; but their wages, suppose, sink to one half, perhaps to a quarter—then comes the pinch; and yet we have found sometimes that they will live in the most sparing manner, in order to maintain an outward appearance of respectability; and probably one who might wish to render assistance to such will first discover their disguised penury from the fading colour on their cheeks, indicating a want of necessary food. Some of our work-people, again, bear privation with a sullen endurance; they have never been provident, and they cannot come out of the furnace much worse than they went in, if only they can subsist at all: others have prided themselves on their honest independence and provident habits; they have probably laid up money in the Savings' bank, or put it out in some

other investment ; they live in comfortable houses ; they have gathered round them a sufficient stock of substantial furniture ; their families have good clothes for week-day and Sunday. In such households as these the conflict is intense ; and the more so, inasmuch as it is the struggle of sensibility rather than of material want. Investments are sinking, furniture is going, clothes are disappearing, and this gradual deterioration is accompanied by that dignified pride which shrinks from an appearance, much more a parade of poverty. Such cases as these it is always most difficult to relieve, while most of all they claim the moral and substantial sympathy of every benevolent heart.*

It would not have been right to have limited our charity during the last winter † to the cotton-operatives, for the depression in trade affected the whole working population. ‘Why, what difference can these times make to you?’ we inquired of a little bustling barber who was seeking aid. ‘Don’t you see, sir,’ he answered with some importance, ‘my customers who used to shave three times a week now shave only twice, and those that shaved twice now only shave once ; it’s a loss, sir, of five-and-forty per cent. on my income.’ And he seemed to assume as much importance as if he received less weekly by five hundred pounds instead of

* In the five towns of Preston, Blackburn, Wigan, Ashton, and Stockport 57,273*l.* were drawn out of the Savings’ banks during the six months ending June, 1863, absolutely to provide the necessaries of life.

† [Written in 1863.—1866.]

five shillings. A bagpiper applied for help to the committee of which we are Chairman ; it seemed doubtful on what principle he could establish his claim, until one of the members suggested that he ' wanted to raise the wind.' On one occasion an old woman came forward for her dole somewhat tipsy, and when taxed with it, she argued with a certain inebriate gravity that she was quite sober ; she had evidently walked up deluding herself with the idea that she was perfectly steady—quære, is this a frame of mind peculiar to the old woman ? After a time, her opponent convinced her, in fair argument, that she had been drinking, when she admitted so far, that she had just ' broke tee-total.' It came out, however, that whenever the old dame had three-half-pence in her pocket, she ' broke tee-total ' without fail.

The operations of a Local Relief Committee are more extensive than one who has never engaged in them might suppose. They involve the dispensing of food or its equivalent, the distribution of clothing, the management of the sewing school, and the superintendence of classes for free education ; and each of these departments must come under a distinct sub-committee subservient to the managing body.

Various plans have been adopted for dispensing food, or what is intended for its purchase. Some committees have distributed their relief in kind alone ; some by tickets on the various shopkeepers ; some in money. This last is a practice deserving of the strongest reprobation, inasmuch as that which is intended for the sustenance of the family in many cases finds its way

directly to the alehouse. Soup kitchens too and cheap dining-rooms have been very general throughout the manufacturing districts. We have tasted the soup in the large establishments at Preston and Blackburn, and found it remarkably good; it is of a very nutritive quality, and though it might not be so delicate in taste, or so tempting in appearance, or so neatly served up, as that in a gentleman's dining-room, it has more substantial and strengthening properties in it. These soup kitchens and cheap dining establishments have been a great support to the poor at this exceptional season: so far however as our observation goes, the Lancashire operative in the normal state of trade cherishes the Englishman's feeling, and prefers his meals at his own house.

The clothing department of a relief committee is attended with considerable labour, and on the whole not with the greatest satisfaction. Towards the close of last year we had large grants for the distribution of bedding and wearing apparel. Much of it was received by the poor with thankfulness, and applied to the purpose for which it was intended; but a considerable quantity, we fear, found its way in no long time to the pawnshops. In the case of many of the recipients it was impossible to prevent this mal-appropriation, whatever vigilance and stringency were exercised. The use of the pawnshop is so very general among our operative population that no discredit whatever is attached to it. Large bundles also of worn-out articles came down to us for distribution; and it was ludicrous to see what

strange and inconsistent clearings of the wardrobe were unpacked. Here was an admiral's full dress, with cocked hat to match : no doubt it had paced the quarter-deck one day, and strutted in pride of place and authority. Some wag was for encasing a certain half-witted lad in it, on which the simple fellow would have rejoiced and marched proudly in his uniform and unique head-piece ; but the salt-water suit was sent to the second-hand clothes-dealer for exchange or sale. Here again was a pair of decayed satin shoes, which once perhaps, enveloping the 'light fantastic toe,' had tripped gracefully at Almack's. Lo ! out pops a pair of buckskin breeches, which has no doubt crossed the broad fields of Leicestershire on some Jupiter, by Thunderer, while the hounds were in full cry. Holla ! here come the red coat and the top-boots also. What Nimrod can we find among the spindles and shuttles to array in this equestrian apparel ? Now a drab top-coat with many capes falls upon the floor before us ; it has withstood wind and rain as it waited impatiently at the door of the Opera House or the mansion in Belgrave Square for the dilatory family : we must see what the second-hand clothes-dealer will give us for this many-caped relic of other days. Here a soiled dress and a faded bonnet—both of the latest Parisian fashion—are hauled out of the clothes-bag. What a depth of degradation, to be trimmed up for the ungainly proportions of a factory girl, after airing themselves in the Park on those graceful shoulders behind those splendid bays ! 'Imperial Cæsar, turned to dust and clay, stopping a hole

to keep the wind away !' We heard of a charwoman receiving a satin gown as her share of the booty. 'And what have you made of it, Sally?' inquired the mistress of a house where she was working; 'you will look as fine as a duchess in it, I expect.' 'Well, now, bless you, missus,' replied Sally, 'I couldn't for the life of me, for shame to wear it. Fancy me, a washerwoman, in satin! So I sold it for five shillings, and had a jolly good spree with it.'

In the autumn of last year sewing schools sprang up in great numbers throughout the distressed districts, and they have done a good work: they have afforded a livelihood to very many young women who were thrown out of employment; and while they have kept them from the temptations incidental to idleness, they have been the means of teaching them the use of their needle, an accomplishment in which a large portion of them were imperfect. Into these sewing schools a very miscellaneous assemblage came together. There was the Sunday scholar, who was generally characterised by decency, if not refinement of manner; there were those who, if they had ever attended a Sunday-school, had long ceased to do so,—who were married perhaps, and had sunk into a state of listlessness, if not reckless; there were those—mainly Irish, it must be observed—who had never attended a school in their lives, and whose minds seemed to be a total blank so far as any educational impressions they had received. As we were arranging a class on one occasion, we had the following dialogue with a young woman of this last

order,—in Lancashire phrase, ‘a big lump of a body,’ who would have been a dangerous customer in a row: ‘Can you sew?’—‘No.’ ‘Can you write?’—‘No.’ ‘Can you spell?’—‘No.’ ‘Can you read?’—‘No.’ ‘Do you know your letters?’—‘No.’ ‘Why, what can you do?’—‘Don’t know.’ ‘You’re married, I see by your finger?’—‘Ay.’ ‘How did any one come to have you?’—‘Don’t know.’ From this variety of classes it may be imagined that, unless discipline had been kept up, confusion would have been the result. On the whole however the women behaved satisfactorily: the chief disturbances were among the Irish Romanists, and occasionally an affair of honour was adjusted out of school in the Sayers fashion; but when it was found that this Hibernian way of settling a dispute was followed by instant dismissal, the duello was abandoned. There was not a very large class of this kind in the schools, and they had got in at the first general rush: at one time many were admitted who, after the experience committees have gained, would now be certainly excluded. The larger portion of those who attended were decent young women; some of them were very respectable and praiseworthy in their conduct throughout. Their degrees of progress, as it may be supposed, were various. Some began with a fair experience in the use of the needle, while others commenced by handling it as they would wield a poker; some have attained to considerable perfection in every kind of sewing and fancy work, while others have improved but slowly, and have not advanced very far in the art.

All however must have acquired the rudimentary principles of stitching and patching, which may be so usefully applied in every cottage.

Some local relief committees took advantage of the times to give a cheap or gratuitous education to the children of those who were receiving aid from them; some formed classes for adults. Boards of guardians too adopted a school-education, as well as oakum-picking and out-door labour on the land, as a test of relief for men of all ages. To be sent to school at forty or fifty years of age, seemed to many to be turning the fingers of their clock a long way back; but, no doubt, some benefit has resulted from it. A very old woman told us that her lad (about fifty) had gone to school again. She was very much puzzled in giving me the title of the school. 'They call'n it,' she said, 'as near as I can think, a dul—a dul—bert (adult) school; but I never was much of a scholar.'

That these local committees have invariably acted with the soundest judgment and the nicest discrimination in the administration of relief, we are not prepared to say: indeed, it is undeniable that very shameful tricks were sometimes practised on them by the most undeserving characters, and that numbers who could have supported themselves by their work, preferred to live in idleness by cheating and overreaching the dispensers of charitable funds. The professional scamp had a good opportunity for the exercise of his cunning in a populous town like Manchester, which contained many local committees. This liability to deception

was perhaps inseparable from the state of distraction and overwork in which we were so suddenly involved towards the close of last year; but it cannot fail to make all conscientious and business-like distributors of relief extremely cautious in the future management of their operations.

But into whatever errors kind-hearted committeemen may have fallen, no one can speak in too favourable terms of the zeal and energy with which our people girded themselves to the work of aiding the unemployed. Throughout the distressed districts the clergy assumed their natural position as leaders of the movement, and, each within his given boundary, assisted to aid the poor of every religious denomination. The gentry were not backward in rendering their help. The shopkeeper, who was often himself a great sufferer by the very charity that was administered, joined willingly in the work of visiting cases of need, and distributing what was necessary for its relief. Most of those, in short, who were above want came forward to help, either by work or contributions, or by both. The services of the Local Relief Committees have not been much recognised: as a rule, they have worked very unostentatiously, and been little known beyond their respective districts; but the labour they have gone through, and the time that has been given up to it, if fully recorded, would make many felicitate themselves on their good fortune, who have contributed their hundred pounds, and sat in their easy chairs through the winter evenings.

From what we have thus far written it may be

inferred that the unemployed were not left unaided in their distress. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the *lowest* class of our population were never better fed or better clothed in their lives: even on Christmas-day, by the liberality of the Mansion House Committee, each poor family had the means provided for a good old-English dinner. As you ascended in the scale of society you would find many whose circumstances were pitiable. The respectable operative or artisan, who in ordinary times could make an ample livelihood with his family, became in many cases stinted even in the necessaries of life; many of them suffered in feeling as well as bodily privation, from a mistaken sense of degradation in having to apply for relief. Still they were maintained, if not in much comfort, yet above positive want. Indeed, the late returns of the Registrar-General inform us that the health of the manufacturing districts has not deteriorated from the prevailing distress: the opportunities for intemperance have been curtailed; and probably a change of employment has in some cases been salutary. They who were put to farm-labour by Boards of guardians improved in health and condition.

‘How well you are looking, Thomas!’ we said to a poor man of industrious disposition, but not of bright intellect: ‘you are getting quite fat and vigorous,’ as indeed he was.

‘Why, you see, sir, I’ve turned farmer,’ he replied, ‘and it seems to agree with my constitution.’

‘Turned farmer! You have surely met with some

good luck !' for we knew that he was receiving parochial relief.

' Oh, I mean by that, I work on the farm : they call us all farmers ; so I'm a farmer.'

Rising above the working class we met with suffering among all trades. The shopkeeper was necessarily in a critical position ; he did but a small business, and that often with uncertainty of payment. We know not what effect the commercial depression had upon the dram-shops and beer-houses : we almost fear that they did not suffer much ; but the legitimate innkeeper had to share in the general want of custom.

' Why, sir,' the mistress of a market-house said very innocently to us, ' our customers will sit as long over twopence as they did over a shilling : they will spread a dobbin of ale over an hour.'

And when we entered the warehouses of our merchants we were met with blank faces : calicoes were double their normal price, and the country shopkeepers were afraid to purchase ; sales were slow and heavy ; the wholesale dealers dared not keep anything like their ordinary stock, for if prices had suddenly come down they would have lost perhaps forty per cent. on it.

' How is trade going with you ?' we asked one of our merchants about Christmas.

' Oh, bad,' was the reply, ' very bad ; grey cloths dull and heavy ; but, now that they are distributing the charities, blankets are lively !' and on he walked jauntily, not stopping to tell us whether he meant that his ' blankets were lively' in a commercial or an entomological sense.

Probably what we have stated may lead some to suppose that praise has been rather too freely lavished on the patient demeanour and peaceable disposition of the poor under their trials. We would not detract from the credit due to them : they have for the most part taken a correct view of their position. Still, the truth must be fairly stated here: they had no ground whatever for any riotous proceedings during the last winter; the most factious could hardly have concocted a justifiable complaint. We conceive therefore that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and they who have adopted his tone of reasoning, cannot argue from their conduct, with any semblance of fitness, for an extension of the franchise. If a measure of that kind is to be carried, let it be done on its general merits; but it is folly to reason that our people ought to have privileges as a reward for patience, when an undue impatience would have been altogether unpardonable.*

* [In the discussions on the Reform Bill, 1866, we perceive that some speakers have adopted the Chancellor of the Exchequer's mode of reasoning. We repeat now, that, dark as the times have been out of which we are emerging, if the operatives had not been peaceful and patient, they would have been among the most ungrateful, as well as the most short-sighted, of human beings. We are not, for our own part, at all alarmed about a 7*l.* franchise, but let the question be argued on its real merits. Indeed, we regard this Reform Bill with something like indifference. For how does the case actually stand? Among the working classes those who are sober, prudent, and industrious, have for the most part a vote under the 10*l.* franchise, and many more might have gained it, if it had been a matter of any interest to them. But really the great bulk of them care little or nothing about it. A few

During the winter, it is true, there were certain indications of rioting, but not such as to create any great alarm. At Manchester there were occasional disputes between the Board of Guardians and those who were receiving relief, on the question of labour; but these evaporated in a few out-door meetings and their concomitant speeches. At Preston these contentions became more serious; but the Guardians were very properly firm, and as the disaffected knew that they were prepared for any emergency, no disturbance broke out. The riot at Stalybridge alone was attended with loss of property; and it stands forth as an illustration of stupid mismanagement from beginning to end in those who had to deal with it. First of all, to bring into the town a mere handful of soldiers, and then to appease the mob by a Mansion House grant, seemed to indicate that the leading gentlemen in Stalybridge had lost their faculties for a season. Indeed, this part of our distressed districts has been marked by an unen-

noisy, idle, worthless talkers among them are frequently regarded as our industrial classes. If Parliament would turn its attention to the moral and social amelioration of our working people, it would do well; for it is out of such a regeneration alone that real good can have its rise. Such questions, we know, stir up less ferment on the hustings, and let out less 'wind and tongue' in the House of Commons, than the manufacture of a Parliamentary Reform Bill; but they are more important, so far as we can judge. Indeed, we have sometimes thought that this outcry about political privileges for the people, in many instances, is but little else than throwing dust in their eyes, that they may not see the indifference which is so frequently shown to their moral and social well-being.—1866.]

viable notoriety—Stalybridge and Dukinfield for their riots, and Ashton-under-Lyne for its unseemly squabbles between relief committees. The town of Stalybridge is a miserable-looking place at the best, and the population even in ordinary times has the appearance of being ill-fed, ill-clothed, and altogether of a low order; so that if there was to be an outbreak at all, it was as likely a place for it as any other. In the case of such mobs our own impression is—and we have seen several—that if fairly met there is nothing very formidable in them. They are composed mainly of women, and lads from fourteen to nineteen, with a large admixture of the Irish element, as was the case at Stalybridge; and we have often thought that a hundred resolute men with broomsticks would scatter several thousands of them. The danger from them consists in this—that they can spread themselves, and do mischief in one part while they are opposed and beaten back in another. It is always the most merciful course therefore to bring such a force against them at the first outbreak as to disperse them at all parts, and this may be generally effected without much damage to life or limb.

But we turn from our commentary on the past to take a glance at our present condition. If we compare the state of the manufacturing districts as we find it at the end of June, 1863, with what it was in the last week of the year 1862, we cannot doubt but that there has been a great improvement in the circumstances of our people during the interval. Upon this we are left in no uncertainty; for even if our personal observation

did not lead us to that conclusion, we have now in the monthly returns from the Central Executive Committee sufficient proof of it. And, as a consequence of this gradual increase in employment, we find that forty-seven local committees have suspended their operations, and that many sewing schools have been closed.

It is often difficult to mark, sometimes to account for, the first spring in trade. As you look upon a cornfield which seems to be steady and motionless, you observe at times that in a certain part the ears begin to move tremulously, and that the oscillation extends itself gradually, till over the whole field the stalks are swayed about by reason of some light breath of air that is playing upon them. Almost as imperceptible is the first movement of trade as it awakes from its torpor, and as gradually too does the revival spread itself from individual to individual, and from locality to locality, till it is felt over the whole area of commerce. Thus, very slowly, and from almost unperceived beginnings, our mills have been showing more signs of animation. Their working is partial and fitful, doubtless; still, the tables prove that the number of our employed operatives has been on the increase. As stocks of calico are sold off, they must be replenished at any cost; and thus trade opens to the manufacturer.

When we point with satisfaction to the increase of employment in our factories, it must not be concealed that, from the great inferiority of the cotton, the work is proportionately more trying and less remunerative to the operative. It is calculated that in a mill where a

decent Surat is used, and the machinery is adapted to it, the cloth produced is about two-thirds in quantity of what it would have been with American material. The character of the work greatly depends upon the adaptation of the machinery. Can we explain to the uninitiated reader the mystery of manufacturing? The fibre of the Surat cotton is very short: if you pull it in pieces, it snaps like a stick, instead of being drawn gently out into lengthening threads, as is the case with the long-stapled Sea Islands article. The rollers consequently on which the cotton fibre passes from one to the other must be brought nearer together; but this involves a great derangement of the whole machinery, and necessarily considerable outlay. Now, when the rollers are widely apart, as for the long-stapled American cotton, the working of Surat is attended with unceasing trouble, worry, and delay in piecing. When, however, the machinery is changed, and the material tolerably good, the work is much less irksome. A cloth may be produced from this Surat so unexceptionable in appearance that an inexperienced eye can scarcely distinguish it from the Sea Islands calico; but we have reason to believe that in lasting quality it is very defective.

The very name of Surat has become odious in these parts. The wretched stuff that has been sent from India, mixed with dirt, iron, and stones, in order to increase the weight, is likely enough to add a new word to the English vocabulary, and to associate the

term Surat with everything that is 'vile and refuse.'* At the last Liverpool Assizes an action for slander was

* [The 'Cotton Famine' was doubtless a bitter Castalia; but, as might have been expected, it was the spring of inspiration in the production of many provincial ballads and poetical pieces. Mr. Harland, in his *Lancashire Lyrics, Modern Songs and Ballads of the County Palatine* (1866), has allotted a separate place to 'The Lays of the Cotton Famine.' We give a few verses, as a specimen, from one of the best of these productions—'Tickle Times,' by Edwin Waugh, a local poet of some celebrity, who mostly writes in the Lancashire dialect:—

Here's Robin looks fyerfully gloomy
 An' Jamie keeps starin' atth' greawnd,
 An' thinkin' o' th' table at's empty,
 An' th' little things yammerin' reawnd;
 It's true, it looks dark just afore us,—
 But, keep your hearts eawt o' your shoon,—
 Though clouds may be thickenin' o'er us,
 There's lots o' blue heaven aboon!

But, when a mon's honestly willin',
 An' never a stroke to be had,
 And clemmin' for want or a shillin',—
 No wonder 'at he should be sad;
 It troubles his heart to keep seein'
 His little brids feedin' o' th' air;
 And it feels very hard to be deein',
 An' never a mortal to care.

But life's sich a quare little travel,—
 A marlock wi' sun an' wi' shade,—
 An' then, on a bowster o' gravel,
 They lay 'n us i' bed wi' a spade;
 It's no use a peawtin' an' fratchin'—
 As th' whirligig's twirlin' areawnd;
 Have at it again; and keep scratchin'
 As lung as your yed's upo' greawnd.

tried, on the plea that an ill-natured fellow had called his neighbour's brewery a Surat brewery, and his ale Surat ale, and had thus accomplished his ruin. The anecdote told by John Bright is not without its humour, and it is suggestive of a general truth. In a chapel near Rochdale the minister was offering up prayer, and asking fervently for many blessings, among which was a plentiful supply of cotton. As is usual with a certain class of Nonconformists, there followed many ejaculations, such as 'amen,' 'so be it,' 'yea, plenty of cotton,' 'abundance of cotton,' when a deep bass voice was heard,

One feels, neaw 'at times are so nippin',
 A mon 's at a troublesome schoo',
 That slaves like a horse for a livin',
 An' flings it away like a foo';
 But, as pleasure's sometimes a misfortin,
 An' trouble sometimes a good thing,—
 Though we livin' o' th' floor, same as layrocks,
 We 'n go up, like layrocks, to sing.

Among other hardships of the time, the necessity of weaving Surat cotton stirred up the poetic faculty of some of the operatives. Surat is a city in the province of Guzerat, an extensive cotton-growing district; but doubtless under its name was classed all the bad material that came from India. There was a song entitled 'The Surat Warps' in *Notes and Queries*, June, 1865, wherein maledictions, deep and dire, are heaped on that kind of cotton. And Mr. Harland, in his *Lancashire Lyrics* (p. 298), gives us 'The Shurat Weaver's Song,' by Samuel Laycock, of which we insert the first verse:—

Confeaud it; aw ne'er wur so woven afore,
 Mi back's welly brocken, mi fingers are sore;
 Aw've bin starin an' rootin', among this Shurat,
 Till aw'm very near gettin as bloint as a bat.—1866.]

ascending *ab imo pectore*, 'Yea, yea, plenty of cotton—but not Surat—not Surat.'*

Emigration may have done some little towards reducing the expenditure of our relief committees; but it cannot have effected much. If conducted on a judicious principle, we conceive that it ought to be encouraged; but it can never in itself affect very sensibly the present state of the distressed districts. Our manufacturers seem to have been impressed with a dread of it very unnecessarily. Mr. Edmund Potter's scheme of subsidising the unemployed, in order to maintain them in working condition for the coming prosperity of the cotton trade, is one of the many illustrations we have, how a man clever in the details of his own business seems to get bewildered when he steps into the wider area of social politics.

But our improved condition is owing also, and in a

* There must sometimes be amusing passages among the interlocutors on such occasions, in whatever tone of solemnity they may be conveyed. We heard the following anecdote, illustrative of this, from a person who, we believe, was a participator in the incidents. At the time of the Peterloo riots the Government of the day was very unpopular here. Now, about that period the minister of a chapel in Manchester, among other blessings which he asked, prayed that the members of his Majesty's Government might 'all hang together by one cord.' This was followed by a perfect chorus of 'amens,' 'so be its,' 'yeas,' and 'glorys;' when, finding out his equivocal petition, he changed the expression, and said, 'May they all hang together in con-cord!' Hereupon a dead silence ensued, till an old woman in a shrill treble shouted, 'Any cord—any cord—so it be strong enough,' which was backed up by a hailstorm of approving ejaculations.

great degree, to that revival in many trades unconnected with cotton manufactures, which almost invariably appears with the spring and summer. Bricklayers, painters, joiners, shoemakers, tailors, dressmakers, bonnet-makers, needlewomen, hawkers, porters, and such like, have necessarily more work in towns at this season; while brick-making affords employment for many in the suburbs, and there is a considerable demand for farm labour at the time of haymaking and the corn harvest.

Then the active portion of the unemployed operatives have been pushing out into fresh occupations. Trade has been brisk in adjoining counties, and a really handy workman will never sit in idleness. It is mainly the dull, heavy lumberers who stand with their feet sticking in the mire, and never make an effort to extricate themselves. This is a class which is as observable in times of prosperity as of distress,—no help will lift them into independence of thought and action; but a clever man or woman will seek new opportunities of making a livelihood, if old ones fail. And now many have taken up with fresh employments at home or abroad, and have been able to make their own living without troubling a relief committee. This was a very noticeable trait in our sewing schools: the thoughtless and indifferent remained there, easy and contented with their lot, while in many instances the intelligent and energetic were able after awhile to adopt some fresh occupation, and to maintain themselves in independence.

We are almost glad that comparatively little space is

left for our speculations on the future. Zadkiel may be in his right sphere when he is prophesying, or, as he prefers to call it, 'predicting;' so may St. Leger seers; so may Mr. Villiers, who on the ruins of his falsified prognostications in 1862 continues to vaticinate in this present month of July; but most men find such an amusement profitless and disappointing. As however we are entitled to entertain an opinion as well as others, we will state it briefly, giving our reasons for it, and leaving the reader to estimate them at what they are worth.

The *Times* is perplexed at the apparent discrepancies between our present improved condition and the gloomy anticipations for the coming winter which some entertain; and Sir James P. Kay-Shuttleworth, than whom no one is more conversant with the whole question, endeavours to reconcile the seeming inconsistency. Sir James is very naturally desirous that the charity of the country should not cease to flow, and is therefore anxious to explain that the improvement in our circumstances now is owing to a variety of agencies which will cease before the coming winter. Now we are well aware that certain trades, which revive in spring and summer, must experience a decay in winter; we are assured that at that season the distress in these districts must increase; still we are not so apprehensive as are Sir James and his colleagues in the Central Committee, that there will be the same pressure on our resources at the close of this year as we experienced at the end of 1862.

During the last twelve months two millions sterling, in round numbers, have been contributed for the relief of the distress, and the two General Committees have expended for this purpose about 1,200,000*l.* The funds, in hand and promised, amount to 700,000*l.*, or thereabouts. The question is, How long will this sum last? At the present rate of expenditure, it will extend over thirteen months; at the rate which it attained in December, 1862, it will not hold out for five. It becomes therefore a most important matter to husband and economise these resources. Charity will not altogether cease; but it will flow much more languidly than it did last year. Throughout the country the freshness of its effervescence will have passed away; in the towns connected with the distressed districts the high poor's rates will draw off the superfluous means of the citizens; and in the counties the application of the Act for the rate in aid is beginning to startle the landowners—for a landlord's question it must assuredly become.

In looking into the future, we are thankful that there is now an assured prospect of a bountiful harvest; and no greater boon can be bestowed upon us by a good Providence at this or at any other time. When the harvest is deficient, trade languishes, and scarcity prevails throughout our land; when it is abundant, the face of society is changed: food is cheap, money circulates, employment is more general, the country is rich in produce, and the town shares its prosperity. At the present season especially will the effects of a plentiful harvest be felt in cheapening food, and increasing the demand for labour.

The influence of the Public Works Act will undoubtedly be very salutary. Though it will only give employment to thirty thousand able-bodied men, the wages it dispenses will reach ninety thousand individuals, taking wives and families into the reckoning. But its effect will be felt, not simply in easing the relief funds, but—which is far more important—in counteracting that inevitable demoralisation which idleness generates. A large body of the operatives will be contented to lounge out their lives with a low fare and a lazy occupation, if they are permitted; but the Public Works Act will come in opportunely to prevent this settling upon the lees of sloth, while it gives the honest man of independent will a chance of earning his living again by his own hands. It will conduce to the health of our population too, if judiciously applied. But the hands of the operatives? ‘Ay, there’s the rub.’ We are told that they must be maintained in their delicacy. Probably, sir, you would wash those hands daily with rose-water, and cover the fingers with white kid gloves, and spoon-feed the owners of those flexible instruments? We should be amused often with these newspaper correspondents who write from a distance about our operatives, if they did not occasionally excite a nascent inclination in us—immediately suppressed, of course—to administer a gentle rebuke (with our boot) to the most intelligent part of their persons. We sometimes fancy that a wicked manufacturer has crammed them with a deceptive jest, and then stood looking on and laughing, while they are fussily

propounding it in the public prints as a solemn fact. First, if every hand were irretrievably spoiled for spinning by out-door labour, better employ the men thus than allow them to rest and rot in indolence. But what is the truth in this matter? Take an establishment where the material is manufactured through every process: assume that 400 operatives are employed in it. Of these 300 are females, 100 males; of the males about 34 are engaged in the spinning department; and of these 34 there are some 24 with whom a certain delicacy of touch is requisite. But even these, if they had been employed in hard manual labour for a lengthened period, would regain this sensibility in a very short time. We asked a practical manufacturer only yesterday his opinion on this question, when he smiled, and answered us by saying, 'We have been altering and adding to our mill for some months; and one of the piecers, who had been a considerable time engaged in hard hand-work with the bricklayers, came into the spinning room last week, and as a joke began his old work. He dipped his fingers in the oil, as the piecers do, and tried his hand, when he found that he could have done it just as well as ever, even if he had been called on to start on the instant.'

Our condition for the winter will depend much, doubtless, on the coming supply of cotton. It is however quite impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy the amount that we shall have for consumption—so many elements must be taken into consideration which are quite out of the range of calculation. The

quantity of cotton in stock even is no safe criterion of the state of employment in our mills. It may be that some of our readers are not mercantile, and may ask in their simplicity, 'If our operatives are in want, and cotton is in the country, why is it not used?' If you turn to a Liverpool cotton broker's circular, you will find that the stock is divided under the three heads—for consumption, for export, and for speculation. But what is meant by this class for speculation? The article is not intended to be spun, but to be bought and sold; it is never removed from its resting-place, but passes from hand to hand, as railway property did, by means of scrip, in the day of the great mania; and as certain traffickers in scrip found at last that they had so much waste paper in their pockets, so we trust it will be with these gamblers in cotton. There is something exquisitely provoking in the cold-blooded dealings of these dicers. We presume it would be a contempt of the laws of our land, and treason against the noble science of political economy, but we should scarcely hesitate to revive an ancient amusement, and administer a temporary suspension by the heels to some of these well-fed, double-chinned regraters and forestallers.

But it is said by Sir J. P. Kay-Shuttleworth, in his letter to the *Times*, July 6, that the stocks which have been heretofore sinking will be replenished before winter, and that consequently the mills which have lately started must cease to run. This seems to be questionable, taking a broad view of our markets; the

stocks have now been diminishing for two years, and it is scarcely probable that the fitful revival of work in a comparatively few mills can so restore them as to render the present amount of production unnecessary. Linen is now brought into more use, it is true, and invention has produced cloths in which other materials are largely mixed with cotton; but taking all this into account, we cannot but think that the stocks of calico must decrease rather than otherwise, while the mills are at work only three days a week. And we must bear in mind, that though our factories are running half time, they are not producing half the ordinary quantity of goods.

We have, further, great hope for the future, in that we have gained experience by the past. We have shown into what confusion we were suddenly brought at the end of last year: the very best-regulated committees, we are assured, fell at that time into many unavoidable errors; but what was then almost beyond control will not be so for the future. There have been a hundred and seventy local relief committees in operation, suddenly got together, almost self-elected, consisting of many classes, and entertaining a great variety of sentiment. Now, very much will depend on their vigilance, judgment, and economy for the approaching winter. At the present time their labours are light; the numbers relieved by them are comparatively few; they are better acquainted with the poor who claim their aid; they can take a calm view of their position. Now that their list is almost becoming a *tabula rasa*, let them be very discriminating in their selection of the

returning applicants for relief. Strictness in investigating cases, and firmness in dealing with them, is the truest mercy to the poor. On the management of these local committees perhaps more than anything else, will depend the success of our operations for the winter. And if these words should meet the eye of any of the clergy engaged in this work, let them bear to be told, that upon them, more than any other class, will the responsibility of this duty rest. The labours of the clergy have been very great : let them always remember that with these must be combined an insight into human nature, business-like habits, firmness of resolution, constant vigilance, and strict impartiality. To be begging up and down, and to be giving up and down, are congenial with some dispositions ; but to beg indiscriminately and to give indiscriminately are the marks of a weak mind. We knew a lady who always took a box of sugar-candy into her Sunday-school class, and distributed the sweets to her pupils who had coughs ; but somehow, though her class was always a favourite one with the scholars, it seemed to be invariably suffering from chronic hoarseness and catarrh.

‘Lancashire under a cloud,’ is the title of this article. When are we to see the commercial cloud passing away, and the material cloud of smoke returning, unseemly in itself, but an emblem of plenty in the poor man’s home? When will this wretched war between brethren come to a close, and cease to be a blot upon human nature? And yet how marvellously has this obstruction to our trade brought out into

conspicuous relief the wondrous elasticity of our national resources ! A dearth of cotton, it was once supposed, would be the ruin of our country, or reduce it to a third-rate power ; and lo, our revenue for the year ending June, 1863, exhibits a net increase of almost a million. While, therefore, we may confess to some humiliation, as residents in these districts and jealous for their financial importance, when we see them suffering without affecting the general prosperity, let us take pride in the more cosmopolitan reflection that we belong to a nation, which, like the giant of ancient fable, derives vigour from every fall, and which is as expansive in its sympathies as it is mighty in strength and fertile in undeveloped resources.

IX.

THE CLOUD DISPERSING. POSTSCRIPT.—
1866.

As we are now writing, the cloud has in a great measure passed away from our manufacturing districts. Some time doubtless must elapse before the stream of trade can flow on with unfluctuating smoothness; but our workpeople are now employed, and the horizon of commerce looks bright and cheering. It is singular how soon sights and scenes that made so deep an impression on our hearts as they were passing before our eyes in their reality, seem to fade away from the memory, like so many dissolving views in their airy and fantastic unrealities. And yet so it is: we who were engaged so unceasingly and intensely in efforts to stay the approach or divert the onslaught of gaunt famine, as well as they who were smarting under its ravenous fangs,—all of us are entertaining already but vanishing impressions of the trials we encountered in that dark valley of tribulation through which we were three weary years in passing. It seems as though men

engaged in the stern battle of life must gird up their loins for present conflict and look on to future warfare, and are thus compelled to turn their backs on past dangers and struggles, as matters with which they have no further concern. Still, the past should leave its lessons behind it: out of the infliction of evil there mostly issues moral and material good.

It must be a matter of thankfulness to all reflecting minds, that our manufacturing districts have been enabled to pass with so little injury through a visitation unprecedented in its severity and duration. On looking over the years of the 'Cotton Famine,' it is easy for political economists, who have been luxuriating in their snug libraries afar off, to lecture us oracularly on points that might have been managed better; but the result is before us, not in specious words, but in tangible form and figure.* Our operatives have been sustained; they

* Three publications have appeared—not to mention poetical effusions—on the late long-continued distress in the manufacturing districts. The work of Mr. Arnold, an Assistant Commissioner, is what it pretends to be—a plain and impartial *History of the Cotton Famine* up to the date of its publication. Mr. Torrens's *Lancashire Lesson* consists of 187 pages of fierce, well-written invective against divers persons and institutions, but chiefly against Mr. Commissioner Farnall. It contains a great waste of virtuous indignation, which might have been useful if properly applied. Mr. Torrens is prolific in his complaints and bitter in his charges, but vague in the expedients and hazy in the remedies he suggests. He is especially wrathful that in the relief of the distress, doles from private charity should have been combined with those from the rates. As a general principle we fully admit that it would be extremely injudicious to unite the two;

have suffered no material demoralisation from being recipients of alms; they have in nowise added to the criminal calendar of the county in their privations;* they have been for the most part ready for mill-work again as it has been offered to them; no symptom of dissatisfaction has been manifested by them worth the mention; no increase in the death-rate of the manufacturing districts is traceable, but rather a diminution; and no single case of death by starvation can be adduced as springing out of the 'Cotton Famine.'

The two Committees—that which met at the London Mansion House and the Central Executive in Manchester—through which the relief funds were distributed, have dissolved themselves, as having fulfilled the object for but no one who was in the midst of this struggle for life, can pretend for a moment that it was practicable to have kept them apart in the winter of 1862–3. When Lord Derby, in August, 1862, urged so persistently that the contributions of charity should only be dispensed to those who had not received parochial relief, he could not have been aware how far pauperism had then extended. At that time one in every six or seven out of the whole population was receiving parochial relief in Blackburn and Ashton-under-Lyne, and a proportion almost as great in Rochdale, Stockport, and Preston; while the distress was growing in extent and intensity from week to week, and the whole country was looking on in alarm, and earnestly urging the distribution of the funds it had subscribed. *The Facts of the Cotton Famine*, by John Watts, Ph.D., a Member of the Central Relief Committee, is the last of these publications: it has been carefully prepared, is exhaustive of the subject, and may be safely used as a book of reference on the crisis through which we have lately passed.

* See Mr. Justice Blackburn's charge to the Grand Jury at Manchester, December 5, 1864.

which they were constituted. They have done their work well; and it is remarkable with what unanimity of approbation from the public their operations have been conducted. The Mansion House Committee acted with a confiding liberality during the darkest periods of the distress, and every local relief association owes to it a debt of gratitude and thanks. To the Lord Mayor, W. Cubitt, Esq., who first presided over the Committee, a testimonial is to be presented, which he well deserves. And it would be an unwarrantable omission, in concluding our remarks on the 'Cotton Famine,' if we did not express our admiration of the mode in which the Central Executive Committee in Manchester has carried on to its close the important, difficult, and delicate operations with which it was charged. It has acted throughout with energy, courtesy, sound judgment, and a conscientious sense of duty; and to these characteristics we may add, strict economy. When we refer to its balance-sheet for twelve months, published on the 20th of July, 1863, we find that the interest of the money in the bank almost covered the working expenses; and that the main portion of these consisted in advertising—not in putting forth appeals to the sympathy of the nation, but simply in acknowledging the contributions that were coming in from all quarters. To the Earl of Derby, the Chairman, and Sir James P. Kay-Shuttleworth, the Vice-Chairman, are our thanks especially due; nor must we forget the Honorary Secretary, Mr. J. W. Maclure, who has combined throughout great aptitude for organisation with inde-

fatigable perseverance in the discharge of his arduous duties. The very substantial and at the same time graceful testimonial of 5,000*l.*, raised altogether from private contributions, is soon to be presented to him, as an acknowledgment of his services. The sum may seem large; but Mr. Maclure is a comparatively young man, and has yet to make his way in the world through business to independent fortune.*

* Like many large organisations, that of which the Central Executive Committee was the head, had a very small beginning. Like some mighty river which carries on its bosom a fleet of vessels laden with merchandise, but which in its rise is only a small rill scarcely springing to the earth's surface, this association, which has received and dispensed its hundreds of thousands, had some difficulty in struggling into existence. On May 29, 1862, a small meeting was held in Manchester, to take the question of a relief fund into consideration; but some doubted whether it were necessary, and the project was postponed. Then a proposal was started for a loan fund, from which the operatives might have borrowed on certain easy conditions; but this whimsical scheme was of course abandoned. After awhile a Committee was formed for collecting subscriptions, and distributing them in relief,—apparently much less ambitious in its aims than its subsequent history would have warranted. Next, the Bridgewater House meeting was held; proposals were made by it for amalgamation with the Committee which had just been constituted here; and on August 25, 1862, the first joint meeting of the two Associations was held in the Manchester Town Hall. The operations conducted by the Central Executive Committee have necessarily been on a very extensive scale. The staff of working assistants consisted of twenty-three clerks and thirty-three packers; and that their offices have not been sinecures may be judged from the following facts which are within our knowledge:—that 800 letters have been received by the Honorary

Nor let us forget to mention with respect a class of men who came but little before the public generally, but whose labours and anxieties were really far greater than theirs who constituted the Central Committees,—we mean the members of the many local relief associations throughout the manufacturing districts. We can testify to their earnestness, their zeal, their willingness to give up their overhours to actual work in the cause, their general unanimity of feeling in carrying out their projects; and we are confident that they will for the most part regard the devotion of their energies at that time to the claims of charity, as a memory so agreeable as to be a sufficient compensation to them for all the sacrifices they made.

It is almost a universal dispensation, that ultimate good results from temporary visitations of trial; and so, we doubt not, will i be in the instance of our late commercial stagnation. Henceforward, we trust, our manufacturing districts will not be dependent on one country alone for their supply of cotton. Again, Mr. Rawlinson, the Government Engineer, reports favourably of the ^{various} undertakings carried out under the 'Public Works Act.' In conducting the various operations under it, such as paving, sewerage, the construction of a new office building, &c., the following facts are stated:—that 24,000 *l.* have come in as contributions in twelve hours; that 1,300 bales of clothing have been despatched to their respective destinations in one week; that up to September, 1863, 37,000 letters had been received at the office, and upwards of 100,000 despatched from it; and that 280 printed documents had been issued, amounting in all to upwards of 115,000 copies.

of waterworks, parks, and cemeteries, occupation was afforded to the unemployed, pauperism was obviated, and imposture detected; and as these works were all intended to be permanent ones, they will remain as the inheritances of a passing affliction for the lasting benefit of our manufacturing towns.

And if we turn from material benefits to the moral effects of the cotton distress, we believe that it will leave behind traces of good. Vice is the ordinary offspring of want; and this has been generally exemplified in our manufacturing districts during protracted seasons of distress: but in the late stagnation of trade, long as it was, the ordinary evils of idleness have been in a great degree guarded against, and habits of rectitude have been encouraged. Many of the male operatives were taught the use of those physical powers which are not called into exercise in the factory, and this conduced to their health; the females were instructed in sewing and domestic economy; most of the unemployed were brought under the instruction of the school; all underwent some process of education, mental or bodily. Then, consider how the seeds of many virtues and graces may germinate, when the hard soil has been stirred up by the ploughshare of suffering. During the time of this privation we have witnessed many admirable qualities in our working classes. We do not bestow on them that indiscriminate eulogy with which our orators from a distance somewhat too lavishly garnished their speeches: we write with more experience, and consequently more caution, having mixed with them in

their distresses, sought subscriptions from house to house for their aid, and presided at Committees for their relief night after night for a twelvemonth. Among the lowest of our people doubtless much deception was systematically practised for a time; but the genuine working class bore their privations with a manful patience, and asked for no more than an honest share in what the benevolent had provided; nay, in some the spirit of independence was so unyielding that they were brought to the very verge of starvation before they would condescend to seek or accept any aid whatever.

On some of our working classes we trust that the past season of privation may inculcate a lesson of prudence, forethought, and economy, which may not pass away like the evening cloud or the morning dew. If those who labour for their daily bread in our manufacturing towns, would only lay by systematically some portion of their wages, as many might do, and combine with forethought habits of temperance and domestic prudence, they need not be destitute of any property whatever which is really conducive to happiness and comfort.

Then, observe how the grace of sympathy has been elicited by the late pressure of misfortune. In time of prosperity there may be affection and goodwill: in a season of suffering only can there be sympathy. And assuredly at no former period of national trial have we witnessed anything approaching to the wide-spread and warm feeling of commiseration which has been exhibited towards our working people in their late distress. Nor was this the sympathy of feeling merely: it mani-

fested itself in acts of unbounded liberality. The springs of charity were opened abundantly and flowed towards us from all quarters of the globe. From Australia, from Canada, from India—the very ends of the earth—the sympathy of tens of thousands was wafted to us over the waste of waters,—the sympathy of those who are of the same race, the same blood, the same ancestry as ourselves,—the sympathy of the open heart and the full hand. In our own land, too, the same tone of fellow-feeling pervaded all ranks; the cry for help was answered on all sides,—from the highest personage in our realm who had herself experienced sorrow, to the working man who had yet enough for his wants,—from the peer on his princely domains to him, scarcely less wealthy, whose merchandise has the world for its market. Thus, it is by the stroke of affliction alone that the fairest of the Christian graces is summoned from its hiding-place, as the brilliant spark is stricken from the flint, or the pure streams gushed from the rock as it was smitten by the Law-giver's rod.

And when we see patient endurance met by universal sympathy, may we not expect as a consequence a closer union and more friendly relations among the several classes of society? As trade extends, and the few grow wealthy, the fear is, lest the distinctions of rank and grade may become wider and wider. In our manufacturing districts especially, the antagonism between capital and labour has never entirely ceased, sometimes creating feelings of bitterness and animosity. The proprietor of land again has generally regarded those

engaged in manufacture with an eye of jealousy or distrust. During the late crisis, however, all remains of mutual suspicion and dislike were merged in the effort to endure on the one hand, and to support on the other—to breast the stream, and to aid the strong swimmer. They who live by the produce of the land—they who reside afar off, and have never seen the factories and workshops of our county—combined with all classes among us in alleviating a stroke which fell on us almost without warning: while they who were suffering from no fault of their own, repaid the good offices of benefactors with a sense of sincere gratitude: and thus the furthest ends of the earth have been drawn closer; the wide divisions of society have approached nearer to each other: the rich man and the poor man, the merchant and the artisan, the manufacturer and the operative, have met on the bridge that spans the gulf between them; and with the mutual salutation there, a more general belief is entertained in the reality of human sympathy and man's benevolence to his fellow-man.

In these Essays the condition and character of the working classes in our manufacturing towns have repeatedly come under consideration: suggestions have been offered for ameliorating their condition and elevating their character. As a conclusion to the Sketches, and as a pendant to these Articles on the 'Cotton Famine,' we would venture to direct attention to the relation between the employer and the employed, and in a kindly spirit to urge upon every manufacturer the duty of taking a personal interest in the moral welfare

of his workpeople. Laws may do somewhat for benefiting the working classes; associations for the furtherance of useful objects may not be without avail; religious ministrations may have their effect; education may not be unproductive: but these agencies must ever be comparatively ineffectual for general good on the operative classes, unless they be combined with that personal influence which may be exercised by master on man, and which, springing out of a conscientious sense of responsibility, owns a diviner origin than enactments and institutions.

We should be sorry to give offence to our mill-owners, many of whom are sincerely anxious for the wellbeing of their workpeople; but, after considerable experience in manufacturing districts, we have formed and we freely express the opinion, that very much must ever depend on the head of a factory, in promoting morality and comfort among his 'hands.' If the operative classes are to be elevated in the social scale, the employer must look upon his workpeople as immortal beings as well as daily labourers; he must consider that his relation to them goes beyond the mere exaction of work and payment of wages. It is one of the ill effects of increasing refinement and accumulating wealth, that the line of demarcation between classes becomes gradually broader. Communication between the employer and the employed is only kept up through the speechless loom and the soulless spindle. The capitalist resides for the most part as far as he can from the smoke of his own works; he elects to breathe the air of nature rather than that

of his own mixing. The propensity of the wealthy is to push further and further away from their places of business, and the facilities for travelling in every direction afford the opportunity of doing so. Thus, while the enormous factory opens its gates to the crowd of living beings that are to toil there, the owner is often as ignorant of their domestic life and social habits as if he and they lived on different hemispheres and spake different tongues.

How far a master has any right of guidance over his workpeople when they are away from his premises, is a question we need not consider. We would certainly never recommend an employer to trace his operatives to their homes, and endeavour to exercise a compulsory control over their general conduct. The attempt would fail, and it would deserve to do so. But a moral influence of great efficacy may be exerted, so that the electric vibration may be felt, in a greater or less degree, from the one head link by link throughout the thousand different members of the establishment down to the short-timer of yesterday. That this is no fancy, experience and observation prove. Mills, like individuals, have their idiosyncrasies. You may inspect two that stand side by side; and, taking the female portion of the workpeople as the safest test of their general character, you may find in one a class for the most part respectable in appearance and modest in manner,—in the other, a set of rude, immodest, slatternly wenches, who may not be inexperienced at their respective tasks, but are clearly regardless of the commonest decencies of life. Again,

you may watch a couple of mills 'loosing;' and, as the separate streams of young women pour out of them, you may discern as great a difference between the two as there is between the limpid brook and the dye-stained river. You may see one female division, quiet and decorous, with tidy dresses and neat bonnets,—the other, slovenly and rude, with dirty frocks or short bedgowns, and their heads wrapped in coarse shawls. To what do you attribute this distinction? It is manifestly owing to the difference in moral watchfulness and paternal care that are exercised over the daily operations of the two factories.

Over operatives on his premises no one can deny to the employer a direct control; and this, when exercised in a judicious manner and with a view to a moral end, is without question most salutary. Let the owner of the factory be assured, first of all, that every one in authority under him, from the principal manager to the lowest overlooker, is a person of reputable character, one who will restrain vice and encourage virtue in those under his charge. The power in the hand of the overlooker is almost uncontrolled and irresponsible; and we cannot conceal from ourselves, that it is too often exerted for evil. Imagine some three hundred young women assembled at their work in one large room,—many of them from ill-regulated families, some ready to indulge in obscene jests, coarse language, and licentious songs, most of them with unrestrained girlish fancies and an unthinking levity of manner. Assume, on the one hand, that the several overlookers in that room do their duty

as honest, well-conducted men, controlling, reproving, advising the giddy under their direction; and at least decency will prevail: assume, on the other hand, that these overlookers, so far from checking vice, encourage it by the example of their own profane and obscene language, if not by their actual temptations to sin, and you have before you a female Pandemonium,—for the contagion of filthy language and lewd demeanour is more virulent and diffusive among young women even than among young men. So far there can be no doubt,—that a direct obligation lies upon the manufacturer to see that every one who exercises authority under him is a person in whose moral character the fullest confidence may be placed. It is as incumbent on him to look to this as it is on the master of a household to supervise the behaviour of his domestics. Then, let it be known from experience throughout the mill that acts of impropriety will not be overlooked; and, if bad characters be discovered among the operatives, demoralising the young of either sex, let them as an unvarying law be summarily dismissed. And why not insist that the females especially come neat and cleanly to their work?—at least in bonnets and frocks, and not with bedgowns, pinafores enveloping linsey petticoats, and greasy shawls around their heads; for the girl that has no regard whatever for personal appearance will not have much for personal character. And let it never be forgotten that the employer should conduct all his transactions with his operatives from first to last in a spirit of justice, and at the same time of kindness. When bad materials are to be wrought

up at the cost of much worrying labour ; when there is frequent 'bateing' for slight defects ; when wages are reduced to the lowest figure by regulations of needless strictness and evasions backed by power ; a tone of bitterness is sure to pervade the minds of the workpeople, and they go through their employment in the sullen temper of those who are maintaining an armed truce. But if the administration of that limited monarchy within four walls be conducted equitably and honourably, its subjects will perceive at once the justice of their treatment, and work, not as slaves, but as willing freemen ; and when, with justice, a tone of benevolence pervades the master's dealings with his 'hands,' not showing itself so much in particular acts as running through the whole web of their intercourse, there will be an admission on the part of the servants that they are honestly dealt with, and on both sides a tacit acknowledgment of mutual responsibility.

And not only over his operatives as they are engaged at their work may the manufacturer have supervision, but upon their moral wellbeing generally may he exercise a powerful, though, it may be, an indirect influence. He may interest himself in their education ; he may establish evening schools for them, if such be required, and he may occasionally be present there himself, marking those who attend, encouraging those who are making progress, and saying a kind word to any of them as opportunity may offer. In certain districts he may provide or build for his workpeople cottages with sufficient rooms for a well-conducted family, affording

them the privilege of a decent dwelling at a reasonable cost. Within the parish where his operatives mostly reside, he may take part in those public meetings which are intended to benefit the working classes, and he may join in carrying out their objects. He may give his 'hands' an occasional treat, not leaving them to the superintendence of a manager, but mixing with them himself, and addressing them collectively and individually in terms of counsel and encouragement. And at their homes, how often might his family, his wife or daughters, pay to some of them at a period of trial and sickness a visit of mercy—avoiding everything like obtrusion and ostentation—offering, as Christian women only can, without assumption of superiority, the hand of sympathy and the material aid that might be needed ! By such means, wherever they are tried, a moral power is more or less gained over a body of workpeople, who can clearly distinguish the just from the unjust, and are ever ready to appreciate consideration and goodwill ; by such means the manifestation of kindness elicits a reciprocity of esteem, and the spirit of honesty and truth evidenced in one becomes a sentiment in the minds of many.

It is a feeling very prevalent among our wealthy employers of labour, that they fulfil every moral requirement, when they give a certain sum to religious and educational purposes, and leave the rest to professional ministers and teachers, with whom probably they have no acquaintance whatever. Even with many who have contributed liberally to the building of churches

and schools, this notion seems to prevail. But the mere act of joining in a subscription is exerting only a small portion of that influence which has been deposited with them, and is bound up in their position: it is simply setting aside a sum they can well spare without disturbing their personal ease and comfort. We are far from saying that this is not a commendable trait of character in itself; but if any extensive good is to be accomplished, it must be by a combination of liberality with that practical endeavour to benefit which superiority of station can render so effective. Indeed, whatever be our rank in life and whatever the work we have to do, the main motive to duty will be found in a sense of personal responsibility: the more we individualise this consciousness, the more distinctive will be our views of action and the stronger our incentives to it; the more we generalise, the more shall we merge our identity in that of others and give a corporate character to specific obligations. Now, the tendency of wealthy employers is to allow their own personality to be absorbed in a body that holds authority under them; they are themselves abstractions, so far as their workpeople are concerned; they are known only through managers, overlookers, bookkeepers, and clerks. But there is evil lurking here. From one man walking in a full sense of his individual responsibility a virtue goes forth which more or less inoculates the whole establishment,—managers, bookkeepers, and operatives. In thus striving to act upon those around him, the employer will have to gird up his energies and to contend against his natural

love of ease; he will not think it enough to write out a cheque for 100*l.* towards some new church or school, or to be an annual subscriber for the support of religious or educational institutions; but he will put his own hands to the plough, and make the importance of his position the measure of his personal agency. By these means he may within his own circle be more influential for good than the clergyman himself; nay, he may be his pastor's right hand and right eye in the operations of a parish generally. It would be too much to expect this vigour of benevolent action in men of declining years; but in most firms there are sons and relatives, or at any rate junior members, on whom the management devolves; and such are without excuse, if they set at nought these obligations, and turn from their ledgers and cotton speculations only to pursue their idle amusements and luxurious self-indulgencies.

But we will go further, and assert, that even in a worldly sense the employer is unwise who neglects the moral duties attached to his station. Nothing pays so well in a mill as a just, careful, and judicious management: it implies good machinery and raw material of a satisfactory class; it ensures a fair rate of wage on the one hand, and a readiness and an ability to turn off the best work on the other. Mark a factory where the machinery is old, the material bad, and the hands are loose and dissolute: what can you expect as a consequence of this state of things, but defective work, incessant disturbances about wages, and frequent turn-outs? See another where the machinery is of the most improved

kind and the cotton good,—where the wages are adequate and the dealings equitable,—where the master is kind, and the workpeople are grateful,—and you may recognise an investment which, in the steadiness and comfort that attend it, will pay far better than mere casual speculations in cotton or incidental advantages in the market.

And now that our faces are turned towards a brightening future, it would be a great lesson to have learned from distress, if the several classes of the community could be brought to look more kindly on each other, and to regard their interests as identical. It was a noble manifestation of generosity, we repeat, as the remotest nations of the earth heard our cry, and sent across the waters their contributions to our aid. It was a grand outburst of benevolence, as our countrymen of every rank, from the sovereign on her throne to the artisan in his cottage, extended to the operative in his enforced idleness a brotherly sympathy and a material assistance. It was a magnificent spectacle, as the foremost peer in Lancashire—distinguished by birth, by fortune, by oratorical powers, by refined scholarship—stood side by side with the landowner, the clergyman, the manufacturer, the merchant, and the shopkeeper in public meeting, and pleaded so eloquently the cause of the poor and destitute. It was cheering to witness the alacrity and zeal with which the many Relief Committees—consisting of members from every religious party and social grade—undertook and performed their irksome and unostentatious duties. Let our working people learn from the

affliction that has been heavy on them and the goodwill with which it has been alleviated, a lesson of gratitude for the past and of forethought for the future ; and let those who belong to the higher classes of our land—noblemen, country gentlemen, merchants, manufacturers—regard the operative, not as one separated from them by the deep gulf of caste, but as a man and a brother,—as a woman and a sister,—who has many estimable qualities, who is not undeserving of their sympathy, and who is below them in rank, not from any inferiority of natural gifts, but, as the Christian believes, from a supreme dispensation,—as Lord Thurlow alleged, ‘from the accident of an accident.’

THE END.

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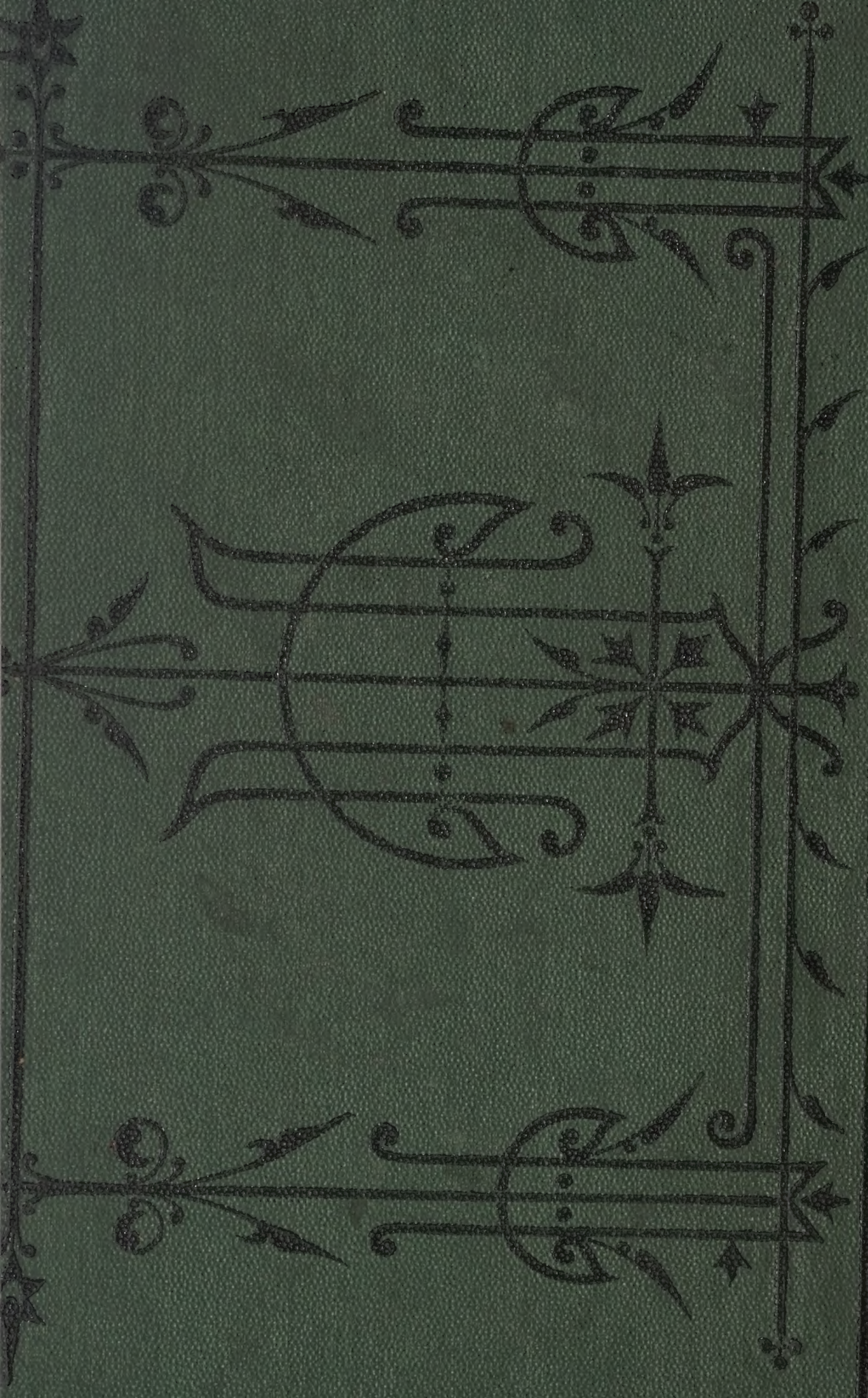
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